J. 1

June Harpers MAGAZINE

THE DANGERS OF OBEDIENCE

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

What Risk Motherhood? . . . . . *Dorothy Dunbar Bromley*
Our Appalling Maternal Mortality Rate

Mussolini: Emperor of the Latins? . . . *Hiram Motherwell*

The Plight of the Spinster . . . . . *Margaret Culkin Banning*

Alas, Poor Yorick! . . . . . *Albert Jay Nock*
An Apology for the Human Race

The Saturnalia of College Reunions . . . *Frederic F. Van de Water*
A Disillusioned Graduate Speaks Up

The Death of Marcel Proust . . . . . *Marie Scheikévitch*

What's Wrong with the Right People? . *Jack Black*
An Ex-Criminal on Crime and Society

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The South Defends Its Heritage . . . . *John Crowe Ransom*

Stories *by Philip Curtiss, Stella Benson, and Henri Duvernois*

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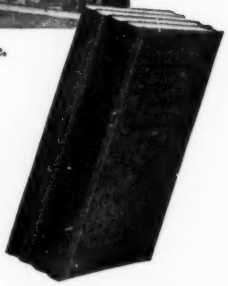

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VOLUME CLIX

JUNE, 1929—NOVEMBER, 1929

NEW YORK AND LONDON
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1929

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

COMMANDER Edward Ellsberg's exciting story of the salvaging of the two submarines, S-51 and S-4, *On the Bottom*, may not be literature, but it has the elements of drama, tragedy, and high adventure. Especially the latter, for until I read this book I had no idea that the life of a diver is so filled with danger, extraordinary risk, and excitement. The story of the S-51 is so well-remembered that it needs no repetition here; but the methods by which it was brought to the surface long after it went to the bottom have never been completely untangled from the newspaper headlines. Here they are described by the commander who was himself an inventor of certain appliances used in the work, and who understood the hazards of the task. A raging ocean complicated the work; there were no hooks on the hull of the submarine; the pressure of the water hindered the work of the divers; again and again all diving had to be interrupted. Commander Ellsberg visited the S-51 "on the bottom," and performed his work so well that he was awarded the Distinguished Service medal. His description of operating with a blow-torch under seas while heavy waves lashed the boats and pontoons above is thrilling; he did much of the hardest work himself. But he praises without reservation the work of Francis Smith, diver, who performed the most difficult tasks and was in danger of death during the salvage operations. To Smith Commander Ellsberg gave the bell of the S-51, regarding this as the trophy to which this diver was entitled. *On the Bottom* is published by Dodd, Mead & Company.

TWO MAJOR POETS

With the publication of *Angels and Earthly Creatures* by Elinor Wylie and *Cavender's House* by Edwin Arlington Robinson, two of America's major poets are again represented among the new books. But the publication of the former volume, with its poems of delicate workmanship and sensitive feeling, emphasizes the loss America sustained when this exquisite singer died. A note in the book tells that these poems were selected by Mrs. Wylie on the evening of December 15, 1928, the day prior to her death, and that they have been printed as she arranged them. Many of the poems were written in England during that summer. The book opens with a series of sonnets called "One Person," followed by poems that touch all the chords in her lyre, of which number "This Corruptible" is generally regarded as a poem that will live through the years. Mrs. Wylie's poetry richly repays the intellectual reader, for she had a gift for words that seems almost an anachronism in a day when so much crudity in expression creeps into our best writing under the guise of forcefulness. Every line has its own turn of expression, and her words are like jewels in a setting of rich and delicate beauty. *Angels and Earthly Creatures*, which takes its title from a passage by John Donne, is published by Alfred A. Knopf. *Cavender's House* by Edwin Arlington Robinson differs widely from the writings of Mrs. Wylie in form, structure, and approach of the poet to his subject.

Here is a long narrative poem in the meter of "Tristram," the revelation of a troubled soul in Mr. Robinson's deliberate, carefully chiseled style. A man who for twelve years has carried around with him his

Among the New Books

doubts and fears enters the dark house wherein once he lived with his wife—but the house, in this instance, of his own dark self. The act that brought about his perturbation was based on doubt of his wife's loyalty; ostensibly he threw his wife from a cliff, but really it was he that died—on that day his life ended, because his peace was destroyed, his spirit troubled. He is a prisoner, burning in a fire of silence, for what his wife seems to tell him is merely an echo of his own mental distress, conveying nothing to him that calms him, giving him no surcease from the doubts. Cavender knew but one line of conduct and endeavored to force that on Laramie; having done so, all the world of doubt opened to him, and he paid, instead of his wife. "It does no good to comfort you with knowledge of new orders," says Laramie, and admonishing him that there may be riches in his house that he has not yet discovered, she says, "Was ever an insect flying between two flowers told less than we are told of what we are?" The poem is, therefore, the highly introspective searching of one man's soul, and the colloquy is wholly in his own mind. The method may remind readers of the quiet, deliberate consideration of human doubts, fears, and emotions that went on between Roman Bartholow and Gabrielle, in which also there was much talk of houses. The new poem is shorter than "Roman Bartholow" and less colorful than "Tristram"; in fact, somber and tragic. (The Macmillan Company.)

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FRANCIS OTTO MATTHIESSEN
Author of "Sarah Orne Jewett"

A BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES FORD RHODES

The remarkable feat of James Ford Rhodes was that at fifty he turned from business to scholarship and became a historian recognized for his ability among men who had devoted their lives to this field. An admirable biography, *James Ford Rhodes: American Historian*, has just been issued by M. A. DeWolfe Howe through the press of D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Howe previously edited the second volume of biographies of the Saturday Club of Boston, to which Harvey Cushing contributed a memoir of Rhodes. Rhodes's *History of the Civil War*, a short survey which is one of the best in American historical writing, won the Pulitzer prize award for "the best book of the year upon the history of the United States" in 1917. Lord Charnwood, who admits his indebtedness to Rhodes in the preparation of his life of Lincoln, writes Mr. Howe on the subject of this history: "I think he achieved an impressive record of the march of great events combined with enough wealth of detail to make the whole business very lifelike and real, and I have the hope that future readers who do not want to be bothered with a lot of little books on the subject will find Rhodes's history of the Civil War a great story of that great period, and an inspiring story—ranking easily with the few famous history books in our language (or any other) as well as far excelling some of them in the security, which it gives, that there is no gross error, and no gross injustice, and no gross lack of sympathy or vision anywhere."

Rhodes was born in 1848 and, consequently, was a schoolboy when the Civil War was fought; later he studied in Paris and entered his father's coal and iron firm, one member of which was Marcus A. Hanna, who became Rhodes's brother-in-law. Rhodes's scholarly tastes were never forgotten, and in time he was able to indulge them. Mr. Howe follows the outlines of his career and then edits numerous letters from the correspondence which Rhodes carried on with presidents, authors, and scholars everywhere. Rhodes was 79 when he died in 1927.

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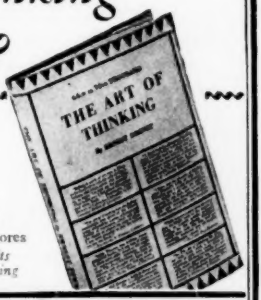

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Among the New Books

A ROMANCE OUT OF THE PAST

The tempestuous love affair between George Sand and Alfred de Musset still has power to stir the emotions of readers of another century. This should make *The Intimate Journal of George Sand* fascinating reading in our own day. This book is a translation of three journals kept by George Sand and carefully preserved by her descendants. Publication was made recently in France by permission of Madame Aurore Lauth-Sand, the granddaughter of George Sand; and the English translation has been prepared by Marie Jenny Howe, who wrote *The Search for Love*, and is now being issued by the John Day Company. One of the three journals deals with George Sand's passion for Alfred de Musset. It was sent by her to him after their love affair and, strange as it may seem, shown by him to his friends, probably as proof of the intense feeling that he had inspired. Copies were made and circulated in Paris but publication did not take place. This is a chronicle of intense passion, poured out by a famous woman with a gift for colorful expression, who endeavored to find fulfillment in love and passion, and failed utterly to judge her emotion with any philosophical discernment.

ELIZABETH COBB CHAPMAN
The daughter of Irvin Cobb, author of "Minstrels in Satin"

In addition to the *Journal Intime* various fragments out of George Sand's diaries are published in this volume, including her daily conversations with Dr. Piffoel, an imaginary character.

As George Sand grew older she transferred her emotional interest from her lovers to her children and consequently forgot her miseries and her longings. But while the fires of passion burned they flamed as high as they ever did in the heart of a woman who knew how to write.

VARIOUS NEW BOOKS

The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals, edited by Newton Arvin and published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company, must be a welcome addition to the earlier studies of the journals of Emerson and Thoreau for readers interested in America's classical literature. In this instance the journals reveal Hawthorne's methods of work, his prepossession with ideas, plots, bits of character that he could use in his stories and, best of all, his outlook on the world. Such notes cannot fail to reveal Hawthorne's preoccupation with conscience and morality. *Hello Towns!* by Sherwood Anderson (Horace Liveright, publisher) should be welcome to all followers of Anderson, for it is indubitably authentic. Made up of articles from the two weekly newspapers he edits in Marion, Va., and writings for *Vanity Fair*, it shows Anderson searching anew for a basis of understanding with human beings, groping for essential emotional values as only an author of his sensitivity can. One should not overlook the quality of humor which flavors his irony. *The Hohenzollerns* by Herbert Eulenberg (The Century Company) is a translation from a German book which has caused no end of discussion. The author, intensely republican, sees the Hohenzollerns as the blight of Germany and loses no opportunity to point to the inefficiency and blundering of the last Kaiser. He characterizes all the leaders of the house, and although he is sympathetic to Frederick the Great he revises the historic portrait of Queen Louise to show her an empty-headed doll, suspected of infidelity to her lord and master, and of no political consequence. The book is highly entertaining and informing, but its bias should be kept in mind. *Bryan* by M. R. Werner, the man who wrote *Barnum*, *Brigham Young*, and *Tammany*

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By

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

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Hall, is a study of the peerless leader whose life was filled with continuous controversy.

Mr. Werner tries to be just but, as an intellectual, dwells much on Bryan's weaknesses, his inability to think clearly, his obtuseness in political questions. It seems to me that he fails to appreciate the extent of Bryan's honesty and pacific policy. Even mistaken men, who are defeated by the cunning of their adversaries, may have virtues that deserve well of their countrymen. Interesting and informing is the story of the changing Bryan as the years took their toll. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) Compton Mackenzie seems to have become enamored of his secret service man, Roger Waterlow, who first appeared in *Extremes Meet*. He has introduced this astute and unscrupulous Englishman anew in *The Three Couriers*, which has to do with his maneuvers to get information about German intrigues in the Balkans during the World War. Mackenzie served in the secret service during the War. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

GERALD W. JOHNSON
Author of "Randolph of Roanoke"

"STONE DAUGHERTY"

It stands to reason that tough, he-men must have had a lot to do with wiping the Indian off the American map. When we speak of the white man's brutality we hardly reflect on the character of the early settlers who could drop an Indian as easily as they would a bear. Stone Daugherty was of that sort, a man not to be crossed. In the novel that bears his name John P. Fort has told a story of action, ruthlessness. This trader, who bartered with the Chicamauguas for pelts in exchange for glass beads, rifles, and knives, made his home in a lonely cabin far from white men. The woman he had married was virtually a slave, for it was beneath him to help her in the arduous work of the house. Stone Daugherty was a venomous man and, when the Cherokees killed his wife and two sons, he became even more bitter. The story deals with his revenge on his enemies, his brutality toward his second wife, a mere girl, and the smoldering hatred toward him of his daughter Jane, which proved his undoing. Stone Daugherty had the first jury trial in Jacksboro on the charge of murder, and the author makes good use of mountain dialect in describing the scene. His narrative moves forward with speed. Mr. Fort moralizes about the place of a man like Stone Daugherty in the scheme of things, finding him "an illustration of the apparent law of life, which is concerned in the catching of energy, its storage, and its release." It took a crude, rough character to survive in those wilds. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

WAR AND PEACE

War memoirs have been augmented by the addition of *Field Marshal Earl Haig*, a vivid and well-written biography by Brig. Gen. John Charteris. General Charteris is wholly sympathetic to Earl Haig and consequently pictures him as the most influential and sanest of the Allied commanders, and the man who made Foch generalissimo and ended the War. This and other statements may start controversy, as many of the men who took part in the councils are still alive. Earl Haig is described as much more competent than the war cabinet, but handicapped by conflicting orders. He foresaw the method and object of German attacks and recognized Ludendorff's maneuvers to separate the British from the French, which was almost brought about by the advice of the French cabinet and General Petain. Recognizing the fine qualities of Foch, although doubting his astuteness, Earl Haig brought about his election as chief Allied commander, although it meant his own subordination. This became possible

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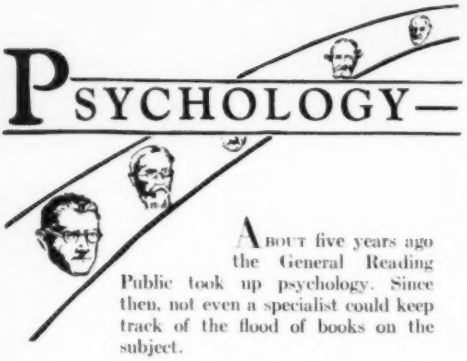

ABOUT five years ago the General Reading Public took up psychology. Since then, not even a specialist could keep track of the flood of books on the subject.

AMONG the first books on psychology for the general reader were Everett Dean Martin's PSYCHOLOGY, John B. Watson's BEHAVIORISM, and H. A. Overstreet's INFLUENCING HUMAN BEHAVIOR. Since then there have been innumerable books "popularizing" psychology — books on the psychology of everything from sex to salesmanship. Some of them, in their time, were best-sellers. Martin, Watson, and Overstreet are *still* selling. They are established authorities.

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Books that Live

only because the threat of the German attack was so urgent and so definite that the British and French cabinets had to accede. Once endowed with important powers, Haig ignored further orders from London and worked in closest co-operation with Foch. General Charteris is critical of both Lloyd-George and Clemenceau; and Sir Henry Wilson comes in for harsh consideration. Field Marshal Haig thought his plan for defeating the Germans in 1920 complete rubbish. Responsibility for the great British attacks of September, 1918, which turned the tide, are placed squarely on the shoulders of Field Marshal Haig; for even Foch doubted their success. General Charteris writes: "No weightier decision has ever fallen to the lot of any British soldier, and none had greater results." (Scribner.) Passing from war to peace, it may be worth recalling that April, 1929, marked the tenth anniversary of the founding of the League of Nations. As a result of the increased interest in international co-operation, Viscount Cecil's new book, *The Way of Peace*, should prove of interest. The earnest support of this English statesman for the League of Nations began at the Peace Conference and has never wavered. He was always ready to speak on his favorite topic, and I recall with much interest the formal interviews he held with the press in the British headquarters during the Conference in 1919, when he answered a multitude of questions in great detail. Lord Cecil's book advocates limiting armaments and increasing international agreements; he holds that "armaments breed armaments," that this is a disease based entirely on fear and the idolatry of force. Not force but reason and persuasion count in human affairs. "We must learn to think not only imperially but internationally," remarks Lord Cecil, and that means co-operation by equals. Some of the papers in this book were originally given as addresses. (John Day Co.) Another survey of international arbitration has been made, called *International Arbitration from Athens to Locarno*, by Judge Jackson H. Ralston, who published *The Law and Procedure of International Tribunals* in 1926. This has been issued as one of the series of Stanford books on World Politics edited by Graham H. Stuart and published by the Stanford University Press. A view of the Peace Conference of 1919 from the German and Austrian angle is given in *Versailles* by Karl Friedrich Nowak, who was attached to the Austrian chief command as literary adviser

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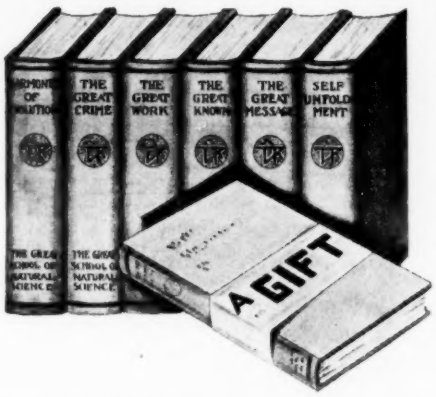

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during the War. A great deal of his material was drawn from original documents furnished him by Count Brockdorff-Rantzau and other German negotiators. His knowledge of American men and views is drawn from books published since the Conference. The idealism and justice of Wilson is conceded, but his ignorance of European matters is stressed. (Payson & Clarke.)

BOOKS ON JEWISH SUBJECTS

There seems to be an increasing number of books dealing with the Jews and Judaism, and the spring publications have made some important additions. The most important, no doubt, is Ludwig Lewisohn's *Mid-Channel*, which is a *Harper* publication and, therefore, not supposed to be discussed in these columns; but it is so well written, and contains such stimulating and brilliant talk about books, writers, ideas, and customs, that it should not be overlooked in a list of this kind. The drift of Mr. Lewisohn toward an intensive study of Judaism is well known; it began with *Upstream*, and his exile from American journalism has given him opportunity to turn to the Talmud and other sources of inspiration for the true word. He is now convinced that Judaism holds much for the world, Christian and Jewish, and that some form of its message will bring the long-desired peace among people. He does not believe that assimilation works to any good end. His ideas are elaborated in *Mid-Channel*. This is introductory to announcing several other books dealing with Jewish teachings. *Christian and Jew*, by Isaac Landman (Liveright) is a compilation of the views of thirty-five leaders on the subject of tolerance and a better understanding. The men who write are scientists, scholars, rabbis, physicians, even priests of the Roman Catholic church. Naturally all wish for wider tolerance, for the removal of religious bigotry, but the methods they propose to bring this about are many. The scientists seek wider knowledge, more education, believing that intolerance is the child of fear and that fear grows in the darkness. Unity of interests is suggested; concessions are advocated. Doctor Landman inaugurated the Permanent Commission on Better Understanding, which will attempt to correct abuses arising out of religious misunderstandings. Contributors to his book include Stephen S. Wise, Francis P. Duffy, James Harvey Robinson, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Joseph Collins, John Erskine, Elmer Davis, Charles

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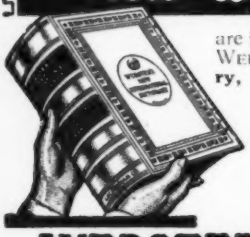

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MOSTLY FRANCE

For summer travel, Miss Clara Laughlin has revised her book, *So You're Going to Paris* (Houghton, Mifflin Co.), adding a list of the best bars, apparently in answer to the urgent demand of Americans who are bound for the land of liberty. This is typical of the change in guidebooks. As the museums grow less in importance, the lure of the bazaars increases. This is proved by the publication of *A Shopping Guide to Paris*, by Therese and Louise Bonney (McBride)—which seems especially to give space to a discussion of dressmakers and their ways, not omitting prices. This book seems to answer more routine shopping questions than any I have encountered; even phrases for use in boot shops, toy departments, and the smaller shops are included. The old type of guidebook is undergoing a great change. In the meantime the book descriptive of foreign lands continues to fascinate the reader. I do not know how many books a year deal with France, but I know that there can never be too many. The latest is *Picturesque Old France*, by Herbert B. Turner. (Little, Brown & Co.) Mr. Turner is an expert photographer—the illustrations prove it. He is said to have been the first man to photograph the great volcano of Hawaii in its natural colors. He loves picturesque nooks not found in conventional travel books, so that his book holds something for all of us. *Three Normandy Inns* by Anna Bowman Dodd explains itself—Normandy is an American treasure land to-day. Journeys off the beaten path, sidelights on peasants and villagers, experiences of observant travelers are to be found in this book; Villerville, Dives, and Mont St. Michel are the principal places visited. Mrs. Dodd, who has been living in France since 1895, published this book originally a number of years ago. As they say in the advertisements, "the flavor lasts." (Putnam.)

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

"About six years ago," writes Mr. Arnold Robin, Boston, Mass., "I heard John Charles Thomas sing a song, the theme of which has clung to me ever since. I have tried in many ways to locate the words, music stores, and publishers, etc.—even a letter to Mr. Thomas himself, to no avail. Now I appeal to you to help me." The words which Mr. Robin remembered were a little vague and mixed up, but after several months we have located his lost song. It proves to be a poem by none other than Matthew Arnold. We reprint the first stanza.

> Come to me in my dreams, and then
> By day I shall be well again!
> For then the night will more than pay
> The hopeless longing of the day.

The complete poem, "Longing," can be found in any complete edition of Matthew Arnold's *Poems*. These are published by Thomas Nelson & Sons, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City, in the Nelson Century Library, limp leather binding, $2.25, de luxe edition, morocco binding, $2.75. Also a cloth edition, the Burt Home Library, $1.00, published by A. L. Burt Co., 114 East 23rd St., New York City. . . . Our next correspondent, Mr. George Malmstrom, Escanaba, Mich., is also after the writer of a poem, although we believe that he thinks it is a story. "The Red Cotton Night Cap Country or Turf and Towers" is a fairly long narrative poem by Robert Browning. This can be found in volume six of the Nelson Century Edition, $2.25, limp leather, and $2.75, de luxe edition in morocco, of Browning's *Poems*, published by Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York City; also in the Cambridge Edition of Robert Browning, $3.50, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. If Mr. Malmstrom will order a copy of *Sentimental Tommy* or *Tommy and Grizel* by Sir James M. Barrie, he will, we feel certain, find the answer to his question as to the identity of Thomas Sandys. These are published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Ave., New York City, in two bindings: cloth at $2.00 per volume, and $3.00 for the leather. . . . Again part of our answer is to be found in the Nelson Century Library. A correspondent from Ridgewood, N. J. (name withheld by request) asks for various editions of Victor Hugo's works. This can be had in limp leather, $2.25, and morocco, $2.75, each volume sold separately, eight volumes to the

Among the New Books

set. Other editions are: ten volumes, three-fourths leather, $36.00 the set, published by A. L. Burt Co., 114 East 23rd St., New York City; and a cabinet edition, sixteen volumes, illustrated, $32.00 the set, L. C. Page Co., Boston, Mass. . . . In answer to F. Reall, Quechee, Vt., whose question again concerns the Nelson Library, de luxe edition, we can only say that no matter where he purchased this edition it would always have the same paper and binding. Thomas Nelson & Sons is the publisher of all the volumes and they distribute the same to the various booksellers. The printing of the *Oxford Book of English Verse* is considered in good taste and well done. This was also asked by Mr. Reall. . . . We advise S. Van Cree, Tyrone, Pa., to get a copy of *Catullus Done into English Verse* by Hugh Macnaghten and published by The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, at $2.00. This will answer his request for a poetical translation of Catullus. . . . *What Is Your Emotional Age?* by J. George Frederick is the book to which Palmer Wilkinson, Ontario, Canada, refers in his letter. This book is published at $2.25, by The Bourse, 80 West 40th St., New York City. . . . A list of the Mark Tidd books is requested by Mrs. Forest Remke, Richmond Hill, N. Y. These are published by The House of Harper and the titles are: *Mark Tidd*, followed by *Mark Tidd, Manufacturer, Editor, Citadel, In Business, In the Backwoods, In Italy, In Egypt* and *In Sicily*. These books are by Clarence Budington Kelland and are sold at $1.75 a volume. . . . Mrs. L. E. Creel, Sheffield, Ala., will find the book, *Studies in Spanish-American Literature* by Dr. Isaac Goldberg most useful in her program of study of Latin-American literature. This book is published at $2.50 by Brentano's, 47th St. and Fifth Ave., New York City. . . . Bliss Carman is undoubtedly the favorite poet of Miss Tessie Sanders, Portland, Maine. She requests the titles of the various books which he has written. Three were written in collaboration with Richard Hovey, *Songs from Vagabondia, More Songs from Vagabondia, Last Songs from Vagabondia*, followed by *Echoes of Vagabondia* written by Carman alone. These are $1.25 each. Also *April Airs* and *Far Horizons*, each $1.25, and *Ballads and Lyrics*, $2.00. All are put out by Dodd, Mead Co., 449 Fourth Ave., New York City. Miss Sanders may be interested to learn that Bliss Carman is also the editor of *The Oxford Book of American Verse*, pub-

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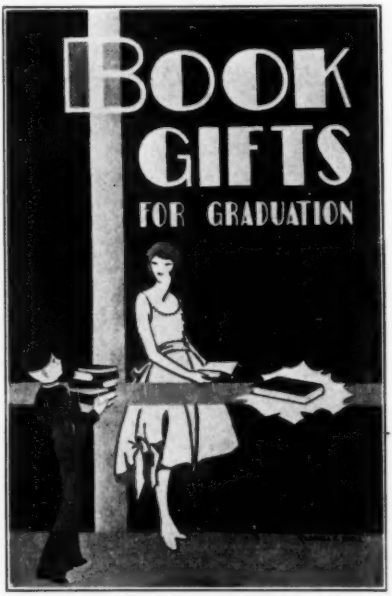
lished by the Oxford University Press, 35 West 32nd St., New York City. . . . As we go to press we have located the answer to only one of Gregory Woodruff's (Darien, Conn.) numerous questions. There are many and various editions of the *Maxims of De La Rouchefaucauld*. Some of the houses which publish these little books are: The Oxford University Press, New York City, $1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th St., New York City, $1.00; Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., $1.00, translated by John Heard; *Moral Maxims and Reflections*,



Frederick Stokes Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York City, $1.50. . . . The publication date of Louis Bromfield's new book is April 25. It is a volume of short-stories put out by Frederick Stokes Co., New York City, for $2.50. This firm will publish also a new novel by Bromfield in the autumn. John Galsworthy has had no new novel since *Swan Song*, the last of the Forsyte series, published at $2.50 by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City. *The Red House Mystery*, $2.00, E. P. Dutton Co., 681 Fifth Ave., New York City, is the only mystery story by A. A. Milne that has been published. These three items interest Mr. Gerald Franck, Ossining, N. Y.

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Harpers Magazine

THE DANGERS OF OBEDIENCE

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

Professor of Political Science, University of London

STATIONARY societies, Sir Henry Maine has said, are distinguished from progressive by the degree to which they are bound down by traditional codes of behavior. The savage dare not break the cake of custom; and cases have been known in which the quite accidental infringement of some sacred taboo has been followed by the death from terror of the hapless offender. Western civilization, however, owes its main triumphs to its habit of experimenting with taboos. It owes its discoveries to men who, in some special realm, have been deliberately skeptical about its orthodoxies. The preservation of avenues through which originality may flow is the condition upon which our well-being depends. For a variety of causes, of which the application of science to the conquest of nature is the most important, has made ours an ever-changing environment. We have constantly to adapt ourselves to novelty. Our habits are invaded by novelty which compels their adjustment to a new perspective. To keep an open mind, to be dubious about whatever tradition may insist upon as absolute, to insist that our private experience is of importance in determining social values—these are qualities upon which the prospect of a full life depends. Once men suspect the value of originality they suppress it; and the consequence of suppression is the stationary society, with its dull uniformity, in which all sense of individuality is lost.

Yet there is a growing habit among us of looking with doubt upon those who desert the beaten track. Babbitt is king; and we live increasingly a life in which conventional uniformities of conduct can be deserted only with danger. There are ideas everyone is expected to hold. There are books everyone is expected to praise. There are ways of life which correspond to every grade of income. At one level, the gramophone is a necessary index to respectability. At another, we demand a drawing-room in which unwanted visitors may be

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received at stated intervals. At another level still a motor car is essential if we are to win the respect of our neighbors. No poor man but will be condemned for reckless extravagance if he collects books or pictures. No millionaire but will be charged with avarice unless he buys Rembrandts or endows universities.

To deviate from the norm is to risk the mark of Cain. It is disloyalty to clan or creed, to state or class. An Englishman must not doubt the necessity of British naval supremacy. A Frenchman must assert that the occupation of the Rhineland is the clue to European well-being. An American has no right to skepticism about the Constitution or the Monroe Doctrine. Obedience, indeed, to certain expected canons of behavior has become the condition of material well-being. Universities search for safe professors. Banks desire governors who admit no doubts upon the gold standard. Churches are distressed by priests who show less interest in efficient administration than in Christianity. Divergence from the beaten track has become permissible only to those whose genius can no longer be denied; and, even then, we less welcome the divergence than accept it as the price of a divine madness. We are the slaves of custom, and we have begun to hug our chains.

For unwonted opinion or behavior is dangerous. It shocks men out of their accustomed grooves. It leads to the examination of basic principle, and that, in its turn, to the sense that contemporary institutions are not inevitable or final institutions. It is felt, accordingly, that the lines of conformity must be rigorously drawn; to depart from them is to outrage the conscience of our fellows. Lawyers were horrified when Mr. Roosevelt demanded the recall of judges, though nothing is more necessary than a remaking of the legal system. Baptists were enraged when children heard of Darwinism; though it showed a sorry confidence in the rightness of their own creed to fear that the timid suggestions of a school-teacher might jeopardize its safety. Italian Fascists will not tolerate skepticism about Mussolini; and Bolshevists will not permit deviation from the orthodoxy of Karl Marx. Broadly speaking, it is necessary for the business man to insist that socialism is the inevitable creed of the unsuccessful; and most Catholics condemn birth-control passionately without even an examination of its possibilities. We live in such terror of the new or the unexpected that to welcome them is regarded as proof of original sin.

We demand from men that they should follow the herd; we suspect them if they express doubts of the tradition. We choose as governors available men; which means that we deliberately prefer those who have not displayed a skepticism of convention. No English statesman could continue to lead his party if he announced a doubt of the virtues of monarchical government. No American candidate for the presidency could, without certainty of defeat, explain that he disliked the presidential system. A bishop who proposed experiment with Judge Lindsey's heresies could not long remain within the folds of his Church. It is, of course, true that in realms where no social consequence seems likely to follow from a new outlook it is permitted as an amiable weakness; but let it once touch a vested interest and penalties immediately follow. American Protestantism is horrified at the Bolshevist persecution of religion; but no small part of its adherents display the same frame of mind when they conclude that Mr. Smith's Catholicism ought to debar him from the presidency. The demand seems to grow that people shall not diverge from certain accepted habits. There is constant assimilation to the type bred by the acceptance of those habits. And the greater the assimilation, the more monstrous do deviations from the type become. The punishments, accordingly, that they involve, at the point where they imply social significance, seem definitely to increase in severity.

Sacco and Vanzetti were punished not

for the murder they denied, but for the anarchism they professed. We have replaced the medieval intolerance of religious by intolerance of political and economic creeds. The state has become in sober fact Leviathan; and millions of men and women accept its decisions without scrutiny as obliging them merely because of the source from which they emanate. Our danger, indeed, is that the conventional is becoming the infallible. We do not experiment with ourselves. We check our impulses at their birth lest they involve us in departures from the norm. We preach incessantly that we are not responsible for the acts of governments which live by our consent. Lynching in the South, a massacre at Amritsar, the martyrdom of Mooney, the hapless fate of those whom the new-fangled European dictatorships destroy—these move us comparatively little, and, at best, to a passing verbal protest. An acceptance of injustice to others is the price we pay, and are prepared to pay, for our own safety. We have an inner sense that, were we to protest, the tale of tragedy might be told also of ourselves; and we repress instinctive sympathy with those who suffer because our neighbors do likewise. Yet silence is acquiescence; and a failure to protest against injustice only makes us the less vigilant against invasion of our freedom.

II

For freedom means self-expression, and the secret of freedom is courage. No man ever remains free who acquiesces in what he knows to be wrong. His business as a citizen is to act upon the instructed judgment of his conscience. He may be mistaken; but he ought ceaselessly to be aware that the act he opposes is, after all, no more than the opinion of men who, like himself, are also fallible. The business of government is to satisfy the rational desires of citizens or, at the least, to make possible such satisfaction; and nothing is more likely to prevent the fulfilment of its purpose than silent acquiescence in the prohibition of such desires. Whenever men are silent in the face of a refusal to hear the burden of their experience it is always assumed by powerful interests that they are, in fact, silent because they have nothing to say. Not only does the habit of acquiescence transform the citizen into an inert recipient of orders whom it is difficult to rouse from lethargy; it also persuades a government that it has only to show a bold front to secure acceptance of any commands it chooses to impose. Before attitudes such as these liberty has no chance of survival; for the eternal vigilance which is its necessary price is then wanting.

We cannot, in matters of social constitution, too often insist that there is no finality about our present arrangements. Most of the principles we cherish as fundamental have seemed immoral or monstrous at some time or place. Property, marriage, religion, education, our views upon each of these have changed often enough in the course of history, and they will change again. The business of us who have experience of their operation is to report the burden of that experience; there can be no wise legislation except upon the basis of the widest induction it is open to us to make. For the laws under which we live are someone's induction. They represent a response to someone's interpretation of social needs. If what they do contradicts our experience and our needs, it is simple folly to assume their necessary wisdom and take it for granted that we are wrong. For not only does all new truth somewhere begin in a minority of one; the courage of one man who insists upon social inadequacy heartens others to make articulate their burden of experience as well. It stimulates the sleeping sense of civic obligation. It leads to a sense in those who have been content with passivity, that active-minded obligation may, even though it involve discomfort, not necessarily be dishonorable. Those are always most truly

citizens who insist upon bringing back our rulers to a realization of the conditions upon which their power is held.

This, let it be added, is more than ever necessary in the great state. The scale of life to-day is so vast that individual experience is lost unless it is clamantly articulate about its wants. It is, moreover, a world in which the supporters of conventional morality are anxious at all costs to legislate against the diversities of which they disapprove. These they view as sin; and they seek to clothe the old Calvinist dictatorship in new terminology in order to enjoy the luxury of suppression. The books we are to read, the plays we are to see, the pictures to be exhibited, all these must be molded in the pattern of which they approve. Taboos built on their clamant expression of what they desire never cease to proliferate. And every time they are successful, their appetite grows for power. Mr. Comstock began in a humble way; but he ended by sweeping a continent into his vision. Sir William Joynson-Hicks now pronounces with confidence his judgment upon every subject from the proper closing hours of night clubs to the governmental limits within which the Anglican Church may live a life of its own. Their impudence is the measure of our futility. Their self-expression is purchased by the suppression of ours.

That, indeed, is the invariable nature of power. The law of its being is to hate the process of rational examination. It will not, unless it must, brook criticism of its pronouncements. It assumes the coincidence of its private will with the public good. And it evokes everywhere imitation. Mussolini takes a leaf out of Lenin's book. Italian acquiescence in the suppression of freedom persuades Spain to similar action. The European continent to-day is scattered with petty tyrannies each one of which has built itself upon the citizen's conviction that he has no alternative save helplessly to obey the commands he receives. All over the world little groups of active-minded men run to the state to urge that some particular convention be made binding upon us all, or to prohibit some particular experiment which, a generation from now, may well become a normal habit of everyday life. And the world runs to meet its chains because the citizen is too afraid to venture out of the little private corner in which he is buried. He does not seem to know that the power to insist upon his freedom lies in his own hands. He is powerless because he is unconscious of his power.

So great is the decline of liberty, by reason of this acquiescence, that the citizen to-day is notable who protests against injustice. He is not only notable, but even bizarre; we tend to wonder that he has so little to do that he must interfere in public concerns. When Professor Chafee ventured to defend the rights of Americans to freedom of speech there were Harvard alumni anxious for his removal from the university. When Professor Frankfurter expressed his doubts about the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti powerful interests were not slow to whisper that he must have received a price for his forthrightness. We expect the statesman, the millionaire, the soldier to announce what organization of life is to be imposed; but when the ordinary citizen speaks we are either amazed at his courage or indignant at his intrusion. Yet, after all it is the ordinary citizen who is most likely to be affected by the imposition of other men's experience. The government of to-day defines with increasing precision the contours of the life he may lead. Unless he is prepared to announce his judgment upon their decision, to concert with others some corporate insistence upon his views, the life permitted him may well become one long frustration of his personal desires.

Nor must we forget the unnecessary pain that results from our unwillingness to engage in public adventure. The indifference of American citizens has meant that Mooney has languished in jail for sixteen years; the indifference of

English citizens has meant eighteen grim years of imprisonment for that Oscar Slater whom the Scottish Courts have recently pronounced not guilty of the crime for which he suffered. An unwillingness on our part to confront with frankness the issues of sex means innumerable unhappy lives that might otherwise have been fruitful. Our acquiescence in an eighteenth-century view of freedom of contract enables the American courts to deprive of essential leisure thousands of working men who might, otherwise, share in the gain as well as in the toil of living. Our refusal to believe that foreign affairs are our business not less than that of the men who sit in Washington and Westminster may well send the next generation, as it sent the last, to die on the battlefield. Yet, civilization means, above all, an unwillingness to inflict unnecessary pain. Within the ambit of that definition, those of us who heedlessly accept the commands of authority cannot yet claim to be civilized men.

III

It is said that the individual is powerless; it is merely to embrace one inadequacy for another to seek to pit himself against the state. But that is an exaggeration of the power of authority which it is urgent to deny at the outset. Luther pitted himself against the serried majesty of Rome, and, whatever the price he had to pay, at least he found a larger freedom outside. Francis Place, almost alone, won for English workingmen the right to combine for self-protection against a hostile government and an indifferent House of Commons. Samuel Plimsoll, by a persistent refusal to be silent, won for sailors a protection against maritime disaster which is perhaps their most valuable safeguard. William Lloyd Garrison may have been stoned by Boston mobs, and the good and great may have been shocked by his intransigence; but he lit a flame in the hearts of thousands who later made possible the victory of emancipation. The very nature, indeed, of social organization may give us assurance that our protest need never be single. The injustice we lament, the command we deny, others experience also as lamentable or unjustified. They wait, often enough, for a lead; and when we refuse to act by some inner fear of failure, we leave them to accept defeat. And, by so leaving them, we reinforce the authority of those whose exercise of it appears to us unjust. Our lack of courage makes the next effort of protest more difficult to undertake.

We should, moreover, remember that one thing authority fears to encounter is the insistent conscience of its opponents. Modern governments are doubtless more powerful than at any period in the history of the world; but they are still dependent for that power on their willingness to obey the decent opinion of their subjects. President Masaryk showed in Czechoslovakia what a persistent determination to be free can effect. Arthur Griffiths and Michael Collins showed plainly enough that there is a limit to the coercion a government may employ against men who are conscious of fighting for a great destiny. The women suffragists in England fought for eight years against a government deaf to the power of rational argument; and their willingness to pay the penalties of illegal conduct rather than acquiesce in their exclusion from effective citizenship was the major factor in the victory of their cause. Those who refused obedience to the Military Service Acts were able, in the last war, to exemplify the powerlessness of the state. Convinced of the iniquity of war, they claimed the right to be absolved from direct contact with it; and it is important that both in England and America the Quakers should have received express exemption from that contact. That is the tacit admission that where the state conflicts with another group there are occasions when the state will find it wise to forego the claim of paramountcy.

And, here again, the real fact involved is that of consent. No state can act in the face of considerable opposition from its citizens, if the latter are deeply and conscientiously moved by the issue in dispute. No American government can hope to enforce Prohibition merely by multiplying the agencies of pressure and penalization; it will succeed only as men are convinced that its objective is worthy of their allegiance. No state will venture in practice to transcend the consciences it encounters in any vital sphere. Acts of authority are always limited by their power to command the moral support of thinking men.

It is important to remember that governments are not always successful, simply because it is urgent to recollect that they are not always right. There is, that is to say, not only no certainty that they will succeed; there is even no certainty that they ought to succeed. The only ground for obedience to the state is where its purpose is morally superior to that of its opponents. The only ground upon which the citizen can give or be asked to give his support for the state is upon the conviction that what it is aiming at is, in each particular action, good. We should not support a given state because the ideal state is patterned upon Utopia. We should not even support a given state because its intentions are sincere. A catalogue of the actions of states undertaken from the highest possible motives could easily be made a list of errors now regarded as monstrous. No sincerity of purpose ever excludes the possibility of conduct for which no excuse can seriously be made. Calvin was completely sincere when he burned Servetus. The Inquisition served the highest motives when it imprisoned Galileo. George III was unquestionably sincere in his opposition to the American colonies and to Catholic Emancipation. In politics, at any rate, it is not only necessary to will what is right, but also to know what it is right to will. It is a nice question whether more harm than good has not been done by governments who have been left unopposed because it has been conjectured that they were doing their best. The most passionate conviction of rightness is never a proof that we are not mistaken.

Nor can it be truly said that governments are usually right because they command the service of experts, while the common man has but a limited knowledge at his command. For it is in the first place essential to realize that, however expert may be the basis of the decision, this does not compensate for an inability to convince the common man of its validity. To override the judgment of the hostile and the doubtful is, in the end, to convince them that the labor of thought is not worth the effort. And it must be remembered that all experts are in matters of social action liable to the gravest defects. They are specialists in a particular theme; and because they are expert therein, they tend to overestimate its importance. No general can ever be entrusted with the function of delimiting strategic frontiers; no admiral could safely be left to draw up a naval program. An expert, moreover, always tends to underestimate the importance of converting people to his point of view. He is so convinced that his principle is right that he rarely considers the price which may have to be paid for its administration, the possibility that its principle might well be lost in the strain of applying it. Only the need to consider the necessity of consent prevents an expert from becoming a tyrant. We wisely leave amateur politicians to control the expert that the latter may learn the limits of public patience.

It is said, again, that to ask the citizen to become a pioneer is to ask him to embark upon adventures doomed, almost inevitably, to fail. A man, it is argued, who can school himself into acquiescence with things as they are will have, on the whole, a not unhappy life; but one who seeks to protest against injustice, or to work for the acceptance of

truths rejected by the powers that be, embarks upon a voyage where he can be certain that his ship will be wrecked. The authority of existing interests is so strong that it is folly to rebel against their compulsion. The price of rebellion is martyrdom, and not even martyrdom has any assurance of ultimate reward. Social problems, we are told, must be seen in reasonable proportion. We have our own happiness to achieve; we are not, in any case, our brother's keeper. What profit does a man have who sets himself up for Athanasius? It is rare that his powers are equal to his self-appointed task. He will earn only bitterness and disappointment from effort of which the world is careless or hostile. Those whom he loves will, only too often, pay the price of his sacrifice to his conscience. His spiritual urgency will, to the generality, seem no more than a special form of egotism or stubbornness. Humanity, in history, has always crucified its pioneers.

The plea for inertia is always a powerful one. It enables us to plow our little furrow without an impending sense of contingent disaster. It saves us from the grim need to revise habits it is always dangerous to examine and, sometimes, fatal to destroy. Yet it can be said with certainty that the price of inertia is always, in the long run, the loss of a civic sense in the multitude. Men who insist that some particular injustice is not their responsibility sooner or later become unable to resent any injustice. Tyranny depends upon nothing so much as the lethargy of a people. Autocracy is born above all of the experience that it need not expect active resentment against injustice. This is the inner truth of Thoreau's famous sentence that "under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison." For unless he is insistently protestant, his acquiescence in the injustice is assumed. His silence makes him in fact the jailer; and the powers that be rely on him because they know that the inert acceptance he has displayed in the past is a proof that his conscience is dead. The bad employer, the savage justice, the corrupt statesman, these exercise their authority only because they have not been challenged in the past. Let that challenge once be made forthrightly and, where one man has been bold, a thousand are prepared to follow him. And where a thousand are prepared to follow, those whose profession is the doing of wrong think twice before they act. A people attentive to the confines within which power must act have alone the prospect of freedom. The unjust only prevail because they are never guilty of inertia.

IV

It is objected that this is a doctrine of anarchy. If men are to disobey because they disbelieve, there is, it is said, an end of social peace; and in a period of violence it is never justice that triumphs. To argue, therefore, that a man must act upon the dictates of his conscience, to insist that there are times when the law may be rightly disregarded, is to attack the foundations of public well-being. We must approach the state in fear and trembling. We must remember that its habits, its traditions, its purposes are born of the inherited wisdom of the past. Who are we, it is said, with what Burke called "our little stock of reason," to pit our judgment against the immense induction for which it stands?

The argument has the appearance of power; but, in fact, it is wholly void of substance. The present conditions are not just merely because they are the present conditions; they are just to the degree that justice is inherent in them. An American would not condemn Washington for 1776; few Frenchmen would doubt the justice of 1789; fewer Englishmen would deny the common sense of 1688. But Washington and all other revolutionaries have had, at some moment, to make the decision to disobey;

and the decision has involved the judgment that their view of the future must be pitted against that for which traditional authority has declared. Obviously enough, we must make our protest proportionate to the event. We need not march out with machine guns because the income-tax inspector has assessed us wrongly. But if the state to which we are reduced is that of the French peasant in 1789, or the Russian peasant in 1917, it is difficult to see why the wisdom of our ancestors should be dignified by the name of wisdom. Social peace need not be invaded for minutiæ; but social peace may well be purchased at too high a price. Order may be disturbed; but there are kinds of order which are closely akin to death.

Government is necessary enough in all conscience; but there must be limits to its empire. It is not enough within a social system to proclaim the supreme desirability of peace until we are satisfied with the purposes for which peace is made. And because the individual is so small, the power of government so vast, we may be certain enough that, in general, organized disobedience is always the price of injustice. Men do not revolt until wrong has driven them to revolt. They are not the prey of agitators unless they have so suffered that the agitator's message transcends for them all other considerations. The danger of anarchy, in a word, is born only when a body of men has come to feel that some wrong imposed upon them has become unendurable.

It is futile, moreover, to argue that there is no longer unendurable wrong. The supreme instance may clothe itself in the humblest garb. It may appear, as with Dreyfus, in the garb of an army officer falsely accused of espionage; or, as with Francisco Ferrer, in the person of a humble school teacher falsely condemned for treason. Our business when we meet such wrong is to challenge it lest authority be victorious over justice. For the price of our freedom is an ultimate courage to resist. We owe no state or church a blind or unreasoning obedience. We owe it only the utmost insight of which our judgment is capable. No state is ever securely founded save in the consciences of its citizens. No state, indeed, has ever a better safeguard against error than respect for those consciences. To treat them as trivial, to regard activity built upon them as moral wrong, is to injure itself far more than it can be injured by them. To know that they have quality of spirit enough to insist upon the lesson inherent for them in their experience of life is already some justification of its effort. To suppress that spirit is to deny its own purpose. Thereby it lends itself not to the enlargement of personality, but to its suppression. That, after all, is the ultimate crime in the historic record.

For no government can, in the long run, ever find an adequate substitute for the individual exercise of active minds. However wide the ambit of its experience, it is never so wide as the totality of civic experience. However well-intentioned, it is always liable, from the necessary limitations of all authority, to error and misjudgment. Its quality, in the end, is never at a higher level than the quality of the humblest of its citizens. Once it postpones consideration of some judgment he makes, it postpones also the increase of its own quality. For to suppress individuality is to diminish it; and the outcome of continuous diminution is the slave-mind. States have perished in history not because they could not conceive great ends, but because their passion for uniformity has deprived them of the instruments necessary to carry out those ends. High purposes in any community require citizens high-minded enough to appreciate them; and men who have been modelled to a pattern are incapable of intellectual stature. Men whose minds have been put in fetters cannot exert that energy of the soul which is the motive power of great achievement.

V

If all the laws of social organization were as patently reasonable as those of arithmetic, it would not, perhaps, be necessary to plead for tolerance. But no honesty is possible in matters of social constitution unless we begin by admitting that no faith is really possible in the realm of politics without a large margin of doubt. There is hardly a single certitude in the past which a wider and deeper experience has not rendered untenable. There is not a single certitude to-day which will not, to the future, appear meager and inadequate. Implacable hostility by government to diversity of opinion is simply the prevention of rational judgment. Sacco and Vanzetti did not cease to be anarchists because anarchy was penalized; the government of Russia before 1917 did not destroy the Bolshevists by sending them to Siberia. Ideas however foolish, programs however extreme, are always born of some want which their exponents are seeking to satisfy. To penalize the ideas and the programs does not stifle the wants. Either it drives them underground or provokes them into rebellion. A government which encounters bad ideas—even more, a government which provokes rebellion has, almost always, reason to look into its own conscience. For its business is response to the felt wants of men, and their disobedience to it is the measure of its failure.

This warning was never more needed than in our time. Power tends increasingly to be concentrated in a few hands. A standardized machine-technology degrades the craftsman more and more to a man who fulfils a purely repetitive routine. The press, education, the discipline of political parties remove increasingly from circumference to center the responsibility for thought. In Russia we have the spectacle of a dominant party which seeks to impress a particular creed upon every aspect of the life it controls; and a generation is rapidly coming to manhood there which will have heard of no other. The same is true in only slightly less degree of Italy and of Spain. There government arrogates to itself the character of infallibility, and a doctrine born of a particular occasion is made a universal of which doubt is not permitted. Yet it is obvious enough that truth cannot be stabilized in this fashion. Not even Marx exhausted the possibility that new truth may await us in the realm of social ideas.

Russia, Italy, and Spain, indeed, are only extreme instances of an attitude which other states are seeking to enforce less directly and with a subtler power of permeation. Industrial standardization seeks to make men live increasingly within the ambit of patterns it finds most economically serviceable; and the cost of that search is the standardized mind. Like Russian communism, it develops its protective legend. Most American business men seriously believe that America has attained the ideal of free competition; all English business men with adequate incomes insist that the career is open to the talented. Each sedulously preaches that failure is inherent in the incapacity of the individual; and a new Calvinism arises in which poverty is equated with moral fault. This has become very largely the religion of the Western World; and because it is the gospel of the successful man, it is preached in school and newspaper until doubt of its truth seems to the majority like doubt of the multiplication table. At that stage, doubt itself becomes an index either to insanity or bad character. To ask a man in a court of law to-day if he is a socialist is to suggest to the judge and jury that he is incapable of good citizenship. He must be prepared to accept Leviathan at Leviathan's own estimate if he wishes for the approval of his fellows.

That road lies stagnation, and the consequence of stagnation in ideas is always the decay of freedom. It is extraordinary enough that in the twen-

tieth century it should be necessary to restate the case for freedom. Generation by generation, in religion, politics, science, the arts, men have had manifold experience of the disaster consequent upon suppression of the human spirit. Age by age they have been re-taught that nothing ultimately matters save maintenance of the conditions which make for the emancipation of personality. Our business, if we desire to live a life not utterly devoid of meaning and significance, is to accept nothing which contradicts our basic experience merely because it comes to us from tradition or convention or authority. It may well be that we shall be wrong; but our self-expression is thwarted at the root unless the certainties we are asked to accept coincide with the certainties we experience. That is why the condition of freedom in any state is always a widespread and consistent skepticism of the canons upon which power insists. To doubt is to examine and, with distinguished minds, to examine is to discover. But it is not merely for the value of the new truth that may emerge that we urge the importance of skepticism. The meek do not inherit the earth unless they are prepared to fight for their meekness. Justice does not come to reign unless those who care for its coming are prepared to insist upon its value. Certainly every acquiescence in contradiction of the lesson life has taught us is a deliberate postponement of its opportunity; every acceptance of that against which our soul cries out makes it easier upon another occasion to stifle that cry. We need freedom to be ourselves. But we can be free only as we insist upon freedom. No other person's creed can have validity for us save as it expresses the exigencies of our own life.

Because we share, that is, in a collective experience, we are not effortlessly assured of individual salvation. We do our duty by examination, not by submission, by zeal for truth, not enthusiasm for uniformity. Nothing can ever entitle us, as free spiritual beings, to merge our lives into the common life, to disown our personality, and accept standards which, within ourselves, we know to be worthless. A healthy loyalty is not passive and complacent, but active and critical. If it finds ground for attack, it must occupy that ground. For all obedience that has the right to regard itself as ethical is built upon a conscious agreement with the purpose we encounter. Anything else is a betrayal of ourselves; and when we surrender the truth we see, by that betrayal we betray also the future of civilization. For the triumphs of a free conscience are the landmarks on the road to the ideal.

WHAT RISK MOTHERHOOD?

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

THAT a woman should jeopardize her life—or at least her health—when she gives birth to a child has long been accepted as one of the inexorable laws of nature. And so it happens that while science has been waging a winning fight against diseases such as typhoid fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and pneumonia, the great problem of maternal mortality has received comparatively little attention. Curiously enough, the lay public is not yet awake to the seriousness of the situation. Few people, for instance, know that approximately 15,000 women die in this country from childbirth every year, or that the mortality rate which these figures represent is as high as it was in 1900. Statistics show, too, that childbirth constitutes a greater risk of death for women between the ages of fifteen and forty-four than any single disease or class of diseases, with the exception of tuberculosis; while the number of women whose health it destroys or impairs is incalculably large, according to the medical profession's own admission.

Most appalling of all is the fact that women in the United States apparently run a greater risk of death from childbirth than do the women of any other civilized country. For a number of years Chile held this dubious distinction, but since 1924 we have headed the list with 6.5 deaths of mothers per one thousand live births. That is to say, for every thousand babies that are born alive, there are over six mothers who sacrifice their lives, as compared with 5.8 mothers in Scotland, 5.3 in Germany, 3.8 in England and Wales, 2.7 in Italy, an average of 2.6 in the Scandinavian countries, and only 2.3 in the Netherlands.

It has been claimed that the above rates are not comparable, since different countries have different methods of recording deaths and births and since our own figures are based on only 64 per cent of our population—that comprised in the present birth-registration area. But even when all of these factors are taken into consideration, our rate remains higher than that in a number of European countries, in the opinion of Robert Morse Woodbury, author of a detailed study of *Maternal Mortality* prepared for the Federal Children's Bureau in 1926.

The claim is also made that racial differences may account for lower rates in certain countries. It is true that almost twice as many colored women as white die in this country from causes connected with childbirth; but it is thought that their high mortality is due to their bad habits of hygiene and their lack of adequate obstetric attention. In any event, the rate for white women in this country—5.4 in 1921—is still considerably higher than the rate in England and Wales, countries which have a racial stock similar to our own predominating stock. The theory that women of certain races are better adapted physiologically to bear children than are those of other races is still open to proof; but it would hardly seem to account for the fact that foreign groups settled in the United States have a generally higher maternal mortality rate than obtains in their countries of origin. Minnesota, for instance, with its large Scandinavian

population, shows a rate of 4.4 as compared with an average of 2.6 in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. In view of these facts, one is forced to conclude that there must be a radical difference in the type of obstetric care available to the women of the middle and lower classes in the United States as compared with that available to women in those countries where a smaller proportion die from childbirth. There is no doubt but that there are as excellent obstetricians here as in any country, but their services unfortunately are restricted to a favored few. Measures must be taken, then, to give a better grade of obstetric care to the general run of women. To what extent this task of reform devolves upon the medical profession, the public health authorities, and the public itself is the question to be considered.

II

When a woman dies from childbirth the community usually sets down the tragedy to "the hand of God" and lets it go at that. But the informed doctor knows that the majority of such deaths are attributable either to lack of care before birth or to faulty obstetric attention at the time of birth. For it is a statistical fact that 65 per cent of all maternal deaths are due to septicemia (40 per cent) and toxemia (25 per cent)—both preventable causes. The remainder are due to accidents of pregnancy and of labor, and to hemorrhage—eventualities which more often than not can be controlled by the skilled obstetrician, although it is true of course that an occasional case presents such grave complications as to be beyond any doctor's control.

Prior to the discovery of antisepsis countless women died of puerperal septicemia—or "childbed fever"—until in 1843 Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes raised the cry that doctors themselves infected women in labor by carrying germs to them from other patients who were suffering from infectious diseases. He related scandalous instances of physicians who had had a rapid succession of deaths from childbed fever, and he hotly declared that "the existence of such a pestilence in the sphere of a single physician should be looked upon not as a misfortune but as a crime." His paper caused much stir, but there were still many doctors who refused to admit the truth of his claims. A few years later, however, Semmelweis of Vienna arrived at similar conclusions and instituted the simple procedure of having physicians and midwives wash their hands in chlorine water before attending a patient. Finally, with Lord Lister's introduction of antisepsis in 1865, puerperal septicemia was recognized as essentially a wound infection. It is still considered to be such, although cases have been known where the infection was thought to have originated in the diseased organs of the patient herself.

That puerperal septicemia is preventable in the great majority of cases has been proved by the maternity hospitals, where it has been cut down to a very small fraction through a technic of painstaking asepsis. The Chicago Lying-In Hospital, for instance, recently reported only five septic deaths out of 11,605 deliveries; and the New York Lying-In, the largest institution of its kind in the country, less than one for every thousand, while the out-patient service of the Long Island College Maternity boasts of five thousand deliveries without a single septic death. Yet in the country at large there still occur two and a half septic deaths to every thousand live births—or a total of 5,353 in 1927 for the birth-registration area alone. Unfortunately there is no way of ascertaining how many of these cases were attended by doctors and how many by midwives. Nor is there any way of telling how many of them were the result of self-induced abortions and, therefore, not chargeable to the attendant. But this uncertainty in the figures may be compensated for by the indeterminable number of bona fide septic deaths which were reported under other diagnoses.

The aseptic technic of the attendant at birth is the most important factor, and yet there is evidence to show that the patient's own habits of personal hygiene have something to do with the case. The Johns Hopkins Hospital, for instance, reports a higher septic rate among its colored ward patients than among its white, and, as has been said, the general maternal mortality among colored women is higher than for white all over the country.

Where the patient's habits of hygiene are none too good, it is quite certain that delivery by instruments opens the door to septicemia—no matter how perfect the aseptic technic. This is thought to be the reason why the large maternity hospitals find a slightly higher incidence of septicemia in their ward than in their tenement service, which is limited to the simple cases not requiring operative interference; and also the reason why they get practically no septic cases among their private patients. It is true, too, that women living in the country are less frequently the victims of septicemia than women living in the towns and cities. Medical authorities are inclined to attribute the difference not only to the better sanitary conditions in rural districts, but to the fact that doctors are scarce and that, as a consequence, fewer instrumental deliveries are performed. In other words, a midwife or neighbor who waits to let nature take her course may do less harm than a careless, hasty doctor.

This preaching against operative obstetrics appears to the layman a very hopeful sign. For there is no doubt that America has gone "operation mad," and in the field of obstetrics the craze has led to "dangerous short-cuts which too often mean disastrous results for both mother and child," in the opinion of more than a few leading authorities. The disastrous results—the stories of fatal hemorrhage or septicemia—never reach the ear of the public, although inklings may be gleaned from the medical journals, where one may read such statements as the following made by a Detroit doctor at a medical meeting not long ago. "I have in my laboratory," he said, "five specimens of ruptured uteri and I firmly believe that these accidents resulted because the attending doctors were in too great a hurry." Speaking in the same vein, Dr. Rudolph Holmes of Chicago blames the "meddling obstetrics of the busy practitioner" for the continued high maternal mortality rate. Dr. George Osborne Polak, head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Long Island College, decries the lack of conscience on the part of many doctors "who call in a consultant at the last minute not to save the woman's life, but their own faces."

It is true of course that the use of forceps at the right stage of labor is often time-saving to the mother and life-saving to the child. But the proper aseptic preparations must have been made, and the doctor must have the necessary skill. The only excuse for the doctor who uses instruments inadvisedly is that the patient's family often bring great pressure to bear upon him.

Cæsarean section as a routine method is considered an even greater evil than the unwarranted use of instruments. Doctor Polak indignantly declares that "this method is now being used for no other reason than that it is the quickest and most convenient way of getting the baby out of the uterus." In many communities, unfortunately, there are more surgeons than there are obstetricians, so that when a general practitioner needs the help of a specialist he calls in a surgeon friend, who does a cæsarean because he is unfamiliar with the conduct of labor. Dr. Franklin S. Newell of Harvard says that this condition exists in a considerable number of the surrounding towns and cities in his part of the country; and Dr. Charles L. Bonifield of Cincinnati makes the same observation. Their opinions are borne out by a recent study of one hundred deaths from cæsarean section in Massachusetts, in which it was proved that in only thirty-seven of the cases was the section per-

formed because of obstructive labor. Careful obstetricians resort to cæsarean section in case of a contracted or abnormally small pelvis and in certain other crises, and they always perform the operation if possible in the early stages of labor. That cæsarean section, when indiscriminately performed, may lead to fatal septicemia or hemorrhage is proved by a report from the Federal Chief Statistician for Vital Statistics showing that deaths from this cause increased 225 between the years 1921 and 1925.

But the tragic tale is not told with the number of deaths reported as due to septicemia. "For with every woman who dies of this infection," says Dr. Hulbert Jacobs, an Australian authority, "it is safe to say that five others suffer from it and are left incurable invalids." Medical opinion in this country is likewise agreed that the largest proportion of cases do not end fatally, and that puerperal septicemia may lead to inflammation of the breasts, pulmonary and cardiac complications, or ulcers and abscesses of the generative tract, which frequently cause permanent invalidism or necessitate operations later in life. In this connection Dr. J. Whitridge Williams of Johns Hopkins has remarked that "anyone who deals much with gynecological patients cannot fail to be impressed with the very large proportion whose troubles clearly date back to the neglect of aseptic precautions on the part of the obstetrician or midwife." And yet it is not unusual for a woman to be told by her physician that her continued ill-health is merely the unfortunate but quite unavoidable lot of motherhood!

Next to septicemia the greatest risk which the childbearing woman runs is toxemia—a condition of faulty metabolism which is found to a greater or less degree in about 50 per cent of all pregnancies—according to Doctor Williams. Here the science of obstetrics has made its greatest advance, for it has evolved a routine of prenatal consultations and urinalysis which will check toxemia and practically eliminate it as a serious complication or cause of death. Unfortunately, however, there are still a great many doctors of the old school who do not realize the imperative necessity of prenatal care, and even more women who are too ignorant or neglectful to report regularly to a clinic or doctor, while there are thousands of other women who are out of reach of such help. So the death rate from convulsions and other complications of toxemia continues high in the country at large, although it is lower in communities where prenatal work is being done by the maternity hospital clinics, the various welfare organizations, the public health nurses, and the maternity clinics established under the Sheppard-Towner subsidy.

The development of prenatal care would seem to be only a matter of time. "And yet of what use," asks Dr. George W. Kosmak, editor of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, "is all the prenatal care if the mother succumbs at the end to a fatal septicemia or to a shock from an unskilled operative delivery?"

Numbers of other obstetricians agree with Doctor Kosmak that one of the chief difficulties is the lack of proper obstetric attention given to women at the time of delivery. In fact the concurrence of opinion among the leading men in the profession is that "the high rate of maternal mortality in this country is directly attributable to the insufficient education of our medical students in practical obstetrics," to quote Dr. N. Sproat Heaney of Rush Medical College, Chicago.

III

Obstetrics has always been treated in our medical schools like an ugly duckling which had to be given some attention but which was of much less importance than general medicine and surgery. Perhaps the medical practice of midwifery has seemed less distinguished because it was originally wrested from the hands of women, and for centuries was considered an inappropriate occupation for men.

In the sixteenth century Doctor Veitis of Hamburg, Germany, was condemned to the flames for having attended a woman in labor, himself disguised as a woman. In our own land as late as the nineteenth century tracts were written declaring "the employment of men to attend women in childbirth and other delicate circumstances to be unnecessary, unnatural, and injurious." And when Dr. James P. White gave an obstetric demonstration in a clinic at the University of Buffalo in 1850 he was libelled by the press for having outraged decency and bitterly denounced by members of his own profession. Two years later Dr. Charles D. Meigs of Philadelphia ingenuously argued in favor of the propriety of male obstetricians, on the ground that "the first woman must have been assisted in labor by a man, since Eve could have had no other assistance than that of Adam." Science finally won the day, however, and obstetric teaching clinics were established in several medical colleges.

Since then obstetrics, together with gynecology, has been included in the undergraduate course of the medical schools, but 'the instruction is generally not sufficient to prepare students to conduct even normal deliveries"—in the opinion of Dr. Frederick W. Rice of New York University. This view is confirmed by Dr. Fred C. Zapffe, Secretary of the Association of American Medical Colleges, who says that "after an experience of twenty-three years visiting medical schools" he is convinced that "the teaching of obstetrics is wholly inadequate."

In the first place not enough hours are given to obstetrics. Dr. Palmer Findley of Omaha found from a study of the curricula of the medical schools that "in actual teaching hours the ratio of obstetrics to general surgery, exclusive of surgical specialties, was as 4 to 18." This, despite the fact that the general practitioner devotes 35 per cent of his time to obstetrics, as compared with less than 15 per cent to minor surgery and fractures, while he performs practically no major surgery—according to a report prepared in 1925 by the Joint Committee on Maternal Welfare. In a number of colleges with unusually able obstetricians on the staff this specialty fares somewhat better; and in a few cases it has won as many hours as surgery. But in most schools the departments of medicine and surgery have successfully opposed any reapportionment of time. For this reason the reformers, acting through the American Association of Obstetricians, Gynecologists, and Abdominal Surgeons, have recently presented a resolution to the Council of Medical Education of the American Medical Association, requesting that they recommend a change in the curricula of the medical schools which would give obstetrics as many hours of instruction as surgery. No action has as yet been taken.

The additional hours are badly needed for clinical work, Doctor Zapffe having found that "in many schools there is very inadequate provision made for training students in actual delivery work, with the result that students observe; they do not 'do.'" In most schools the student is given an opportunity to deliver personally only a small number of cases, mostly in the outpatient department—where there is no instructor on hand to supervise him constantly as he works. It is impossible for the student to perform his quota of deliveries in the hospital, under the eye of a superior, since the maternity hospitals have not enough beds to supply cases to all of the students. A certain number of hours, it is true, are spent by the student observing deliveries; but educators in the field are well agreed that "there must be direct contact and individual responsibilities if the lessons are to be driven home—" as Dr. Palmer Findley says.

As matters stand at present, the undergraduate student takes personal responsibility for no more than two to twelve deliveries, according to the information given in the catalogues of the

country's leading medical schools. And these cases, we are told, are invariably simple ones—of women who have had children before and whose prenatal examinations indicate normal delivery. As a result, the student may gain a false self-confidence which he would quickly lose if he were confronted with a more varied group of cases. In fact, in the opinion of Dr. Rudolph Holmes of Chicago, who has been teaching obstetrics for thirty years, "Ten, twenty, one hundred, even one thousand cases of normal labor do not give a physician an obstetric experience; his true experience comes from contact with all the complications and accidents of obstetrics. The physician who may have had numerous normal labors believes he is skilled, but this experience will not teach him how to cope with serious complications." For this reason there is a move in a number of schools to draw a sharp line of distinction between normal obstetrics and surgical obstetrics, and to teach only the former in the undergraduate department. Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, Director of the Sloane Hospital for Women in New York City, believes that "the undergraduate course should only aim to train the student in diagnosis, not in the performance of surgical operations. . . . In other words, students must be made to realize that operative obstetrics is surgery and very often major surgery for which they need more than undergraduate training."

Doctor Zapffe, and others also, believes that the student should spend more hours in the prenatal clinic, where he can learn to make obstetrical examinations, familiarize himself with the symptoms of toxemia, take pelvic measurements which will guide him later in the conduct of labor, and generally study the patient's condition. It is well known, for instance, that syphilis, if recognized during the early stages of pregnancy, can be circumvented and the lives of both mother and child saved. Such prenatal examinations—aptly called "the strategy of obstetrics"—are far more intensive in character than the prenatal advice which the public health nurse is able to give. Postnatal care of the mother by a physician is equally essential to her recovery; and here again the student needs to learn by doing. Therefore—since good obstetrics calls for consecutive care of the mother before, during, and after labor—it is considered highly desirable that the student "live in an obstetric atmosphere" for a number of weeks. Unfortunately only a limited number of medical colleges in this country have been able to make such provision for their students, and of these only a very few provide for a residence of more than two weeks in a maternity hospital.

In view of the limited facilities of the hospitals, a number of colleges have made the intensive clinical course an elective subject for the fourth year, open only to students who intend to go into general practice or to specialize further in obstetrics. If the medical schools are going to differentiate their instruction in this fashion it would seem that they ought to protect the public by indicating on a student's diploma, first, whether he is qualified to practice obstetrics at all, and second, whether he is qualified to practice surgical obstetrics.

It is felt that not only more hours, but more emphasis needs to be given to obstetrics in the medical schools, and more equipment provided by the trustees and directors. In this connection Dr. G. W. Theobald of England, where much the same conditions exist as here, draws a striking comparison between the "care, skill, teamwork, and money expended in the operating theaters of our land in patching up broken men and women and the inadequate training which allows men to kill and cripple women in their prime." Dr. Walter Chipman of Montreal likewise complains that "the glamour of the operating room has lured the student and captured his imagination"; and Dr. Palmer

Findley adds that "it is no small wonder that the student has little stomach for the watchful waiting of the lying-in room." Doctor Zapffe would even go so far as to advocate the abolition of the department of surgery in the undergraduate course, so as to leave only a department of medicine and obstetrics. It is extremely doubtful, however, that surgery will ever be routed, although the time must come when obstetrics will be recognized as of far greater importance to the general practitioner.

IV

The medical profession in this country must answer the charge of not only having neglected to train its own rank and file in the science and art of obstetrics, but of having played dog in the manger so far as the midwife is concerned. Resenting her existence, and disapproving of her methods, the profession for a long time sought to exterminate her by ignoring her. And only within recent years have the leaders in the field of obstetrics taken the trouble to consider the midwife's potentialities for good as well as for evil.

Whether or not she is a twentieth-century anachronism, the midwife is a far from negligible factor in the situation. It is not known just how many thousands of women there are practicing midwifery in this country at the present time, but in 1923 there were estimated to be 45,000 midwives in thirty states alone, according to statistics collected by the Federal Children's Bureau. In the Southern states the colored "grannies" deliver practically all of the negro women and some of the white as well—to the extent of 48 per cent of the births in Mississippi, 47 per cent in Louisiana, 35 per cent in Virginia, and so on through the South. In the industrial centers of the North, midwives of every nationality are to be found—Polish, Italian, German, and Slavic, their number depending upon the character of the population; while in the far West, Japanese midwives present a curious anomaly to the occidental world. In addition to the professional midwives, almost every rural community has its "granny" who assists neighbors and relatives at childbirth.

Most of the women who practice the so-called arts of midwifery—with the exception of the small percentage trained in European schools—are densely ignorant not only of any real obstetric knowledge, but also of the most elemental principles of hygiene. As a result they endanger the lives of countless children as well as mothers. Tetanus, for instance, which so often develops in the newborn, is undoubtedly due to dirty cord-dressings, while the failure to use silver nitrate is still responsible for many cases of blindness. In the South the newborn child is lucky if it survives "the pacifier" of raw white pork which the "granny" almost invariably gives it immediately after birth for supposed laxative purposes, supplementing the pork at frequent intervals by curious and obnoxious concoctions known as teas.

That midwives should be allowed to practice in this fashion with no state regulation seems almost inconceivable. And yet there are twenty states that neither examine nor license them. The remaining states grant them either permits or licenses, but only ten states make a diploma from a school of midwifery a prerequisite to the license; while of these states only two provide such a school. A number of states have laws forbidding midwives to use instruments or to make internal examinations, instructing them to drop silver nitrate into the eyes of every child at birth, and enjoining them to call in a physician in case of abnormal labor. But no machinery has been set up to enforce these laws—except in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania—with the result that thousands of midwives continue to practice in their ignorant fashion.

A most valuable experiment has been made in supervising midwives by

the Pennsylvania State Board of Health in the county of Philadelphia under the direction of Drs. J. M. Baldy and William R. Nicholson. In addition to requiring that every midwife have a diploma from their own school which gives a nine months' intensive course, or from a similar school, they subject her to constant supervision from one of several staff physicians who visit each case within eight days of delivery. If the midwife is then discovered to have been guilty of malpractice she is deprived of her license, or effectively disciplined. So successful has this method proved that in a series of 51,693 deliveries there have occurred only 62 deaths, or a little more than 1 per thousand; and seven of these were due to convulsions resulting from lack of prenatal care, for which the midwives could not be held responsible.

In New Jersey the State Board of Health does a less intensive, although equally important, piece of work. In addition to requiring a diploma from a school of midwifery, the Board of Health maintains contact with every midwife practicing in the state, checking up on her methods and equipment and obliging her to attend conferences from time to time. Under this system, inaugurated by Dr. Julius Levy, the mortality among mothers attended by midwives dropped from 5.3 per thousand live births in 1914 to 2.2 in 1921. It must be noted, however, that the midwives usually get simpler cases than do the hospitals—a commentary which applies also to the Philadelphia figures. Yet it would appear that the trained and supervised midwife fills a decided need in industrial centers, for the cities in New Jersey which lose the greatest number of mothers have the smallest proportion of midwives practicing. Trenton, for instance, with 29 per cent of its deliveries in the hands of midwives, shows a mortality rate of 7.8, as against Perth Amboy, where 66 per cent of all deliveries are performed by midwives; and the death rate from childbirth is only 1.4.

It was this need for the midwife among the foreign groups of the population which impelled the New York City Department of Health to found in 1911 the first school of midwifery in this country, in connection with Bellevue Hospital. A nine months' residence course is offered, during which each student must deliver at least twenty cases and observe eighty more. Unfortunately there is no way of telling how successfully these women practice after they graduate, since many of them scatter into other states where they are subjected to no regulation.

One fortunate result of training and supervision is that it eliminates the aged and the unfit among the midwives and leaves the intelligent and the capable practicing an improved grade of obstetrics. But without such regulation of the midwife, "thousands of women will continue to be delivered each year in identically the same careless and ignorant fashion as in medieval times," Dr. William R. Nicholson warns us, and he adds that "a large proportion of the population would have received better and more skillful treatment in their own lands than we give them here."

V

The European nations, with that practical philosophy which forms so sharp a contrast to our impractical idealism, have realized the absolute necessity—as well as the potential danger—of the midwife, and so have sought to regulate her practice to the end that she might be of value to the state.

She is, of course, an ancient institution in Europe, this woman whom the French call *sage femme*. From the time of Hippocrates until the seventeenth century she was the obstetrical arbiter of the world: she and she alone held the secrets of the lying-in room. Not only did she deliver the nations of the world, but their rulers as well. The list of royal midwives is a long one, and as late as 1819 Queen Victoria was ushered into

the world by a midwife specially imported from Germany for the event, because of a tragedy which had occurred a short time before, when a physician was held responsible for the death of both royal patients.

With the establishment of maternity hospitals in the nineteenth century the midwife had to give way to a certain extent to the physician, although in many European countries she still handles the majority of the deliveries. In every important country of Europe, in fact, schools are provided for her training and laws are enforced to control her practice. In the Scandinavian countries, Dr. George W. Kosmak tells us in an article on "Supervised Midwife Practice in Certain European Countries," the organization, education, and supervision of the midwife have been in vogue for more than two hundred years, and she still attends from 85 to 90 per cent of all births. The course of training given in the state maternity hospitals extends from one to two years and involves an intimate contact with at least eighty cases of labor—as compared with the paltry six or twelve that most of our medical students get. After the midwives have graduated they are obliged to make periodic reports of their cases, and in addition, must take review courses of two weeks at stated intervals. They are retired from practice at the age of fifty, and are in general "healthy-looking, intelligent, young women comparable to the best class of trained nurses in this country," Doctor Kosmak states.

It is a noteworthy fact that the European countries which have the lowest maternal mortality rates train their midwives the most carefully—in state schools which require at least one year's training. Italy, for instance, with a rate of 2.7, requires a two-year course to be taken at one of several state institutions; the same is true of Holland, which has the lowest rate, 2.3, of any European nation. In Germany, on the other hand, where there is no Federal Law and the individual states differ in their regulations, there is a mortality of 5.2, one of the highest in Europe. In England, where only a six months' course is required and may be taken in any school of midwifery, the rate is 3.8, better than our own rate, and yet considerably higher than that of the Scandinavian countries. The figures point to a definite correlation between a country's maternal mortality rate and the quality of training which it gives—or fails to give—its midwives.

Yet in this country the midwife would never offer a general solution to the problem, for the reason that the native population has been trained to think in terms of doctors. Even the foreign population, after one or two generations, becomes Americanized to the extent of calling in a doctor if there is one within reach, so that with the decrease in immigration the midwife is less in demand in the cities than she formerly was.

But there are still thousands of women living in the rural districts who are far from a doctor of any kind, still less a doctor who understands obstetrics. That trained midwives could be of incalculable benefit in these districts has been proved by the fine achievements of the Frontier Nursing Service of Leslie County, Kentucky, where Mrs. Mary Breckinridge has organized a corps of midwives, all of whom have had their training in the Queen's School in London. Working under the most adverse conditions in the mountains, traveling on horseback to their cases, these doughty nurse-midwives are routing superstition and ignorance and rapidly replacing the "grannies." With two hundred cases to their credit, they have not yet lost a mother, despite the fact that they work under the great disadvantage of being far from medical aid.

Mrs. Breckinridge's midwives, all of them trained nurses, are women of an unusually high type. But it can hardly be hoped that under ordinary conditions trained nurses will choose to take up a branch of work which is more arduous and less remunerative than their present

work, and less respected as well. And so it is probably true that the women who would go into midwifery—should state training schools be established in this country—would be of a kind who would need close medical supervision. Dr. William R. Nicholson makes this point most emphatically when he declares, "We do not believe that even the best-trained midwife should ever be allowed to engage in the practice of her profession without the close oversight of properly constituted medical authority." And Dr. Frederick W. Rice of Bellevue adds that he has not found it possible to train the midwife to give adequate prenatal care.

Training and supervising of the midwife—and perhaps her subsidizing in rural districts, as is done in Denmark and England—presents a large task for any state. And yet the task would seem incumbent upon all of those states where the midwife to-day is operating outside of the law, or where there is a great scarcity of doctors in rural districts.

VI

The public health authorities should not only supervise the midwife, but they should require that every doctor coming up for a license must have performed a minimum number of deliveries. As it is now, the laws of many of the states are not clear on this point, but merely specify that the candidate shall pass an examination in obstetrics, while other states require a ridiculously small number of deliveries. New York, for instance, requires only five, which, as has already been pointed out, do not begin to give an obstetric experience. If the state legislatures were to stiffen the license requirements in this respect, the medical schools would then be forced to give their students more clinical instruction.

Still other duties devolve upon the county and state boards of health. A start, it is true, has been made toward a prenatal and maternity nursing service by those states which have profited largely from the Sheppard-Towner Act. This federal law, passed in 1921 "for the promotion of the welfare and hygiene of maternity and infancy," provided for a subsidy of $5,000 upwards to be given to the individual states if they would match the federal gift by appropriations of their own, the total to be used in a program of work approved by the Federal Board. Forty-one states have in one year or another met the provisions of the Act, although in only a few cases has the combined budget been sufficient to do more than scratch the surface of the maternity and child nursing problem. The Act has been in force for seven years and goes out of existence June 30th of this year. A new act of much the same nature has been proposed, but its fate is uncertain at the time of writing this article. Many prominent men in the medical profession feel that both the new and the old act place too much arbitrary power in the hands of a lay federal bureau, and that it is a mistake to limit the expenditure of funds to nursing service, and thus rule out any possibility of subsidies to hospitals and doctors where needed. In any event, whether or not a new law is passed, the chief responsibility rests with the states. Not only prenatal clinics but small maternity hospitals are needed at country crossroads and in the towns and smaller cities. Doctors may even have to be subsidized in rural districts, as they are in Denmark. New Hampshire, with ninety towns that are doctorless, has taken a step in this direction, and has offered an annual subsidy of $1,000 to any young physician who will settle in one of these towns.

All over the country the hospital situation is appalling, despite the vast sums of money which are given to other charities. In general, we have only 2.6 hospital beds for every 1,000 inhabitants, while the small country of Denmark boasts of 4.5 beds per 1,000. The number of maternity beds is even more inadequate. In the large city maternity hospitals

there are not enough beds to supply proper instruction to medical students, as has already been said, and there are so few semi-private beds as to compel the great middle-class of women to be delivered in their homes or to go to privately operated hospitals and maternity homes. The latter institutions present a real menace, since in many states they are subject to no more than a superficial inspection of sanitary equipment by the municipal authorities. Any doctor, no matter how poor his standing in the profession, may run such a hospital for gain, and the patient has no guarantee against malpractice. Scandalous stories emanate from such institutions, and yet the public-health authorities have not yet taken up arms against them.

In the smaller cities the hospital situation is still more acute. As a rule the maternity cases are cared for along with other cases in the general hospitals and there is no special provision made for them. Yet the profession knows that the best results can be obtained only in a separate maternity service, where there is a responsible doctor in charge, and where there is no danger of infection from other types of patients. So bad is the situation in the cities of from 25,000 to 50,000 in population that the death rate from puerperal septicemia there reaches a high-water mark of 3.6 for every thousand live births—a disgraceful figure indeed.

We have only to compare our own hospitals with the Scandinavian institutions to see how far we are lagging behind other progressive countries. The State Hospital in Copenhagen, a typical example, is operated by the Department of Education primarily as a teaching center and has beds for 1,000 patients. Only 10 per cent of the rooms are private, while most of them contain from four to six beds with adequate floor and air space provided. The operating cost is $3.50 per day per patient but of this the patient pays only 16 per cent.

The maternity wing, Doctor Kosmak tells us, is charmingly situated in extensive grounds, and provides enough beds for the clinical instruction of both the medical students and the midwives.

We must have such hospitals in America, established either by state or by private beneficence, before we can hope for any great improvement in the type of obstetrical instruction given in the medical schools.

VII

But even with an adequate number of maternity hospitals, thorough instruction in the medical schools, prenatal clinics, and supervised midwives for country districts, the problem will still not be solved in this country until the public itself changes its attitude toward the doctor who practices obstetrics.

The chief point at issue is the question of fees, a very sore point indeed. It is not surprising that the various magazine articles which appeared several years ago complaining of "the high cost of bringing babies into the world" did nothing to clear the air. Doubtless there are specialists who charge exorbitant fees, just as there are in every branch of medicine. But, generally speaking, there appears no reason why the obstetrician should not charge at the same rate as does the surgeon, since his work is if anything more onerous and his postgraduate training just as expensive in time and money. As it is now, surgery offers so much greater rewards that there are ten young doctors specializing in this branch of medicine, to one in obstetrics.

The general practitioner, for his part, is expected to give obstetric care at the same rate that he charges for his other services; and under these circumstances, Dr. J. Whitridge Williams observes, "he cannot reasonably be expected to give much better service than he is paid for." And yet we must face the fact, Dr. George Gray Ward warns us, "that the great bulk of obstetrics in this country will always be done by the general practitioner, and the measure of mortality and morbidity of the childbearing women of the community will be in direct pro-

portion to the sound obstetrics that he practices."

Sooner or later the public will have to make it worth the general practitioner's while to take up obstetrics as his particular "specialty," since there is no branch of medicine which is more vital to the welfare of the community, with the possible exception of pediatrics. But in order to make obstetrics his "specialty" he must not only have had sufficient clinical training in prenatal, postnatal, and normal delivery work in medical school, but he must also, as the years go on, keep abreast of the new developments in obstetrics by attending short postgraduate courses. Obviously he will not be able to afford these academic excursions unless he receives higher fees for his obstetric work.

During the last two decades great efforts have been made to cut down infant mortality, and these efforts have been highly successful, except as regards the mortality during the first month of life. That remains high, as do still-births, for the reason that the infant's risk is the mother's risk, and babies will continue to die at birth, or soon after, so long as mothers are not given good obstetric care throughout pregnancy and at the time of delivery.

Husbands must wake up to the fact that childbearing is not a purely physiological process and that the dividing line between normal and abnormal cases is hard to draw. Therefore, if they would safeguard the lives and the future health of their wives, they must be willing to pay for adequate obstetric care.

Communities must wake up to the fact that it is as much their civic duty to make available the best grade of maternity care to every woman as it is to protect their citizens from murder and mayhem in the streets. That so many thousands of women should continue to die and to be invalided for life in this country which boasts of its scientific and humanitarian achievements is a disgrace.

THE HONORABLE CHARLEY

A STORY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

SOMEBODY bought him originally with the idea that he was going to be a police dog and somebody was very badly fooled. It must have been about April or May that he first appeared in West Gosset, and by the end of August it was evident that if he was going to be anything in the dog line it was a mastiff. By Christmastime little remained that he could be except a Shetland pony.

He stopped, however, just short of this point and, when eventually his kaleidoscopic changes came to an end, the summary was as follows: In size he was larger than any dog ever seen outside of a tent show. In color he was a cream-molasses, a little lighter and a little yellower than a doe. He had the heavy tail, the powerful shoulders, and the effortless, slouching gait of a police dog but, in spite of his short coat, he had the long, thin head and the eager, solicitous eyes of a collie. His voice was that of a boar hound, but his disposition was that of Ed Wynn. There are some dogs, in short, that are born to be noble and some that are born to express pathos; but this dog was born to be absurd. He was the only dog in West Gosset that never had a fight, for if smaller dogs became obstreperous he merely bumped into them. There was a tradition that he once sat down on an Aberdeen terrier, but this was judged to have been an accident and not an intent.

His name at first had been something like "Prince" or "Bismarck," but, like most chapters of his early history, this did not last long. As he began to settle into his permanent career of town clown somebody dubbed him "Charley" and it stuck. As a matter of fact, he would answer to any name that you called him, from the most complimentary to the most obscene. He needed only to hear a human voice or catch a human eye, and he would come bounding and hurtling to rear up in front of one's eyebrows and then abase himself to the earth like a not ungraceful but slightly effeminate mastodon. At the same time he had rather nice manners; for although his first onslaught would look as though it were going to kill the object of his affection, yet when it came to the point he would never actually touch anyone. With his front feet and huge, wolflike jaws literally filling the upper atmosphere, he would always manage, by a superhuman effort, to throw himself to one side. One day, in front of Bartley's store, he tried this with the tax collector and fell flat on the sidewalk. For another thing, he would never enter a doorway without first being asked.

His original owner had been one of the summer residents who gave modern West Gosset its principal reason for existence, but he was a man who wanted everything perfect and wanted it at once; so, when it became obvious that Charley was not going to be a police dog or anything like a police dog, he gave him to one of his Italian gardeners, who sold him to a fellow countryman for five dollars, which was another way of saying that he went on the town. Officially

there was always a license tag dangling from his collar, but if anyone had examined it it would probably have been found to be two or three years old.

Of all these transfers Charley was entirely oblivious. You might as well have asked the Wandering Jew where he lived. From his first look out of his crate he had recognized nine hundred masters —that being the approximate population of the village. One week he would go out and spend two or three days at the town farm and the next week he would help run the post office. If he had fixed on any particular house for a visit, it was quite useless to refuse to feed him in the hope that he would go away. By actual observation he was known to go two or three days without eating at all and still be as fat and friendly as ever. On pleasant Sunday mornings he would station himself in front of the Catholic church to see people home from mass, and when this was over there was still time to go up and wait for the Congregationalists.

Nevertheless, there was one house that he never visited, except, of course, in a hesitating and momentary manner when duty took him there in the trail of two or three other dogs, and this was odd because it was the one house above all others in West Gosset where there existed a deep and abiding love for the whole canine race. The Perriers lived there, pronouncing their name in the French manner, and August Perrier was one of those men whom you see three or four times in a lifetime and say, with surprise, "Why, there really *is* such a thing as a country gentleman!" He was a bronzed, gray-haired man of about fifty who lived, apparently, for the sole purpose of wearing tweeds and smoking a brier pipe. His wife was a pretty, much younger woman who read *Punch* and helped out with the church socials.

Yet really it was not so strange that this house did not constitute for Charley a regular port of call, for the Perriers had an old Gordon setter named Titus. He was one of those fat, legendary setters that seem to live forever. One or two of the older sportsmen of the region could recall a time when Titus, lean and active, could be seen every autumn, working the swales for woodcock; but most people could picture him only as sleeping on the Perriers' hearthrug. Even in his dotage Titus was both jealous and brave. If it had been his last act, he would have fought any dog off the front lawn; and so for years the Perriers, at the first growl, had formed the habit of rushing out with a cane or the fire tongs to prevent what, on Titus's part, would have been sheer suicide.

At last, however, there came a day when Titus was no more. Nature, apparently, would have carried him on indefinitely, but the veterinary refused to co-operate. The poor old fellow could neither eat, walk, nor breathe, and with extreme reluctance the Perriers gave in. The next day was the blackest they had ever known, for they had no children; but, on the second day after, there occurred a thing that defies explanation. It is merely given as a fact. The news of Titus's death was probably not known to three human beings outside the Perriers' gate, and Titus himself had not left his quilt by the laundry stove for six weeks. Yet the fact remains that, on the second day after Titus's death, when August Perrier went down in the morning to open the front door, there was Charley lying on the porch, calm and unafraid. As the door opened he rose, shook himself slightly, and wagged his tail.

"I heard," he seemed to be saying, "that you had a vacancy—as dog."

Perrier made no answer. In fact he shut the door, but Charley had not the kind of soul that waits for an answer. As if the matter were completely decided, he immediately set to work doing all those things that a dog has to do when he takes a new situation. He smelled around all the boundaries, chased the cat, and then went back to sleep on the door-mat. When, in the

late afternoon, Mrs. Perrier went for her usual walk, Charley got up as a matter of course and accompanied her. It was this, really, that decided Perrier; for when they were coming back he happened to glance out of the window and saw them. Very majestic and very sedate, Charley was walking right under the elbow of his new mistress, giving the most perfect imitation of "Lady with Staghound." It needed only a black velvet hat and a hawk on the wrist to get it into any gallery.

The result was that about nightfall Perrier went sneaking out the back door with a plate of soup bones. Mrs. Perrier saw him and smiled, yet for several days both kept up the pretense that it was merely casual. It was not really until two weeks later that Perrier went to see the Italian in whom, for the moment, the title was vested. Charley went along, also, to see how the matter would turn out; but, while he licked the faces of three or four little Italian children, it was with the absent, impersonal air of a visitor. "You keep him, Missa Perrier, I can't," said the nominal owner and with an honest smile he disdained the bill that Perrier offered him. The next step was a new collar and a new license tag, and with this announcement of what had happened the scoffers began to laugh. The dog was a rover, a born tramp, they said, and would no more stay with the Perriers than with anyone else. But Charley had apparently made up his mind. Naturally a dog of his size could not always stay on the front lawn. Two jumps, if he weren't careful, would be apt to take him into the next county, but he always came back for meals and he always slept at home. On the whole, the village was delighted, for Charley was now six or seven years old, and the world always likes to see a dog or a man settle down and make good in middle life.

There was, as a matter of fact, something about the Perriers' door-mat that would have fitted any dog's bones. It was probably the first house that Charley had known in his life where people had time to pat him in the middle of the morning and where the master did not confine his attentions to throwing sticks, wrassling his jaws, or awarding him a few stale words of canine baby talk. You could always look for novelty in a man who would sometimes fix you solemnly with his eye and recite whole paragraphs of monkish Latin. Charley loved that sonorous performance and, as if he had cocker spaniel blood in his veins (as he probably had), he would perk his head and wrinkle one ear until the recitation was finished. Or, again, catching his glance, Perrier would suddenly say, "Now, Charley, I don't want you to commit yourself—and if you'd rather not answer at all, please don't—but just what are your opinions of mankind as a whole?" At such a question Charley would sit with his large, brown eyes absolutely enthralled until the rising inflection would suggest uneasily that something was expected of him, at which he would get up and sniff in all corners of the room, to find the desired solution, if possible, and bring it back—in his mouth.

Now it is one of the most observable phenomena of human existence that great events seldom come singly. If there is an earthquake in Portugal there will be heavy rains in Japan. For generations the world will not produce a great artist or musician, then suddenly they will begin popping up all over the place. Thus, scarcely had Charley settled himself into his great change in life when Perrier himself began to feel the stirring of something momentous. One sultry day in August it was made known to him that he was to be the next governor of the state.

To tell the truth, in the very small Eastern state where Perrier paid his taxes and Charley held his license, it did not make a great deal of difference who was governor so long as he satisfied certain very delicate requirements. The prosperity of the tiny commonwealth was sustained by three or four manufactur-

ing cities, but the political power still remained in the hands of the farmers. Statesmanship thus consisted in the eternal task of seeing that neither element trod on the other's toes. The governor must, by preference, be a countryman, but not too bigoted a countryman. That is to say, he must not be a man who would veto a bond issue just because it contained the word "bonds." He must be a man who could wear a silk hat becomingly, who could be polite to distinguished visitors, but at the same time it was a distinct asset if he could be slightly tanned behind the ears. As a rule there were plenty of eager aspirants who fulfilled, sufficiently, all these requirements, but, in the year in question, all the natural and logical candidates had done some peculiarly silly thing to offend someone else. The ugly head of party faction was threatening to rear itself, and all the signs of the times were calling for a dark horse—the darkest and tamest horse that the state could produce.

One night on a train somebody happened to think of August Perrier and, as it was the right person who happened to think of him, the matter was as good as settled. It now only remained to make him look like the man of the hour, and a party of newspapermen and photographers, skilled in such things, was sent to West Gosset. The first thing they saw was Charley. He was on the front lawn with Mrs. Perrier when they arrived, giving his well-known imitation of a staghound, and at sight of him the visitors knew that they had found what they sought. For their purposes he was as good as a bull moose, and within a week the pretty home picture had been reproduced in every paper in the state. It caught on like a slogan, and when the election arrived the freeholders hardly knew whether it was Perrier, Mrs. Perrier, or Charley for whom they were voting. In point of fact, it was Perrier who ultimately took the oath but, when he entered the executive offices to be photographed in the act of signing his first papers, Charley went with him. The party managers insisted on this and so, presumably, did popular opinion. It was not yet quite certain just what the new Governor had to offer to the public weal, but at least he could show his big dog.

From the start the new administration was a stunning success, and how could it have been otherwise? If, let us say, you were a prominent reformer and had gone fuming to the state capitol to tell the Governor that he must either abolish the present school system or resign and if, when you took your seat in the antechamber, a fawn-colored creature somewhat larger than an elk came up, put his head on your knee and assured you with his eyes that, to him, you were dearer than all creation, how could you, exactly, go on into the Governor's office in the state of mind in which you had arrived? Or when, at the annual review of the state's pet regiment, the Governor's glittering party came on the armory floor with Charley acting as chief of staff, what crowd could help bursting into a spontaneous roar? Of course there were occasional scandals, as the day when Charley stole the stuffed beaver from the fish-and-game office and then was sick behind the supreme court bench; but he was now so firmly entrenched that not even the opposition papers made use of the incident.

Like most state capitols, that in which August Perrier now held the ægis was an immense marble structure designed to look as much as possible like Saint Peter's cathedral. The Governor's offices were on the second floor of the west wing and, as Perrier always made his entrance from a portico at that end, Charley naturally assumed, for a few days, that that was all that there was to the building. One morning, however, when the oil paintings, thick carpets, and battle flags of the executive wing had begun to pall on him slightly, Charley's consciousness became aware that somewhere in the dim distance there was a steady low hum and occa-

sionally the most promising sound of human laughter. After losing himself two or three times in the endless marble corridors, his clicking paws eventually found their way down a broad staircase and into the main rotunda where, to his delight, he discovered a hundred of the most charming looking men and three or four women, chatting in groups. The legislature, in short, was about to go into session and, having never yet found a field of activity in which he was not interested, Charley at once set about making himself at home.

He was, as one might imagine, a born lobbyist and in fifteen minutes he knew that his winter's work had been decided upon. Walking solemnly from group to group, he gave his paw where his paw was demanded and accepted caresses where caresses were offered. Not yet stopping, of course, to make a complete and definitive catalogue, his general impression of the assemblage was simply glorious. There were, as he could already see, a few gray-headed, fine-lined men like his master who gave off an aroma of broad human sympathy and the most excellent shaving soap. There were a few others, he quickly diagnosed, who belonged, to be sure, to the non-kicking and non-swearing classes, but yet had no feature that appealed either to the eye or the nostril. The great majority, however, filled the vast, echoing rotunda with a fine, swimming effect of store broadcloth, plug tobacco, gold watch chains, and a faint, unmistakable reminiscence of the barnyard and the lumber mill that, after all, was home and paradise to a dog from West Gosset.

Suddenly came a series of loud rappings from a big, circular hall opening off of the rotunda and, with a single accord, the groups turned to go in. As a matter of course, Charley joined them. With the utmost air of quiet gentility he was passing through a door when a freckle-faced boy in a page's uniform caught him by the collar and pulled him out. For a moment Charley was almost hurt. He had supposed that that sort of thing had been left behind him, but almost instantly his good sense returned, and the truth dawned on him. It was, of course, some sort of religious service, and immediately Charley lay down on the mosaic pavement to wait for the doxology. Incidentally he licked the boy's hand for reminding him of his error. Since it was only an organization session, lasting about an hour, his impression was not upset. When the doors opened and the legislators appeared again, laughing and chatting, Charley was up in an instant, rushing from one to another, intensely pleased that they had all had such a good time and that everything had come out so well.

The next day, when the legislature convened, Charley took permanent station at the easternmost of the six or eight swinging doors, a half-hidden "Members Only" entrance by the cloakroom. The doorkeeper here was a tired and simple-minded old gentleman who had not, perhaps, fought in the Civil War but at least must have fought in the Philadelphia Centennial. By reason of his age and the seclusion of his post, he was allowed to have a folding camp chair with a carpet seat, and when times were dull he would nibble openly at a ham sandwich. If a bit of the sandwich came his way, Charley would, of course, accept it, but if the sandwich were small and the doorman hungry, Charley would merely watch it through and then sink back on the marble floor, just as well satisfied.

As the sessions wore on and settled into their usual somnolence, the old doorman was gradually touched by the dog's devotion. In a feeble, autumnal way he became almost playful. Never raising his voice above a whisper, he began to make Charley beg for the sandwich. One morning he brought his second-best pipe and taught him to smoke it. At this the page boys became interested and voted Charley keeper of the hats. The pages had no regular caps to their uniforms, and their civilian

clothes were left in lockers; but in the adjacent cloak room were half a dozen old hats of all shapes and vintages which had been left there from previous sessions. Thus, when a page was sent on a short errand out of doors, it was the custom to grab up one of these community hats, and now it became the custom, on returning, to clap the hat of the moment on Charley's head. In this, as in everything else, poor Charley was interested and patient. With the pipe in his mouth and the hat on his ears, he would sit by his door for hours at a time or until the old doorkeeper heard someone coming and snatched them away. On Thursday afternoons Governor Perrier would motor back to West Gosset, Charley would have a good brush-up in the fields and rabbit patches, and on the following Tuesday they would both come back again all fresh and clear-eyed for the week's work.

It was, in short, one of those golden periods so rare in party politics. Capital and labor seemed to be at peace; the motorists were paying happily for the new highways, and around the statehouse it was rather bad form to bring up the prohibition question. If one final thing were needed to prove that this was indeed a remarkable session, it lay in the fact that the legislature had not yet had its biennial fight with "the lady from Ghent."

Now there may be—in fact there must be—many women in politics who retain all those elements of tact and sweetness which have given the whole sex its traditional pedestal. For that matter, the three other feminine members of the lower house were already intensely popular with their male colleagues; but the lady from Ghent was one of those unhappy, unfailing types that keep the comic weeklies in circulation. She had a harsh voice, an aggressive air, and she imagined herself to be the world's great crusader. Every new fad could confidently count on seeing her in its front ranks, and she belonged to so many societies that she was, mythically, supposed to command a great number of votes.

The last snows had dripped from the classic eaves of the capitol building, the farmer members were stirring uneasily for the end of the session, and His Excellency himself was dreaming of trout brooks when one morning the party leader burst unceremoniously into the Governor's office. In his train were three strange individuals whose dress and features indicated that they could belong only to the race track or the show business.

"Governor," demanded the party leader, "did you tell Mrs. Leadenworth that you would support House Bill No. 804?"

The Governor blinked. For a moment his mind could establish no contact with House Bill 804 or the name "Mrs. Leadenworth."

"The lady from Ghent," explained the P. L. "She's just made the statement on the floor of the House that the bill has your entire support and approval. It's got something to do with performing animals."

"Oh," said the Governor. "I do remember something about it. Mrs. Leadenworth came up here, perhaps a month ago, and said that some society or other was introducing a measure to see that trained animals were not ill treated in vaudeville theaters. She asked me whether I didn't think it a good idea and I said that I did."

"But, man alive," exclaimed the party leader, "have you read the bill? Do you realize that if it were passed, no theater could show an animal act of any kind? No play could bring on a horse as part of the drama and no circus could appear in the state. If it were strictly interpreted, you couldn't have trotting races at the county fairs, and I don't believe that you could have an ordinary bench show!"

He tossed over the desk a small, typewritten sheet, and the Governor, growing redder and redder, studied it. It was indeed one of the typical "crank bills"

of which half a dozen appeared every session. It was most innocently headed "An Act Concerning Certain Exhibitions," and it was only by chance that a lawyer retained by one of the local theaters had happened to see the title on the day's calendar and had had the curiosity to look it up.

The Governor laid down the document. "But how in the world did this ever get by the committee?"

"Mrs. Leadenworth's own committee," said the leader, contemptuously. "The rest of them probably never even read it."

"But surely the House will never pass anything like this?" demanded Perrier. "And, even if it did, you've still got the Senate."

"But in the meantime," retorted the party leader, "she's got you tied up to it and she's going to work it for all it's worth. By the looks of the House, Mrs. Leadenworth has been quietly staging this thing for weeks. We might have guessed that something was up when she asked privileges for to-day. Upstairs she's got the gallery packed with all her old crew of sob-sisters and gush-women, and downstairs there's just two members over a quorum. The newspaper boys are right on their toes. They can always get the front page with Mrs. Leadenworth. But what makes me particularly mad is to let the House waste a whole day with this bologny!"

"But what do you want me to do?" asked the Governor.

"I want you to come straight out and tell Mrs. Leadenworth that she's a damn' liar."

The Governor stiffened slightly. "I can hardly enter into a controversy with a member on the floor of the House."

"That's very true," said the party leader, "but you can give someone else authority to do it. Harry Devitt from Fairbrook is down there now, waiting for the word. We'll have him say, by your request, that Mrs. Leadenworth has gone entirely beyond your true statements and, after that, the rest of the House won't pay any attention."

August Perrier looked down unhappily at his desk. It was not in his nature to be rude to any woman and, after all, his honesty told him, he *had* made to the lady from Ghent a rather strong statement. While the bill itself was, of course, ridiculous, yet the idea behind it was not at all foreign to his own sympathies. Years ago he had seen a diving horse whose obvious terrors still made him boil and, if it were a question of Mrs. Leadenworth versus the three toutish-looking individuals now in his office, he was almost pro-Leadenworth.

The party leader began to see that for once his tame governor was growing balkish and he was too good a politician to force an issue.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Governor," he said, soothingly. "We'll go down and keep an eye on things. If it comes to an absolute question of fact, will you authorize someone to make a statement?"

"I certainly will not allow myself to be misquoted," said the Governor, quietly. "I will let the House know exactly what I *did* say."

The visitors went out, but no man can sit easily in one room when he knows that a fight is going on in another. It was, of course, wholly improper for the chief executive to appear in the House unless his presence had been properly announced, but a long line of previous and very human governors had discovered a way around this difficulty. On the same floor as the Governor's office and on the gallery level was an electrician's closet overlooking the legislative hall. The door of this cubbyhole was always left slightly ajar and, if the Governor or anyone else chose to occupy it for a few moments, no one was the wiser.

Passing quietly from his office, Perrier took shelter in this royal box and at first glance he was struck almost with admiration for the queer, fanatic little lady from Ghent; for the state of affairs in the House had been very accurately described. The galleries were crowded with what were obviously Mrs. Leadenworth's private cohorts, delegations of

women with a sprinkling of earnest, eager little men who could not possibly have been anything but professional secretaries. The floor below looked like the Yale Bowl at a practice game, the scattering members who sat here and there being just the odd lot who voted without thought and who cheered without purpose.

In general, the layout of the House was one which has probably obtained in all parliamentary bodies since the days of the Sanhedrin. At the front of the hall, curving boldly outward, was the high speaker's platform with its huge, carved lectern. At its foot, in the center was the clerk's desk, on one side were the stenographers and on the other—adjoining the cloakroom entrance—was the reporters' table. The mention of the cloakroom is made advisedly for there an event had occurred of which not even the party leader had taken cognizance. The warm spring weather, which had agitated the country members and had stirred thoughts of trout fishing in Perrier's breast, had also laid low the poor old doorkeeper. It had kept him at home with what he called "spring sickness," and his door had been left in charge of the pages.

As the Governor entered his hidden lookout, it was obvious that the usual preliminaries of a legislative drama were drawing to a close. A minor speaker had just concluded and then, by request, the clerk was ordered to read and spread on the records a list of petitioners who favored the passage of House Bill No. 804. The big act of the day was now ready to go on and, amid a sharp burst of applause from the galleries, the lady from Ghent walked, smiling, down to the open space in front of the platform. She made a profound bow to the lectern above her—"Mr. Speaker." She swept with good humor the desks of her colleagues—"Fellow members." Then, raising her eyes with more sanctified gaze to the galleries, she concluded, "And my many good friends and lovers of all dumb creatures."

Her address was decided, it was moving and, as it covered only one side of the question, it was very convincing. A strange, absorbed silence fell over the House and, with a chuckle, Governor Perrier wondered what the party leader was thinking. The lady from Ghent began with a memory of her "distant childhood" and told how, at the country fairs of that date, she had seen "dancing turkeys" who were made to perform by keeping hot the metal plate on which they stood. She told stories of sea lions kept in tanks so small that there was room to lie only on top of one another. She read evidence of monkeys who, behind the scenes, quivered in terror at the approach of their once-smiling ringmasters.

Deeper and deeper fell the silence in the House and faster and faster flew the words of Mrs. Leadenworth. If she had stopped at that point there would have been a real question as to what the House might have done, but success, unhappily, was absolutely fatal to the lady from Ghent. From evidence she passed to oratory, and from obvious truths she soared to preposterous flights. From saying that some trainers were cruel, she was now saying that *all* trainers were brutes, scoundrels, and ruffians and, having gained acceptance of the idea that sea lions should have elbow room, she now stated that any man who whipped an animal would whip a child. It was at this point that a farmer member who owned a "stakey" horse began to whistle softly and look up at the ceiling, and the member from Hinsdale, whose wife had once been bitten by a sour-natured dachshund, leaned across the aisle to whisper something to the gentleman from Rye.

Seeing, possibly, that she was losing her audience, the lady from Ghent went back to word pictures which had always been her strong point.

"Finding myself, some years ago, in a strange city and having an idle afternoon, I went with a friend to a place of entertainment—a vaudeville theater I

suppose it would be called. And, as my friend was a lady of some prominence in her own community, we were shown to a box where we could see closely everything that passed on the stage.

"The scene was one with which you are all familiar. The lights were lowered, the orchestra struck into a spirited air, and the curtain went up—"

Just at this moment a reporter at the table under the speaker's desk turned aside to stifle a yawn. As he did so his glance lighted on the open door by the cloakroom and, with a start, he rubbed his eyes. He nudged the adjoining reporter, and the latter also stared. Then, almost unconsciously, the first reporter snapped the fingers of his lowered hand.

Now if anything more is needed to show what a really fine soul was lodged in the great body of Charley Perrier, it is illustrated by the fact that for eleven long weeks he had stood by that door and never once tried to enter, except of course on that first occasion. One of his deepest instincts was never to pass a door without being invited but, when you say invited, the merest snap of the fingers was enough.

By this time the lady from Ghent was well on with her picture.

"After the lesser dogs of the troupe had jumped hurdles and sat upon chairs and hopped painfully about on their hind legs, there was a blast of trumpets, the trainer made a low bow and the chief attraction—the great, advertised, ten-thousand-dollar dog was about to enter."

At these words there was a sudden titter. The next minute there was a roar. Standing with her back to the speaker's platform and her face to the House, the lady from Ghent stopped short in bewilderment. Seeing nothing, she tried to resume but suddenly she was aware that something was snuffing at her waistband. She glanced down. There was Charley. On his head was a small, tough, and outrageous brown derby and in his mouth was a huge brier pipe. Alone of the whole assembly he was grave and calm as he gazed up solicitously at the lady from Ghent. He loved oratory and he wanted her to go on. Who could tell? Any moment she might burst into monkish Latin and his tail, suspended, awaited the event.

Furious, the lady from Ghent turned to the platform. "Mr. Speaker, I do not know which of my opponents has played on me this cowardly and humorless trick."

The speaker, wholly unable to restrain his smiles, responded, "Does the lady from Ghent wish the dog removed?"

Instantly Harry Devitt, the party leader's henchman, was on his feet at the other side of the House. "Mr. Speaker, the lady loves animals. Why deprive this noble creature of the joys we share ourselves?"

The lady from Ghent shot him a crushing look, then turned to the platform. "Mr. Speaker, I will not ask to have the dog removed because, unwittingly, my opponents have played into my hand. What better illustration of man's inhumanity could you ask than this noble fellow in his present appearance?"

A sharp burst of applause from the loyal galleries greeted this neat retort, and Mrs. Leadenworth smiled. Almost archly she looked down at Charley.

"Ah, my dear friend, if only *you* could tell us what you and your brothers and sisters feel about all this matter! But, alas, you can never tell us, for you cannot—speak."

But that was where Mrs. Leadenworth made a great error, for "speak" was one of the very best things that Charley did. At the word, his nose went in the air, the pipe dropped from his mouth, and out came a great boar hound roar that made the huge, circular hall resound like a swimming tank. Entranced by the echoes he had raised, Charley then roared at the members, roared at the galleries and, as he caught sight of the speaker rising to his feet, he gave him another roar, just for

luck. All the time his tail was going like a flag.

The House, now, was in convulsions and pages and visitors were running in from the corridors. Even the lady from Ghent herself was laughing. Like everything else, this incident had turned to her advantage but, just as before, she could not resist going one step too far. The derby and the pipe were both now lying on the carpet, and Charley was trying to get back the latter by rubbing his mouth sideways along the floor.

"Oh, no, doggie," said the lady from Ghent, "Surely you don't want that nasty pipe." She turned to the platform. "Mr. Speaker, I think that the least we can do is to free this poor dog from those clownish and humiliating badges from which this bill aims to free all his fellows."

It was a good idea, on the face of it, and the House watched her, fascinated. The very picture of sweet and compassionate womanhood, the lady from Ghent approached Charley and reached for the pipe. The next instant she leaped back at least two yards, and a half dozen men in the front row sprang to their feet, for the gentle Charley had suddenly become a dog transformed. His head was lowered, coarse hairs stood up on his shoulders, and from his bared teeth came an ominous snarl. One thing the lady from Ghent had left entirely out of her calculations. If it had been Charley's own pipe she could have had it willingly; but it wasn't Charley's pipe. It was the doorman's! Charley regarded himself merely as trustee.

Naturally the psychology of this was too fine for Mrs. Leadenworth. To her mind there was something much greater at stake—a demonstration of her own theory about animals. Composing every gesture and every tone of her voice into honeyed sweetness she tried, as she had read in books, to "win the dog's confidence."

"Nice old fellow," she coaxed. "Poor doggy, I won't hurt you."

At first her strategy seemed to succeed. Charley's eyes became mild and his tail uncertain. "Can it be," he seemed to be saying, "that I have misjudged this woman?" Apparently he decided that he had, for suddenly, as Mrs. Leadenworth stood there in doubt, he sat down on his haunches and offered to shake hands.

The House roared with delight, and as Mrs. Leadenworth took the offered paw Charley almost burst with relief. It was so much easier, he had always felt, to be friends than enemies and, before she had any idea what was going to happen, the lady from Ghent was giving one of the finest animal shows ever seen on any stage. Misinterpreting every look in her eye, Charley sat up and begged, he rolled over, he played dead, he walked lame, and, with a shot of memory far into his past, he began to buck like a mule. At last even he came to the end of his repertoire and, as the exhausted House reached a momentary silence, the lady from Ghent seized her chance.

"And now, old fellow," she said, "we'll have the pipe."

"Pipe nothing!" answered Charley, in effect, for the instant that her hand went toward the contested article he became again the perfect police dog. Once more his head was lowered, once more his neck bristled, and once more came the snarl.

From the rear of the hall came again the voice of the party henchman. "Mr. Speaker, it looks to me as though the one thing the dog will *not* do is give up his badge of servitude!"

"The gentleman is out of order," said the Speaker, sharply. Dropping all formality, he leaned over his desk and suggested, "Mrs. Leadenworth, I know a little about dogs—and something about men. Instead of trying to *take* the pipe, suppose that you ask him to *give* it to you."

But just how this peace-making idea would have worked no one was ever to learn, for suddenly, out of the skies as it seemed, came a sharp whistle. Half the

House looked up, and so did Charley. The next instant he was out of the door. No more than the others did he know exactly where that whistle came from but he was not going to rest until he found out. More than the Speaker, more than Mrs. Leadenworth, more than the pages, and more than the doorman, that whistle was to him supreme law.

As the laughing House subsided into its benches, the Speaker leaned over, courteously.

"Does the lady from Ghent wish to continue with her argument?"

At once Mrs. Leadenworth was her old frozen self. "I hardly think," she replied, "that the House is in a condition at the moment to consider a serious matter in a serious way. As to whether or not we shall continue after the luncheon recess, I shall confer with my committee."

"I think that that is the wisest course," said the Speaker, kindly. He looked at his watch and raised his gavel, but before it could fall a member from South Weymouth was on his feet.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "like many others I have followed this debate in strict neutrality and as to a final judgment my mind is still confused, but about one thing I have not a single doubt. For the whole of this session, outside our doors there has been a charming and entertaining guest and not once have we asked him in. I move you, sir, that for the remainder of the session the courtesies of the House and the privileges of the floor be extended to His Excellency's most excellent dog—the Honorable Charley Perrier."

From a dozen benches at once came the words "Second it!" and the Speaker smiled. "I take it there is no argument. All in favor—"

Thus, up on the balcony level, still searching the marble corridors for the author of that whistle, Charley paused suddenly as he heard a vast chorus of "Ayes." He didn't know exactly what it meant, but he did know that it was a great crowd of human beings doing something simply splendid. He wagged his tail and went on with his search.

MUSSOLINI: EMPEROR OF THE LATINS?

BY HIRAM MOTHERWELL

MUSSOLINI'S life has been a ceaseless conflict with his king. The dictator of Italy began his political career as a republican. He achieved his position as head of the Italian state through an intrigue against the sovereign, and after he turned monarchist he maintained it by continuously thwarting the prerogatives of the crown. At last, within the past year or two, he has succeeded in reducing his ruler to a condition of political helplessness. Is he planning some day to supplant Victor Emmanuel III and proclaim himself King of Italy? If not, then toward what is this struggle tending?

The suspicion that Mussolini has royal ambitions is not in itself preposterous. To transfer the crown from one head to another should not be unduly difficult to one who has already robbed that crown of all constitutional importance and has made each individual in a nation of forty millions tremble at his personal command. A man who could achieve such limitless autocracy, in direct opposition to the democratic convictions of the world in which he lives, would not be incapable of dethroning a monarch were it politically useful to him. But he has not done so, and probably never will.

Yet Mussolini's ambition is growing at a terrific rate. If he does not aspire to be king, it is because something still more glorious beckons him.

II

Undoubtedly, until all who read these lines are dead the full truth will not be known about the intrigue which made possible that "March on Rome" of October 28, 1922, which brought Mussolini to supreme power. What we know is that, after Mussolini had mobilized his Blackshirt militia for an ostensible assault upon the government, pressure was brought by influential persons to compel Victor Emmanuel to acquiesce in the coup. When Premier Facta brought to the King a decree proclaiming a state of siege the latter refused to sign it. This refusal was probably unconstitutional, as the rather vague Italian constitution was understood at the time. Certainly, in Great Britain, upon whose constitutional procedure the Italians believed they were modeling their governmental practice, such an act would be virtually equivalent to abdication. In any case, when Victor Emmanuel refused to sign, the Facta government necessarily resigned. After some negotiation, the King's adjutant went to the telephone and called an obscure newspaper office in Milan. A squat, ill-clothed man (who had been awaiting this call for hours) replied that he accepted the King's invitation, and would leave on the night train to become premier of Italy.

We know further that somewhere in this backstairs drama a leading role was played by the Duke of Aosta, the King's cousin. The Duke, who had served brilliantly as general during the War, was popular with a large section of the army; moreover, he was generally credited with jealousy of his sovereign and was openly sympathetic with the Fascists. During the crisis someone informed the King that in case it came to a clash between

the Fascist *squadre* and the army he could not be certain of the latter's success. As a purely military proposition this was ridiculous; the army could have dispersed the ill-organized Blackshirts in forty-eight hours (as General Badoglio, the chief of staff, formally promised the Facta Cabinet). Hence, Italians assume that there existed a serious potential split in the army and that only the Duke of Aosta was powerful enough to have caused it. In plain language, as most Italians will say in private conversation but as few chroniclers have said in cold print, if the King had signed the state of siege he might have been confronted with a large portion of his army, led by the Duke, supporting the Blackshirts in an assault upon his regime. Perhaps the issue was not quite so definitely drawn as this, but certainly some such menace was in the background. The King had to refuse to sign or face the possibility of civil war. In accordance with the traditions of the House of Savoy, he chose to avoid bloodshed. For better or worse, he refused to accept the responsibilities of kingship. He invited the rebel who had risen against his government to become his premier.

It is in Mussolini's nature to despise a fallen foe. When he called at the Quirinal palace in his black campaigning shirt to receive office from his sovereign, his first words, according to credible report, were, "Sire, I give you back the Italy of Vittorio Veneto." He made it clear that he was conferring a favor by accepting office. And a few hours later, addressing the Chamber of Deputies, the constitutional representatives of the nation, he said, "I could have made of this sordid gray assembly hall a bivouac for my squadrons." Both King and Constitution had been defied.

In the theory of the royalists, this was a change of government. In the theory of the Fascists, it was a revolution. Mussolini has, as occasion demanded, made use of both theories, demanding at one time all the "rights of the Revolution" (for example, immunity for his squadrons in their extra-legal "punitive expeditions") and at another all the protection due to a legally appointed minister of the King.

Once in power, Mussolini proceeded methodically to cancel the prerogatives of the King as set forth in the Constitution. Now the Italian Constitution is not, like ours, equipped with elaborate and formal provisions for its amendment. In effect, an "unconstitutional" law, when duly passed by parliament and signed by the King, simply supersedes the article which forbids it. This famous "Statute of 1848," the first important charter on the European continent since the French Revolution to recognize that the powers of the governors derive from the governed, has always been regarded as not so much a binding legal document as a personal promise made by the House of Savoy to the people over whom it ruled. And as Mussolini, by a simple majority vote of his intimidated parliament, rescinded one by one the right of free press, the right of free speech, the right of political association, the right to strike, the independence of the judiciary, and in general the permissibility of any sort of opposition to the government, the King, acting under that part of his implied promise which bound him to ratify the acts of his parliament, withdrew, one by one, those other promises which his ancestors had solemnly made to the Italian people.

Everyone in Italy believes that he did so reluctantly. He felt that the Savoy dynasty was, by virtue of its historic role, a liberal dynasty. But he acted under that other unstated but equally traditional rule of his family which requires that conflicting political forces within the nation be permitted to work themselves out to an equilibrium with a minimum of bloodshed. To avoid bloodshed he accepted Mussolini in 1922. To avoid bloodshed he retained Mussolini in 1924. And to-day, in his political and royal function an impotent and discredited figure, he can keep his position

only by signing obediently the decrees which his premier sends him.

III

Undoubtedly the King, when he invited Mussolini to be his prime minister, believed that the newcomer was merely to be head of a coalition government like his immediate predecessors, one who would be overthrown automatically when the sense of the nation had turned against him. And such, indeed, was his technical position. Mussolini had still only his thirty-five Fascist deputies out of five hundred and thirty-five (plus the ten which the Nationalists brought him) to contribute to a coalition of all the "patriotic elements," chiefly of the Liberals and Catholic Populars. And they, despite the "bivouac" speech, certainly believed that once his melodramatic popularity had worn off they could overthrow him whenever they liked. And in any case, above parties there was the King, sworn interpreter of the people's will as expressed by their elected representatives.

It is probable that Victor Emmanuel did not achieve a clear realization of the quality of the man he was dealing with until well along in the crisis provoked by the Matteotti murder in June, 1924 (which, it will be remembered, was proved to have been organized, with the intent to kidnap and intimidate if not to kill, by some of Mussolini's closest Fascist associates). There can be no doubt that ninety per cent of the Italian public was hostile to the Duce in the fall of 1924; and it was generally taken for granted that the King would dismiss him as soon as a new party alignment could be formed.

But this was not so easy. For shortly before the Matteotti murder, Mussolini (foreseeing, certainly not this tragedy, but other political crises) had taken the pains doubly to insure himself against dismissal at the hands of the King. First, he deliberately staged a "dress parade" of his strength by forcing the issue of repeal of proportional respresentation on the Popular party. This party, by its semi-confessional nature, included members whose political views ranged all the way from flaming red to congealed white. The result was that a minority of the party split off to join the Mussolini ranks. Now why should a politician who depends on a coalition deliberately alienate a large part of his support? The answer appears in a moment. He had demonstrated his power to split parties. A few months later he proposed that extraordinary Acerbo election law which granted to the party obtaining the largest vote in a parliamentary election the right to two-thirds of the parliamentary seats. Under this law a party commanding thirty per cent of the popular vote could (if no other of the innumerable Italian parties registered more) command sixty-seven per cent of the parliamentary vote. Extraordinary, one may say. Still the dice were not yet sufficiently loaded. It was not certain that the Fascist party, alone, could emerge from an election with the thirty per cent vote required for the sixty-seven per cent prize. So Mussolini engineered a fusion with the powerful Liberal party, whereby the candidates of both should appear on a "National List," the combined vote of which made victory certain. But this list was so arranged that victory would create a parliament fifty-one per cent of whose members were Fascist party members pledged to obey without question the slightest command of the Duce. Why did the Liberals accept this obvious disproportion? Unquestionably because they remembered what had happened to the Populars and wished to buy themselves off from a similar assault.

But in addition to this double insurance, Mussolini had carefully kept in reserve a third, his Blackshirt militia. When at last, in December 1924, the Liberals themselves deserted him, and even his fifty-one per cent of parliamentary votes might not shield him from the King's adverse decision, his resigna-

tion was demanded. Once more the drama was enacted on the back stairs. But it is certain that in reply to the demand for his resignation he launched the threat to unleash his Blackshirts. Again the menace of civil war! Again the traditional impulse of the House of Savoy to avoid civil bloodshed! Again the King awaited an opportunity to recall his prime minister painlessly.

That opportunity has never come. Instead came the speech of January 3, 1925, a superb piece of bulldozing by a politically weak man pretending to be omnipotent. "The King appoints and recalls his ministers," thundered Mussolini to the Chamber, quoting the Constitution, secure in the knowledge that the King had decided not to recall him. "Does anyone wish to move my impeachment?" Remembering what happened to Matteotti, no one did.

Then followed that steady, relentless succession of strokes, extending over a period of more than two years, which effectually crushed all opposition to Fascism. First the opposition newspapers were subjected to censorship and finally suppressed or "Fascistized" altogether. Then, one after another, the opposition parties as such. One might have thought that political opposition was dead. But this was only the beginning. Mussolini was shrewd enough to know that the abolition of the external instruments of political opposition would not stifle organized protest. So he proceeded systematically to suppress or take over all organs of social opinion or effort. The Masonic societies were banned. The co-operative organizations, which play an important part in rural life, the labor unions, the professional, cultural, and educational associations, were one by one forcibly incorporated into the Fascist fabric, with officials, appointed directly by Mussolini or his lieutenants, who could guarantee their "loyalty." The courts were declared "instruments of the national will"—in other words, enjoined, whenever the regime was involved in a disputed case, to render the verdict which the government dictated. Local self-government was abolished, and *podestà* were appointed to rule over the nine thousand communes of Italy. Industry and banking were bound, by the systematic use of the government's financial power, firmly to the regime. The last semblance of popular government was abolished with the new electoral law, under which but one list of parliamentary candidates, named by Mussolini's appointees and approved by himself, is put in the field. And finally—as though the King were not powerless enough already—the Fascist Grand Council, a purely partisan committee, has been created the supreme organ of state, superior even to the Senate. And while this law expressly forbids any derogation of the prerogatives of the Head of the Government (Mussolini's title), it grants to the Council power in matters concerning the prerogatives of the crown and even concerning the succession to the throne.

And every one of these measures, utterly cancelling the protective guarantees of the Constitution and the very function of the monarchy, was signed by the King himself!

IV

The crown, impotent as it is, remains the only non-Fascist thing in Italy which it is permissible to show any enthusiasm about. And the King is still nominally commander-in-chief of the armed forces. It is these two facts which still make it necessary for Mussolini to check the power of the monarchy in every possible way.

To millions of Italians who resent the strong hand of Fascism the House of Savoy is the symbol of future liberation. Eight or ten years ago Victor Emmanuel was despised by the more militant nationalists because he had not "acted like a king" during the War, but had gone among the trenches as a common soldier; at the same time he was laughed

at by the common people because when he sat on his throne his legs could not touch the ground. But now, when he goes abroad, the entire city is bedecked with Italian flags, with rarely a Fascist emblem, and thousands cheer deliriously at his approach. For Crown Prince Humbert, who some years ago severed his last formal connection with a patriotic society of Fascist complexion, the enthusiasm is even more impassioned. This modest young man of twenty-four is in the eyes of a considerable part of the Italian people a kind of youthful Galahad who will some day rescue them from the dragon of party autocracy. He is tall, athletic, gracious. He might well, one would say, have in him the courage and will to play the part which popular imagination has assigned to him. It is perhaps not fortuitous that a general outburst of enthusiasm for him, in 1926 and 1927, was followed by a law giving a Fascist committee authority to determine the succession to the throne.

The King's command of the armed forces was a more immediate problem to Mussolini. For under the Italian Constitution the King commands the army and navy directly. The oath which officers and men take to him has always been regarded as a personal pledge of fealty. If there should ever be an internal crisis requiring a test of armed strength, it was assumed that the army would obey the orders of the King, rather than of the Minister of War, whose functions are intermediate and technical.

So the struggle between Mussolini and Victor Emmanuel came to be a struggle for effective command of the army. Whichever could really count on the army in a crisis could issue orders to the other day by day. Now the real commander of the army, next beneath the King, was the chief of staff, General Badoglio. Against him a mere civilian Minister of War could have little authority if it came to a conflict of orders. In short, in respect to the army, Badoglio stood above Mussolini.

But Badoglio, a man of great character and ability, is universally regarded as one who stands outside partisan politics and takes his oath to the King seriously. In case of conflict, he would obey his superior officer. And Badoglio was too strong a figure to be cashiered, even by a Duce.

The device to which Mussolini resorted is a measure of his shrewdness. Instead of trying to displace Badoglio with a complacent partisan, he created for himself a position superior to that of Badoglio. He invented the post of Chief of the General Staff to co-ordinate the strategic and administrative plans of the three military arms, army, navy, and air force. As minister of all three branches, he occupies that position, and hence is Badoglio's commanding officer.

Again the King signed. For the same old reason. He would not risk an open break, and consequent bloodshed, over this one isolated issue. And Mussolini, with the power in his hands, proceeded promptly to the systematic "Fascistization" of the armed forces, appointing or promoting those officers who were considered loyal to the regime. By all accounts he has succeeded: the army has become more "Fascist" than "royal."

But about this time the relations between the Quirinal and the Chigi became so tenuous as to be almost nonexistent. No longer were Sovereign and Premier photographed chatting cosily together. Indeed, it was widely questioned whether they spoke to each other at all. Extraordinary things gave color to this report. At the commemorative service in the Pantheon on the first anniversary of the death of the Queen Mother, there were two ceremonies; one was attended by Mussolini and his Fascist hierarchs, the other by the royal family. About the same time, at the memorial Armistice Day mass in San Lorenzo, the Quirinal was unrepresented. Thereafter, at the King's public appearances the Fascist party as such

was never in evidence; at most, a local Fascist, in his role of *podestà* or other functionary, would welcome the sovereign on behalf of the commune, but never anyone on behalf of the local *fascio*. Conversely, at Fascist celebrations, however national and patriotic in character, the Quirinal was usually invisible.

That the King sometimes sought to resist the encroachments of the regime is certain. He refused to sign a decree depriving ex-premier Nitti of Italian citizenship, and is supposed to have protected some of the more illustrious of the anti-Fascists, such as Count Sforza, wearer of the Collar of the Annunziata and hence titular "cousin to the king." Mussolini accepted these minor rebuffs, but always retaliated in kind—on one occasion sending down a decree granting the Secretary of the Fascist Party precedence over foreign ambassadors at court functions. The decree was signed!

But until recently Mussolini retained a last bond between himself and the Quirinal in the person of Luigi Federzoni, Minister of Colonies and for some months Minister of Interior. As leader of the Nationalist party he enjoyed the confidence both of Victor Emmanuel and of the Pope. But recently Federzoni has been dismissed from the cabinet. No longer does the Duce value a friendly word at the Quirinal. For it is inconceivable that the King could prevent anything which Mussolini might want to do. Not only that. The Crown Prince cannot succeed to the throne without Mussolini's consent. Within three months Mussolini could oblige Victor Emmanuel to abdicate in favor of the Duke of Aosta; it would require merely an overt quarrel between crown and government and a well-managed publicity campaign. Within a year Mussolini could, by fostering a quarrel between the two branches of the family, establish a republic. And thereafter he could, within another year, have himself elected king, as Louis Napoleon had himself elected emperor.

V

Why, then, does he carefully keep the King in perpetual check, instead of following up with a mate? In the past there has been an obvious reason: the monarchy was convenient to him personally; when he was in trouble he could claim that the crown was supporting him, and when he was not in trouble the crown obeyed him. And now if things become really critical he can place upon the throne a devoted partisan, an energetic and popular personality who would support his nationalistic ambitions to the utmost. Clearly, Mussolini is carefully preserving the crown for some ulterior purpose.

What this purpose is, as projected in Mussolini's own mind, I do not pretend to know. Indeed, he often does not himself know what he is aiming at. Only his tactical plans are fixed ("by my serene volition," as he likes to say). His strategic aims do not follow a rigid scheme; they are the result of restless experimenting and testing to discover something workable. But this is certain: that his ambition, growing by what it feeds upon, conceives after each victory another twice as resplendent.

Yet what more resplendent ambition is there than to become king? Well, for one thing, to become emperor.

Mussolini has often spoken of empire. In his Trieste speech on February 6, 1921, he said, "The Mediterranean is destined to return to us. Rome is destined to become once more the city which directs the civilization of the whole of Western Europe. Let us raise the banner of the Empire, of our Imperialism."

And Fascist journalists are continually announcing the empire that is to be. The following quotation from Mario Carli is characteristic of the Fascist concept and only exceptional in its frankness of utterance: "It is incontestable that our people finds itself in a period of total resurrection and gradual rise in the world. . . . Its Primacy,

which is being integrated day by day, will automatically lead it to Empire. . . . The Latin Primacy in the hands of Italy implies a pacific, radiant, civilized Mediterranean Empire. Not the hypocritic pretenses of Albion, nor the brutal cynicism of the German blonds, nor the trembling despotism of a dissolving France; but the balanced wisdom inherited from the Romans, the sense of human justice which the Catholic Church has instilled in us during twenty centuries of her civilization. . . . Fascism will never be able to fulfill its tremendous task on a strictly political plane. Fascism issued from the War and in war it must find its outlet. Our country can conclude nothing except by a great war which we will neither provoke nor seek, but which we shall confront with the serene courage of peoples predestined to dominate the world." Mussolini, more responsible and therefore less outspoken than his journalistic henchmen, has explained that the word "empire" can also be understood in a "spiritual" or "cultural" sense. But he has never denied the possibility—rather, the probability—of war in the comparatively near future.

Meanwhile he has already achieved the skeleton of a very imposing empire. Spain is bound to Italy by a close alliance which may imply the assistance of the Spanish navy and the freedom of Spanish ports in favor of Italy in case of war. Roumania, conventionally regarded as a "Latin" nation, is likewise bound by a treaty which presumably guarantees at least neutrality. A ring of nations, more or less within the Italian diplomatic orbit—Hungary, Bulgaria, Greece, and Albania—neutralizes the hostile Yugoslavia.

The North African coast between Tunisia and Egypt belongs to Italy. On the Red Sea and on the Indian Ocean are Italian Eretria and Somaliland, while, opposite Eretria, Yeman has made a treaty of friendship and commercial favors with Rome. Italian influence, by courtesy of England, is becoming predominant in Abyssinia. In Asia Minor there is Anatolia, a huge share in which was promised to Italy at Versailles. The Dodecanese Islands are now Italian soil. And on the coast of Asia Minor, of Syria, of the Red Sea, and all along the great trade route to China, Italian nuclei are being formed, while the Italian merchant marine is being stimulated to the utmost to exploit the commercial possibilities of these centers of Italian culture. Finally, Mussolini is busily cultivating friendly relations with the nations of Latin America and is systematically sending them colonizing groups of Italians, organized so as to become the key communities of the coming generation.

But this is not all. In the more vociferous Fascist newspapers you will find frequent mention of the fact that Corsica is predominantly inhabited by people of Italian blood, while in Tunisia (by far the richest territory on the North African coast) two-thirds of the white population is Italian. And whenever diplomatic relations with France are a trifle tense, one is sure to find references in the papers to Nice, where Garibaldi was born, and to Savoy, which once belonged to the reigning family of Italy.

All this, of course, does not constitute empire in any concrete sense. But such influences and claims are the substance of which empire can be made. Empire does not consist of direct territorial domination; that is rather the technic of nationalism. Empire might rather be defined as exclusively influence outside nationalistic boundaries. The Roman Empire (I mean that of Augustus, not that of Diocletian) was not a centralized dominion, but rather a league of nations, so complexly related to the central city that one's brain becomes dazed in merely reading about them.

Italy has achieved exclusive influence outside her national boundaries—that is, true empire—in Albania. There Italian experts administer the finances, Italian engineers construct the roads and ports, Italian officers train the army, and

Italian munitions are landed in huge quantities and guarded by Italian officials in anticipation of some eventuality which is unspecified but which makes the neighboring Yugoslavs extremely nervous. Albania is technically a sovereign kingdom; actually, Italy can do anything she likes there. Wherever this state of affairs may be reproduced in greater or less degree, there you have part of the new Roman empire. In fact, although not in name. The name doesn't matter—yet.

But there can be no question of Italy effecting exclusive influence, or *imperium*, over much of the territory mentioned, by her own unaided efforts. France, with a larger army and with vastly greater industrial and economic resources, is interested in most of these regions named. Italy can assert her authority over the "Mediterranean empire" only after eliminating France or after securing her co-operation.

This alone is sufficient to explain the resentment toward France which Fascist writers exhibit whenever the censorship is temporarily lifted. It is always France which stands in the way. Present Italian foreign policy, if historic parallels mean anything, implies an eventual trial of strength with France.

I am not suggesting that Mussolini plans to make war against France. There is no evidence that would substantiate such an assertion. So far as I know, Mussolini is not planning to make war on anybody. But he has repeatedly asserted that wars are bound to come, and that if Italy should be involved he intends that Italy shall win. "When, between 1935 and 1940," he said in his speech of May 26, 1927, "we shall be at a turning point which I should call crucial for European history, we shall be able to make our voice heard and see our rights finally recognized. . . . We must be able at a given moment to mobilize five million men and arm them; we must strengthen our navy and also our aviation, which must be so numerous and so powerful that the roar of its motors can drown out every other sound on the peninsula and the surface of its wings hide the sun from our land." Italy, according to the always minimum figures published by the League of Nations, has allotted 1,324,000,000 gold lire for armaments in 1929, as against 1,127,000,000 last year and 976,000,000 the year before. Obviously, Mussolini is preparing for war if war should "come." And peace, he has said, is but "a pause in war."

That the major war for which these preparations are being made will be a war with France is a thesis maintained by an important group of French experts in foreign affairs, of whose thought the book, *L'Autre Danger*, is typical. In fact, diplomats have already held a quiet conference or two to "avert" a Franco-Italian conflict; and at one moment, in December 1926, when anti-French riots were occurring all over north Italy, fully a hundred thousand troops were massed on the two sides of the Menton border.

Certainly, experts would consider Italy's chances in a Franco-Italian war to be slight. Perhaps the Italian general staff is counting on some technical secret which would have the same quick, crushing effect as had the famous "needle gun" in the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866. In any case, the international situation in which Italy would dare undertake a trial of strength is not now foreseeable. Italy would require at least the neutrality of Great Britain to keep her coasts free of blockade and the benevolence of Germany and Austria to supply her with food and industrial materials. But, in the opinion of Italian students, to say that such a condition does not exist is by no means to say that it cannot exist. European politics are still experimental and unsettled; as the professional diplomat would say, "the formula of equilibrium has not yet been found." The promised Franco-German entente is working none too well, and the tentative Anglo-French entente is being found intensely unsatisfactory on both sides. Why should not Europe experi-

ment with a radically different line-up?

But assume that a war should "come" and that Italy, instantly seizing control of the Mediterranean with her submarines and fast cruisers, and of the air with her sun-obliterating airplanes, should be able to throw a superior army into France and name her terms.* Chief among these terms would be that which Prussia dictated to Austria in 1866, that she keep hands off the victor's special domain—in this case the Balkans and the Near East.

But another thing, of the highest significance, might happen. Just as defeated France switched in 1870 from a monarchical to a republican regime, so under another defeat she might switch back again. And in this event, who would be king? Either the father or the brother of the Duchess of the Apulias, wife of the Duke of Aosta's eldest son, the "Fascist crown prince." Then, if the reader will consent to stretch his imagination just once more, we might see the Aosta branch of Savoy on the Italian throne and two Bourbons [the mother of the Duke of the Apulias is a Bourbon] united by the most intimate family bonds, as monarchs of Italy and France. Mussolini would avoid humiliating a Bourbon France. In any case, the chief fruit of his victory would be a close French alliance. Napoleon invariably made alliances with his defeated foes; indeed, it may be said that the purpose of war as practiced in Europe for some centuries past is to beat one's neighbors into friendship.

Now what Italy could never do alone, France and Italy together could do easily—that is, organize the entire Mediterranean world. There could be no question of Italy dominating France. Instead, Italy and France, along with Spain and the "Latin" kingdom of Roumania, would form a kind of Pan-Latin league, with a common foreign policy.

Yet among the *pares*, which would be *primus?* The claims of Italy, the claims of Rome, one-time capital of the world, would be almost irresistible. For Italy is situated midway in the Mediterranean world, within easy striking distance of the Balkans; it is the natural mart for eastern merchandise, and admirably placed for policing the Mediterranean coast—which France is not.

But Italy would have another argument even outweighing the geographical one. Rome is the sacred center of Catholic Christianity. In the eyes of four hundred million Catholics it enjoys a prestige superior to that of any other city on earth. The head of Catholic Christendom has just entered into relations of the utmost cordiality with the Italian government through the concordat which cancels the old quarrel between church and state. This does not mean that the Pope will be an ally of Italy in the consummation of imperial schemes. But it does mean that some hundreds of thousands of priests will no longer represent the Italian nation as a despoiler, but as a pious daughter, of the church. It will unquestionably mean a greater emphasis on the teaching of the Italian language and culture in the missionary schools of the Near and Far East, and this will encourage the development of Italian trade. And it may well mean that the Vatican will grant to Italy the privilege of protecting Christian missions and shrines in the Near East, a privilege now held by France, who does not, officially speaking, enjoy the status of a pious daughter. Spiritual guidance and political leadership, both centered in the Eternal City and co-operating for the elevation of mankind!—such a picture may well impress hundreds of millions in France, Spain, and Germany, in the Balkans, in South and Central America, and

* At this point more than one reader is going to remind me that we are living in a new age and that henceforth the whole world will unite to check the aggressor, whoever he may be. The objection deserves a whole article rather than a footnote. Let me merely say that it is as yet unproved that, when nations come to determine who is the aggressor, they will vote juridically rather than politically. If they vote politically, we shall have, despite the League, the same jockeying and balancing of interests which have preceded previous wars, and the League will be split just as was the old "concert of the powers." In any event, it is a hypothetical case, derived from the politics of Rome, not of Geneva, which I am here discussing.

in innumerable missionary centers of Christian civilization all the way from Scutari to Peking.

The prestige which religion may confer upon Italian nationalism is an impalpable thing, but in the Fascist view it is of supreme importance. The whole dazzling idea was expressed many years ago by Gioberti in his book, *On the Moral and Civil Primacy of the Italians.*

"Christianity," wrote Gioberti, "created all the European nations; but especially Italy, for it elected her as its first-born, and established its throne in her and in her attained the height of its splendor. Providence chose the Italian land for this high destiny, nourishing a spark of truth in it *ab antico* and molding there a race wonderfully adapted in genius and intelligence for subjecting the whole world in Christian obedience. Italy is the priestly nation among the great body of redeemed peoples; Christianity's head, as other peoples should be its arms.

"European civilization must be reestablished a second time, by recalling it to its Christian and Catholic origins and extinguishing the heterodoxy which for two centuries has reigned in all its parts. When a civilization is to be rebuilt, a moral center of action must be established where the source of motion may reside and whence movement may be spread to all its parts as from the center to the circumference. The center of the civilizing process is where the center of Catholicism is. Now since Italy is the center of the latter it follows that Italy is the true head of civilization and Rome is the ideal metropolis of the world."

One may wave all this aside as the poetizing of an *exalté*, but it accurately renders the mystic mood which is so important a factor in present-day Fascism. And while such arguments may seem fallacious to Protestants, they may carry enormous weight among the Catholics of the Mediterranean, once their political rivalries have been transformed into political co-operation.

VI

And now the importance of the monarchy to Mussolini will be apparent. The village blacksmith's son, as an upstart king, would be at best an equal among his cousins of ancient lineage. But as field marshal of Pan-Latin foreign policy he would occupy a position apart from, and in some sense above them.

It is not necessary to postulate a Franco-Italian war or a Bourbon monarchy in order to visualize such a combination. Such things sometimes happen by power of persuasion provided there is military force in the background. I believe Mussolini is sincere in saying that the establishment of empire does not necessarily imply war. It is conceivable that, at the "crucial turning-point for European history" which he foresees, France might turn more or less willingly toward the Mediterranean. She might listen sympathetically when Italy said, "Why should we weaken each other by continuous diplomatic rivalry through Central and Southeastern Europe and the Near East? Instead of being jealous over the right to protect the holy places and the mission schools of the Near East, why not protect them jointly? Why not grant each other, and the other Latin kingdoms, the most favorable tariffs possible, and assist each other, with our banking and commercial facilities, to extend our trade? And perhaps some day discuss a customs union, uniting a hundred and fifty million people around the Mediterranean, the most powerful economic production base on earth?"

I am not arguing the feasibility of such a scheme, much less prophesying that it will be realized. I am only pointing out that it is the logical final phase of present-day Italian imperialism.

Undoubtedly the opposition would be formidable. Great Britain would not be indifferent to a vast Latin commercial and economic union; she would unquestionably fear for her Mediterranean

route to India. But it is the British genius to compromise with the unavoidable, and Gibraltar is not what it once was. The submarine is a powerful persuader. And after all, the freedom of the Mediterranean route could be guaranteed by treaty. At least, some such considerations are among the calculations of the Fascist politicians.

The essence of any Pan-Latin federation is the pooling of foreign policy. Once you have that, you have potential empire. And once you have an acknowledged director of a common foreign policy you have a potential emperor. Empire creeps stealthily through the world. An emperor gets power before he can get his titles. The title of Cæsar was but a family name, and Augustus himself was in law but a multiple office holder in the Roman municipal republic.

Who can doubt that Mussolini, as director of Pan-Latin foreign policy, would make the most of his opportunity? Even now, in our mind's eye, we can see the splendor of that assemblage of Latin kings on the Capitoline Hill, whence once Jupiter Capitolinus ruled the world. We can hear in anticipation the sonorous resonance of Mussolinian speech invoking the grandeur that was Rome, the glory of Latin civilization, the majesty of the coming Mediterranean empire. And the Pope's blessing upon the assembled sovereigns would echo around the world.

And Mussolini himself? He would probably be in simple frock coat or morning dress. He would leave the Kings of the Middle Sea to banquet while he dashed off in a motor car to his office, where a bust of Cæsar even now inspires his working hours. He would probably bear some such innocent title as President of the Pan-Latin Council of Delegates; he would have to deal with committees, and coalitions and nationalistic jealousies. No matter, the power, the *imperium* over the Mediterranean world, would at last be in his hands.

And later, after years of such supreme power had accustomed the world to regard the blacksmith's son as master of the Latin federation, when his authority over the entire Mediterranean domain had been tested and confirmed, he might some evening sign his name to a piece of paper. And the next morning we should wake to read in the headlines, "Benito, Emperor of the Latins, decrees . . ."

They say in Italy, with vicious hatred or reverent awe, "*Quell' uomo è capace di tutto.*" That man stops at *nothing.*

HAIRY CAREY'S SON

A STORY

BY STELLA BENSON

"MY FATHER," said Doctor Bligh, "lived on this island about a hundred years ago. Seems a long time ago, doesn't it? But well, let me see, where are we now?—nineteen hundred . . . yes—I'm over sixty, and my father was over sixty when I was born. He lived here as a boy; he was born in Cardiff in 1785."

All the way south from New York Doctor Bligh had been *not* saying this. Ridiculously melodramatic though the conclusions were which might be drawn from the information that a harmless elderly passenger's father had lived on Lily Island a hundred years ago—drawn they might be, and especially by a facetious joker like Captain Fink.

"A hundred years ago on Lily Island," mused the captain in arch meditation. "Why—then he must have been a pirate!"

"There—you see!" said Doctor Bligh to himself. "You see what havoc three brandies and sodas after midnight can do with one's privacy!" However, the confidential impetus was irresistible now. Besides it was such a good retort to the captain's waggishness. "He *was* a pirate," said Doctor Bligh, leaning dramatically forward and then throwing himself back in his chair as if to watch the resulting excitement.

There was no excitement. The captain of the *Rising Day*, who suffered from a strong quivering spasm of the breath when amused, gave but a faint exhibition of it now, and rubbed his nose. What a silly old man this was, he thought. The old ass has been talking of the criminal frivolity of hospital nurses all the way from New York and now he says his father was a pirate. "We get quite a lot of pirate yarns told us, one way or another," sighed the captain; "but I don't remember hearing of any famous pirate on Lily Island called Bligh."

"He changed his name, when Queen Victoria came to the throne. That was when he ceased to be really proud of his past. His real name was Carey."

"Good Lord! Not Hairy Carey?" cried the captain, checking his tumbler three inches from his lips.

Doctor Bligh looked at him in some alarm. "I didn't know it was such a well-known name on Lily Island. If I had known it was a byword I wouldn't have told you the name."

"It's so long ago," said the captain. "I don't think I should trouble to be shy about it if I were you. Anyway Hairy Carey didn't leave a scoundrelly reputation, you know—not like the man they called the Old Duke. Carey didn't have time; he was just a kid, I believe, when piracy was stamped out. The only thing they say about him, as far as I know, is that he grew a beard when he was twelve, and that he fell through a hole in an inland cave once and bobbed up like a cork fifty yards out at sea. There's a song that the niggers sing about it—that's the only reason why Lily Island remembers Hairy Carey—because it rhymes with scary and wary and fairy . . ."

"What are you laughing at?" asked Doctor Bligh rather crossly.

"I'm not laughing," laughed the captain. "I was looking at Young Rummie here, collecting information about Hairy Carey—and collecting it through his mouth, apparently."

Doctor Bligh turned irascibly to follow the direction of the captain's look. Young Rummie, the ship's boy, with his back to the two men, was fiddling with some glasses on a tray. His innocent young neck was claret-colored with embarrassment.

"Have you come to Lily Island to hunt for your father's buried treasure?" persisted the wheezing captain. "Got a chart drawn in blood and everything just so?" Doctor Bligh saw his roguish distorted eye through the bottom of his tumbler and wished he could throw something at it and distort it for good and all.

"No," he said shortly. "My father had a good position in the tobacco trade in England. He never made a penny out of the adventures of his boyhood." How undignified it was, thought Doctor Bligh, for a respectable general practitioner to be mixed up with the kind of story that excites cabin boys and causes negroes to burst into song. Why on earth had he brought the subject up? It had been perfectly safe in his own mind. Really, of course, it had never been safe at all since he had found that paper. It had seethed so much in his mind that it was bound sooner or later to bubble over the brim before he could stop it. "My father had a sentimental fondness for this island," added Doctor Bligh. "As a very old man, especially, he often fancied himself on Lily Island. But it was a purely sentimental feeling, and it is on purely sentimental grounds that I have long wished to visit an island which my father held in such happy memory."

"There isn't much sentiment on Lily Island," said the captain. "Or much of anything else either, for that matter."

"Well, good-night," said Doctor Bligh, finding to his surprise as he stood up that his feet were a little unsteady, even though the *Rising Day* was at anchor and perfectly motionless. "I have to get up early to-morrow if I want to get my walk over before the sun grows too hot."

On the deck, on the way to his cabin, the doctor paused and looked at Lily Island across a stretch of striped-glass water polished by moonlight. The low uneven land was blurred black against the sky. Stars floated out of the land to follow the flying moon.

Doctor Bligh was saying this phrase to himself: "Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick." Whenever he thought of that phrase he felt a certainty and then a sort of squirm. What an absurd position to be in—if one wore woollen underclothes and weighed two hundred pounds—to be the reluctant slave of a romantic quest! It was as though he had been mysteriously impelled to find joy in the possession of a popgun and the taste of bull's-eyes.

"Pleessa," said a voice near him. He turned to see the tiresome freckled face of Young Rummie. "Pleessa—I couldn't help hearing what you was talking about in there sa. Pleessa, *please* may I come with yousa, to look for your father's treasure-sa? I bin to the island often before-sa, and I'm strong and usefulsa."

"Good God, boy," snapped the doctor. "What *are* you talking about? My father's treasure, indeed! Do I look like a man with a father who had any treasure? My father lived for fifty years after he left this island. If he had any treasure or knew of any treasure, why should he have left it here or anywhere else without coming to get it? You go to hell, and stay there."

"I thought you told the cap'n your father was Hairy Carey-sa."

"Go to hell," repeated Doctor Bligh, but a little more doubtfully now. Was it possible that the boy had heard or found something on the island? "What do you know about Carey?"

"On'y that he was about my age-sa—and that song about him . . ." And

the irritating child began to sing in the creaking voice peculiar to the middle teens:

"Where-a you been, Hairy Carey?
Down-do-down, I bin drowned.
You go an' ask the green growin' fishes
Down-do-down
Down-do-down
Down-do-down what I found."

What were boys coming to! exclaimed Doctor Bligh to himself. Butting into the treasure hunts of their elders and betters and insisting on singing to them, uninvited, in the middle of the night. "Captain Fink was mistaken, if you *must* know. My father was no pirate. He was very much interested in tobacco culture and came here some years ago to make experiments."

"Yessa," said the boy with docility.

"There were no pirates in his day."

"Nosa."

"Anything else you want to ask me?" asked Doctor Bligh in a withering voice.

"Nosa. On'y—please, *pleessa* let me come with you on your treasure huntsa."

Doctor Bligh walked furiously away across the deck to his cabin. "Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick," he thought. He carried always in his inner pocket the scrap of unexplained paper found between the pages of an old notebook labelled Heavens Sugar Farm. The writing—on the torn-out flyleaf of a book called *Beauty's Dower*, Published in London by Mr. Atkinson, MDCCXC—was not his father's writing. It was a mincing deliberate hand, and seemed almost as if idle fingers had gone over it again and again, crossing and super-crossing *t*'s, dotting *i*'s with galaxies of stars, adding frills to the capital letters. There was nothing to explain what it meant, or who scribbled it so, or how it got there among the papers of a reformed pirate. "Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick."

Doctor Bligh had first seen this scrap of paper on going through his father's possessions forty years ago when the old man died. At the time it had made no impression on him at all, for he had been a sober single-hearted young doctor filled with the determination to Do Good and Make Good. Now that the paper had become almost an obsession with him he found it difficult to understand how he could have seen it so indifferently in his hot youth. But really his youth had never been more than tepid—only in his mysteriously warmed up middle-age had Doctor Bligh suddenly found that Duty was Not Enough. Anything would have done as a hot sauce for too thoroughly iced duty—golf, stamp collecting, the Primrose League, Angora rabbits. Only it happened to be buried treasure. An idle rediscovery of the scrap of paper, and some idle speculation upon its meaning had lighted a discreet fuse which led to an explosion of fantastic convictions about an actual buried treasure on Lily Island. And with the thought of buried treasure, all kinds of romantic and grisly half-recollections had found their way into Doctor Bligh's consciousness. His imagination added ambiguously, fragment by fragment, to his memory of what old Bligh—late Hairy Carey—had said from time to time, fifty years ago. "It wasn't so much that the Old Duke was a murderer; he didn't murder people who crossed him, exactly. . . . There were none of the traditional pirate scenes in his ship; she was just dirty and dull and as much like your modern tramp steamers as a schooner can be, with just that wicked freak of speed thrown in. But there was a sort of crooked indirect curse on everything the Old Duke touched. He didn't murder a man who offended him, but he made a murderer of that man—and in such a way that it wasn't generally the dead man who was most to be pitied. So his property was always safe; he protected it with the *irrelevance* of his cruelty. It was to everyone's interest, somehow, not to offend the Old Duke." Had the old pirate said something like that, or had his son imagined it all, in the light of this new, inexplicable, romantic brooding?

Doctor Bligh slept and dreamed that he looked from the deck of the *Rising Day* and saw, on the island, a broad road apparently leading up easily to a terrace between the hoofs of a colossal golden cow upon the skyline. And yet, in his dream, he could not start on his walk along the road because there was no boat in which he could be rowed ashore, nor anyone to row him—only, in the distance, elusive so that the frantic dreamer sought him in vain, a singer singing in a faint, wild, treble voice.

Captain Fink had early breakfast with his passenger in the morning. "Young Rummie can row you ashore," he said. "And you'd better arrange with him where he shall meet you and at what time. Unless you'd like to take him and walk along to the Cove, three or four miles south, and meet us there. We have to drop down there for a few dozen crates of fruit when we've finished the little bunch now alongside. We'll be there about sunset. We go out at high water to-morrow."

"I'll do that alone," said Doctor Bligh. "I don't fancy that Young Rummie much. He follows me about like a dog."

"He doesn't want to lose sight of the son of Hairy Carey, eh?" said the Captain with an attack of his merry asthma. "Oh, come on, doctor—even you must have been young once."

Young Rummie rowed the little boat energetically over the gorgeous green water. Doctor Bligh, looking down, could see half-defined shapes in the water—peacock-colored shadows that melted before they could be realized. The little beaked garfish skidded, splintering light and spray from the tip of one wave to another. A great heart-shaped sting-ray slid across a patch of pearl-green sand thirty feet below, with a rolling ripple of its frills. In the distance sober somersaulting fins marked the progress of three or four grampuses, wheeling in slow suspended acrobatics across the roof of their green world.

"Please, *pleessa* let me come with you to-day. Pleessa, I'm sorry to go on botherin' you, but I can't bear it—I can't bear not to go-sa. . . . It may be the last chance I get, goin' after treasure-sa. I'm *born* to go after treasure-sa. Pleessa, *please* give me a try-sa. I'm such a resourceful feller-sa—it might just make the difference to finding the—"

"How many times am I to tell you, you young fool," shouted Doctor Bligh, "that there's no question of treasure. Didn't you hear me tell you—my father was here planting pineapples and—"

"Tobacco-sa."

"I said *pineapples*. As I told you, I am thinking of investing . . . I mean investigating . . ." He broke off. "What's the matter with me?" he thought irritably. "Going on lying, as if it were worthwhile explaining anything to this pink rat of a boy. What he really needs is a good whipping." Yet, looking along the little boat at Young Rummie's ugly shining face, bobbing backwards and forwards as he rowed, Doctor Bligh, with that inconsequence he was now coming to recognize as one of the perils of middle-age, felt unexpectedly tolerant. A tooth was missing in the front of Young Rummie's broad mouth; and somehow this chink in the otherwise tough rubber armor of his youth made Doctor Bligh conscious of the anxious, desperately expectant heart beating beneath that dirty and childishly narrow singlet. As if, with the disclosure of the lost tooth, a tiny window had been opened.

"I don' care-sa," said Young Rummie, after clearing his throat nervously. "I must—I *must* foller you-sa, whatever you say-sa. . . . I hope you'll forgive me-sa—when I've proved me worth."

"If you want to inform yourself about pineapples under cultivation," said Doctor Bligh, grinding his teeth with anger, "follow me and be damned to you."

The little village of Corkscrew Bay squatted under its crooked palms and casuarinas on a bend in the narrow harbor. On the striped sand and seaweed beach, as the little boat ran ashore, white

and mauve branches of coral lay among petalled shells that were like pink roses. The ragged black village children, fluttering with faded cottons, gathered on the beach to watch strangers arrive. The men of the village were preoccupied —though hardly busy—grouped about the mate of the *Rising Day*, listening to his curses. That agitated man, his coat off, sweat running into his eyes and dripping from his chin, stood, like a defender, beside a complicated frail fortress built of pineapple crates. He was hoarsely but rather hopelessly exhorting the crowd of negroes to get to work. The men watched him rather plaintively and passively, as though more of the sense of what he was saying reached them through their wide wet eyes, their broad, clumsy, polished noses, their thick open mouths than through the ears that leaned out from their dark skulls.

"Well, all I can say is," said the mate in an exhausted voice when he saw Doctor Bligh, "Give me baboons—give me the blind pups of a cross-eyed bitch—give me half baked clams—give me—"

"You find the islanders unintelligent?" said Doctor Bligh. "Look here, Mr. Wilkins, why don't you keep Young Rummie to help you get these crates aboard. . . . He was sent here as a sort of guide to me, but as a matter of fact I'd very much rather he stayed with you."

"There's only an hour's work here," said the mate, "if only these black blighters would start on it."

"Pleessa—pleessa—*pleessa*—" said Young Rummie under his breath to Doctor Bligh. His thin voice was full of a real panic.

"Damn you, boy— Well . . . I'll come back for you in an hour's time. . . . There's nothing—there's nothing to look for—but you can come if you must—"

"Hey, you Rummie," shouted the mate with alacrity.

Free of his follower at last, Doctor Bligh strode away along a narrow path that led through the high guinea grass. For the first time he wondered what actual steps he could take to decode the mysterious message and apply it to the country in front of him. "Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick." The whole affair from beginning to end had been so far contrary to the ordered plans of his existence that, for the first time in his life, plans had seemed wholly irrelevant. Here he was, on Lily Island, under a spell, the magic wording of which was—"Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick." Of course it was all nonsense. Surely an elderly retired doctor is free to travel when his work is done. Why should not Lily Island be as good a destination as any other for a slightly asthmatically inclined professional gentleman in search of sea air and sunlight?

Doctor Bligh looked uneasily round the horizon, feeling a little homesick for the translucent and candid horizon of last night's dream. Behind him was the village, scrawled with the shadows of palms and crazy huts; behind the village was a small valley scored with pineapple rows. About Doctor Bligh, shoulder-high, was the guinea grass, varied here and there with dangling angular jumba beans and with prickly pears and organ-pipe cactuses. The low hills all round were furred over with frizzed brush, as evenly as negroes' heads are capped with wool. A rather higher strip of land in front of the traveler was spiked along the skyline with century palms—some closed like giant asparagus shoots, others opened out into jejune forks and fans. Far beyond this ridge of land was a higher ridge, only one bluff of which could be seen through a cleft in the near ridge. And that far bluff—was it Doctor Bligh's imagination?—was it perhaps an effect due to the abrupt framing in the near gorge?—the resemblance was very vague—yet *was* it so vague? . . . Doctor Bligh turned away for a moment to give his eyes a chance of blotting out their prejudice in favor of romance. The bluff, he now saw quite clearly, looked like a cow's head and

shoulders: there was a quite bovine hump behind the shoulders. It was a hornless cow, to be sure, unless one counted—but that would be foolishly fanciful—those two tall century palms as horns. The throat of the cow—that narrow, receding, flapping, pendulous throat—was very clearly suggested, thought Doctor Bligh, trying to keep quite cool and unbiased. All the same, he wished he could look at that cow's head for a second with fresh eyes. He remembered what happened about his father's pirate stories; now, though he knew he had deceived himself, he could not say what was false and what was real in that stammering tale still echoing in his memory. (Curses of dead old pirates . . . treasure under coral bluffs—what was this confused invasion of his reasonable elderly brain?)

He drew in his breath as a negro woman, carrying a tall bundle crowned with boots and a trussed chicken, padded towards him round a bend in the narrow path.

"Good morning," said Doctor Bligh.

"Ma-anin', za."

"Can you tell me the name of that hill?"

"Aye, za."

"What *is* its name?"

"Aye, za."

"Hasn't got a name, eh?"

"Ya-azza."

"I was just thinking how like a cow's head it was. Did that ever strike you or your friends?"

The woman turned her head with smoothness and caution under her balancing bundle to look in the direction his finger indicated. "Ya-azza," she said, her opaque brown eyes searching the horizon for whatever might be the object of this unintelligible stranger's gaze.

"Like a cow—do you not think so?"

"Ca-aw, za?"

"Yes, a cow's head. Can you see it?"

"Ya-azza."

"You can! Can you not tell me the name of the ridge?"

"Ca-aw's zed, za."

"Cow's Head? Do you really mean that the ridge is called Cow's Head?"

"Ya-azza."

He searched her thick simple face with his eyes. Were his ears as well as his eyes biased to the point of self-deception? "Thank you so much. Good morning." He pushed along the path, combing the coarse yellow grass with his shins.

As he reached the slope up to the near ridge, the grass gave place to thick brush. A little breeze made all the short unkempt palms amid the brush seem to turn their backs. The path, which could barely push between the pale-stemmed bristles of the shrubs, gave a wide berth to the clumps of sisal and the century palms, with their defensive sheaves of spears; but sometimes the detour was not wide enough, and Doctor Bligh's thin neat tussah trousers were soon torn and the plump neat legs beneath them severely scratched.

When, gasping, he reached the top of the near ridge, one thing was certain—he would not go back for Young Rummie. He had never meant very seriously to do so. He noticed that the Cow's Head had receded, had, apparently, side-slipped to quite a different point of the compass, and to a site at least twice as far away as he had expected. Without its frame, too, it was less arrestingly—but *no;* it *was* like a cow's head. Between him and it lay a large lake, probably invisibly connected with the sea. Several of the ridges around this lake seemed to be paltry imitations of a cow's head too, but Doctor Bligh guiltily averted his mind from this suspicion. His cow, he told himself firmly, looked more like a cow than ever; it must have been a famous landmark for the pirates, as it evidently now was to the negroes. After a minute's thought, Doctor Bligh decided to walk down to the lake and then follow its western shore. As far as he could see, a broadish rocky ledge formed a more or less continuous rim to the lake; the bands

of green thicket that interrupted this rocky strip seemed to him negligible from a distance. He almost ran down the slope to the water. The path he was following led straight into the lake, made no effort to veer to right or left. At its terminus lay the submerged skeleton of an old boat, with small striped fishes whisking between her ribs. Doctor Bligh began to walk along the terrace of rock beside the water. The high sun was giving a more and more breathless quality to the heat. The wind that had disturbed the palms on the ridge was still now. All the air quivered, and from the long spindling rafts of glare upon the lake, splintering spears of light were aimed to pierce the sight. Doctor Bligh found it very much more difficult than he expected to walk along the waterside. The rock, a coral formation, was pitted with sharp-edged craters. And at every few dozen yards the rock surrendered the shore to mangroves.

Each strip of encroaching mangroves meant an obstacle of almost despairing difficulty. The mangroves sprawled in a sort of angular horizontal scaffolding over the water. Roots sloped tautly into the water, like the legs of spiders. Footholds among these roots were always slanting and slippery, and were, in any case, treacherously concealed by the bright juicy disks of the leaves. The branches were breast high. Doctor Bligh, bruised about the shins and wet to the knees, negotiated three mangrove entanglements, and then he felt that he would rather press on in the hope of finding an end to them than return by such an arduous and revolting route. Inviting stretches of firm pale rock in front tempted him with promises of better going presently. But these promises always proved to be illusory; the mangrove strips stretched wider and wider, and finally Doctor Bligh, achieving a strip of rock after an hour's frenzied battle with fifty yards of malevolent swamp roots, gave up. He sank down almost fainting, his set sweating face buried in his hands. The heat of the sun seemed to throb about his body. He could not keep his face covered, in spite of the glare; his hands suffocated him. He decided to drink half the brandy and water he had in his flask, and to eat one of the biscuits the steward had given him. He looked about wildly as he ate. Where the rock again surrendered to the swamp a graceful gray bird like a small crane, too young to fly, threaded itself like a silver hook among the angular lacy intricacies of the mangroves. Its parents, less innocent about the dangers of human proximity, flew in the air above it, planing with outstretched neck and legs in a tilted obtuse angle.

"I must strike inland," thought Doctor Bligh, noticing that a promontory of dry scrub pierced the swamp to a point quite near him. Now he realized that by following the lake shore he had lost his Cow's Head. The ridge was still there, with its two pin shapes of century palm, but perspective had completely robbed it of any suggestion of a cow. "I must strike west again across country." Certainly the matted brush could not be more heartbreaking to walk through than the mangroves were. He crossed the intervening yard or two of swamp-growth and struggled in the clawing stubborn brush, like a fly in a spider's web. At least, as he at first thought, he was spared the glare on the water. Then he realized that he was robbed also of the slight coolness of stirring air that belonged to the lake.

He made slowly towards a twisted casuarina tree which, in that low thicket, seemed to stand like a memorial and spread a sanctuary of shade. Not only were the close-growing shrubs difficult to push through, but the lost man's steps were waylaid continually by deep mazy pits in the ground—sometimes ten feet deep—memories of some rolling seas long dried—holes made often perfectly circular by the bowling of imprisoned uneasy stones—galleries pierced by long departed tides between one curved cell and another. Bananas were

planted in the rich black earth that lined such pits. The banana fronds, down in the pit where no wind disturbed them, would be virgin and whole, like the pages of unread books, but the topmost plumes, which Doctor Bligh came to appreciate as warnings of the deep traps laid in the wilderness, would be tattered and crumpled above earth level. Doctor Bligh hoped that these bananas, which must have been planted by men, would mean that he would presently come upon a path or a cabin. But he reached the casuarina after hours of effort without finding any further trace of men.

The tree stood on the edge of a low knoll, and its roots, mostly exposed, clung to the dusty bank like knuckles. Between the roots was a blackness—the crooked mouth of a cave. Doctor Bligh walked straight across the band of shade he had so ardently longed for, and, in a stride and two stumbles, he was down in the cave. He found himself in a kind of antechamber in a half light striped by gaunt and crumbling columns. Behind these columns a black passage led downward. Doctor Bligh felt in his pockets. He had a few matches—eighteen, to be exact. He was so deeply exhausted that he had but little sense, and he started down the black gallery, lighting his first match as soon as he came to the end of level ground. The passage led downward over unsteady red bowlders. Some of the stones were set rolling by his tread, but he went carefully and did not fall. By the time the ground became level again, he had used five matches. He tried now to be cautious, not only in actual economy of matches, but also in economy in the glances he threw here and there into each brief dazzle. He tried not to waste glances on the fluted white ceiling, the bats, the sinuous water-carvings on the walls, the fantastic half-articulate friezes of pattern, the pendulous needles of runed coral, the pinnacled pillars aspiring from the floor. He tried to look first and last at the floor before him.

It was the fourteenth match that showed a black patch on the floor immediately in front of him. He had noticed these patches before, but since they had not lain actually in his path, he had passed them by without investigation. The concentration of light on this last patch seemed to be too much for the poor spirit of the match. He lighted another more carefully as he crouched on the ground. Before him he now saw an abrupt pit, showing bottomless to the scope of match light. Doctor Bligh, an already overstrained man, began to quake. "I must get out of this," he thought. "Why did I come down here?" And as he turned to retreat, he heard the rustle of water scores of feet below in the pit. He lighted another match. Behind him a ridge of rock not more than two feet across divided the fluted rims of two more pits, between which he must have walked in the fitful light without suspicion. He had one match left now.

Doctor Bligh was, after all, an old man. His whole dilemma, from the beginning of the expedition till now, had been the result of an old man's rebound into uncalculated romantic melodrama, from a life spent in arduous duty and precision. The same tired old brain that had re-read so hopefully the scribble on the flyleaf of *Beauty's Dower* had now failed to allocate reasonably resources of light and time in the search. Now the thin staff of romantic excitement gave way. He sank down and lay, half huddled against the wall, for a long time in the dark.

He could hardly have slept, but he must have been sunk in a sort of trance, for when he noticed at last that a distant light shone ahead of him—how far away he could not guess—he realized that his eyes had long been fixed senselessly upon it. He shouted; his heart nearly strangled him as the raucous echoes crashed about him; a rustle began, which he diagnosed after a moment as the bats waking in the hollows of the ceiling. The distant light did not move. He

lighted his last match, as an answer and an appeal to the light. No sign of recognition. Groping very cautiously on hands and knees, he felt the rim of the pit in front of him. His hand did not dare to leave the solid stone—he felt that if he should suddenly find clear space beneath his hand he would tip forward and fall headlong into terrible depths. But his hand made sure at last that the rim curved away from him, leaving a shelf several feet wide between the pit and the wall. He crawled along this, inch by inch, never trusting a first scouting hand, but verifying its discoveries with agonized and repeated pressure. He gathered no courage from his successful negotiation of this pit. His imagination bored more frightful shafts of space in every direction in which he moved his tremulous hand. But after some hours of this painful progress, the corner of a curtain of rock seemed suddenly lifted, and a powdering of stars spangled the space thus revealed. The farther he crawled, the wider did this blessed pricked doorway into night open.

The roaring of the clear sea, quite near now, drowned the deadly subterranean sucking and moaning of secret channels. He identified the light he had first seen as the reflection of a star in a water cup formed in the peak of a frustrated stalagmite by a too impetuous dripping from the hanging point above it. The little crater full of water, when he reached it, seemed to accumulate more than its share of light; it almost glowed. He thought it looked as brittle and fey as a moon crater. He drank the cool water most gratefully. He tried not to quicken his painful crawl as he found himself facing an apparently unobstructed passage to the stars. There might still be traps. But at last, there he was, on the lip of a cave halfway down an overhanging cliff. The sea knocked at the under surface of a deep shelf below him. Only the stars, the moon, and a giddy silvered screen of vertical stone towered above him. He ate his last biscuit, finished what he had in his flask, and slept.

When he awoke, after a confused and painful sleep, it was daylight, and the first thing that he realized was the next headland. It was quite close, and it was unmistakably the neck of yesterday's Cow's Head. There was that overhanging fluted flap of stone which had, from a distance, seemed to lead so appropriately from the cow's lower jaw to its chest. The romancer had seen it from a vantage point which had not been high enough to show him that nothing but the deep sea lay at the foot of the jut. Under the Cow's neck—under the sea, his imagination had placed the fifty thousand pounds of his vision. Only the slow green waves shone at the foot of that bovine fantasy in stone. Doctor Bligh looked for a time at the hopeless face of the stone, feeling disillusionment pervade his heart. He saw suddenly, pricking out of the profile of the cliff, a pimple, a hair, a brown wart, the bow of a boat, finally the whole of a little brown fishing boat tacking along the coast.

When the boat was within hailing distance, Doctor Bligh gave a loud cry. His voice sounded to him like the new voice of a dumb man. The boat turned towards the cliff. An old brown man was sitting in it, picking over some small fish that lay in the wash in the bottom.

"No way da-an from thar, za," shouted the old man thinly. "You'll ha-ave to make a dive of it. Best go ba-ack troo the ca-ave."

Doctor Bligh who, during the first few words had been looking down appalled at the deep swinging water, when he heard the last suggestion, threw himself instantly, all askew, from the lip of the cave into the sea. After several choking centuries, he was able to breathe air, feeling incredibly low down in the world. In a moment he was grasping the old man's hand and after a breast-bruising, shin-bruising struggle, he was in the boat, treading on a squirming fish.

"You'd best a gone ba-ack troo

the ca-ave, za," piped the old man.

"I'll give you anything you like to get me to the Cove before high water."

"Z'aba-at four hours' sa-ail, za," said the old man. "Yer on the wra-ang shore of Lily A-aland."

Doctor Bligh sat in the bow, getting gradually dry, looking with incredulous distaste at his scarred and blood-caked legs—one entirely denuded of trouser from the knee down, the other clad only in tatters. He found it impossible to reconcile this sight with the fact that one month ago he had been a medical man in good standing at Monmouth. He dozed a little, presently, and when he woke he began to believe again in a probability he had lost sight of—the hope that he had a future of respectable old age at Monmouth in front of him—that all this nightmare of melodramatic misfortune was a thing that would pass.

As the little boat made the final tack that would bring it round the ultimate headland, Doctor Bligh saw for the last time the corroded overhang that had seemed to him to form a suitable finish to his Cow's Head.

"Did you ever hear of a place name like Cow's Lick connected with any spot on this island?" he asked the old fisherman.

"Nuzz'n excep' the Ca-aw's Lick they fa-and the fifty tha-a-sand pa-and under," said the old man.

Doctor Bligh stared at him, paralyzed for a moment with astonishment. "*Did* they find Fifty Thousand Pounds under a Cow's Lick?"

"Na-za—not just like that, they didn'. . . . It's an a-alanders' sayin', that—why ye must have heard people on the a-aland sayin' Fifty Tha-asand Pa-and under a Ca-aw's Lick. It's a sayin' fer a piece of luck. . . . My fa-ather he tol' me the true ta-aile aba-at that sayin'—how a man called Havens ha-ad a ca-aw, an' ca-aw went astray da-an to beach, an' Havens went a-lookin' fer the ca-aw an' fa-and 'er lickin' at a lomp salt that got thar some way, and all aroun' the ca-aw thar floated that grease stuff—hundreds a-ya-ards of that thar grease stuff—what you call that thar grease stuff that's worth sa mech money?"

"Ambergris?"

"Yeah—A guess so—ambergris. . . . An' Havens made a fortune outa what he fa-and, an' he built a ha-ase—just a ruin now, it is—near the Cove, an' he had his da-ater eddicated—pretty girl, my fa-ather useter say, but spoiled wiz bookla-arnin'—though Havens was just ornery trash himself—an' she married a judge in United Sta-aites. But Havens lost all his money when the sla-aives was freed by Queen Victoria. And that's how the sayin' comes, my fa-ather useter say—Fifty Thaa-asand Paa-and under a Caa-aw's Lick."

"*Beauty's Dower*," thought Doctor Bligh. And he now saw it all as a romance after all—the last shred of the callow young Hairy Carey's romance. He said nothing more as the little boat ran north towards the Cove. He had looked for his destination so long, yet he reached it unexpectedly. Tacking round a headland, they came abruptly in sight of the *Rising Day*.

"Why—woz goin' on?" exclaimed the old man, looking not at the ship but at the shore. A group of men stood on the green grassy seam that joined the white sand to the scrub. The old man sailed close inshore and after a moment Doctor Bligh said, "Why—there's the skipper—there's Mr. Wilkins—there's Tome and Veery Joe."

"Thar's a ca-affin," said the old fisherman. "It's a buryin'."

"Can you land me on this beach?" asked Doctor Bligh. The boat drew alongside a rough natural pier in the rock at the curve of the bay. As Doctor Bligh, conscious of his tattered trousers and peeling face, drew near to the rigid, Sunday-best-looking group, Captain Fink came to meet him.

"Well, I'm damned," said Captain Fink looking unlike himself and certainly more damned than blessed.

"Where in hell did you get to, Doctor?"

"Whose grave is that?" asked Doctor Bligh.

"It's Young Rummie's. . . . Good Lord, poor little brute, and he's got a mother in Cardiff and all that. The kid lent a hand loading pines yesterday, and Wilkins says he nearly broke his heart over it . . . seemed to think you were coming back for him or something. . . . Good Lord, I wish you *had* happened to take him along, Doc. Wilkins wasn't too hard on the little chap about the work—he was kind of sorry for him, the kid fretted so—God knows why—and anyway, there wasn't more than a couple of hours' work. He consoled himself eating spoiled pineapples—the niggers say he put away over a dozen—and by midnight he was off his head, raving and screaming with pain. . . . Gosh, I tried every bleeding thing I could think of, but of course I hadn't an idea really. . . . I thought you'd turn up any minute. I had a couple of men out all night looking for you, and one with a boat, up and down the coast. . . . I'm sure a doctor could have saved him. . . . There are three black parsons in this bloody hole and not one doctor—black or white. The kid died at sunrise."

Doctor Bligh said nothing. He walked up the beach and stood by Young Rummie's grave, dug just where the sand marched with the limit of the red, rock-strewn earth. And as he stood, spent and strained, beside the grave, time seemed to spin about him—yesterday seemed almost within his grasp, and youth a thing returning, like a thunderstorm, against the wind. Yesterday—that freak day astray at the wrong end of his life—he saw it glamorously now—it was terribly desirable to him—and only an hour ago he had dismissed it with relief. But—oh, now—come back, deferred bright day—come back, lost gleam—lost youth. . . .

CLOSE TO THE EARTH

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

LET the brown lark fly
That has wings to fly.
The ant, the beetle,
The mole, and I
Keep close to the earth
Where we like to lie.

For close to the earth a beetle may trundle
Its treasure below in a claw-clipped bundle;
And close to the earth an ant may funnel
Earthwork in turrets the length of its tunnel;
And close to the earth the secret mole
May fit to its body its cool, dark hole;
And I, who have never a wish to climb
The sky with a lilt or a whistling rhyme,
May stoop and listen and mark the time
Of surer songs than a bird ever sings—
Songs slow with the pulse at the root of things.

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

AN APOLOGY FOR THE HUMAN RACE

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

THE most charming city on the Rhine—one of the most charming in all Germany or in the whole wide world for that matter—is the city of Bonn. Tourists usually manage to miss it, and thereby miss a good deal, though their loss is Bonn's eternal gain, probably; so in the general balance of things one can afford to be philosophical about it. Yet it is strange that Americans who have a sense of history and an eye for quiet, cultivated, and rather opulent loveliness are not oftener attracted to Bonn; especially since it happens to have (with one exception—the Straubinger, at Gastein) the most pleasant and beautifully situated hotel that I have ever seen in a long lifetime of pilgrimage from one hotel to another. Touring is a hard business, and when one has done just about so much of it there is clear profit to the spirit in dropping off at Bonn for three or four days, to rest and think it all over—maybe to wonder whether a maximum of mileage in a minimum of time is really a dividend-paying proposition. Three days in Bonn is sure to breed doubt of it. One feels the steady, slow tempo of German life, the life that has plenty of time for everything. It has plenty of time even for living; you perceive this as you stroll along the beautiful river-promenade on a late summer afternoon or evening, and you also perceive how the art of living is practiced—you get a technical lesson in this fine art if you keep your eyes open, and it makes you wonder whether it may not be an art worth cultivating.

As you sit on the hotel terrace you have a superb river view, or panorama, from the Seven Mountains down to the handsome bridge that carries a vivid reminiscence of Julius Cæsar. This enterprising marauder improvised a pretty good bridge at almost the exact point from which the present bridge springs. The Germans, with a vast respect for this achievement, have put up a fine bust of Julius at the bridge entrance, with a Latin inscription stating that he was the first person to bridge the Rhine. It brought back to my mind an idea I have had for twenty years—that some technical expert with imagination and a turn for good writing could make an interesting book about Cæsar's engineers. To a layman, the engineering problems involved in his campaigns, from end to end, seem to show that he must have had some experts on his payroll in the engineering line, whoever they were. I should like to see those problems dissected from a professional point of view and expounded in a popular style that I could understand.

The whole region of the Rhine's left bank is replete with antiquities of Frankish and Roman times, and earlier. Bonn has its share. The Provincial Museum contains no end of relics of the Roman occupation. Among other interesting items, an attendant showed me a counterfeiter's outfit for the manufacture of bogus Roman coins, remarking sagely that even the Romans had their *Spitzbuben*. I was immensely interested

in the vast number of luxury-products in the Museum: jewelry, fancy combs and hairpins, mirrors, perfume-bottles, vanity-boxes—go through the whole modern apparatus of personal adornment, and you would hardly turn up an item that was not there in counterpart. It was the old story of good commercial enterprise; trade following the flag. The moment the legions had the region pacified the rascally Roman go-getter swarmed in to corrupt the natives with his trumpery; no doubt he had all the latest wrinkles on how to "break down sales-resistance." As a good American, with proper pride in the ideals of Mr. Ford and Mr. Hoover, I duly mustered up a few tears to shed on this unknown pioneer's grave if I could find it; but no one seemed able to tell me where it was.

His works, however, live after him, and he has contemporary mention from one who knew him well and knew all the ins and outs of his pitiful little game—Julius Cæsar. Years ago, when the Germans invaded Belgium, all our newspapers, I believe, carried Julius's estimate of the Belgians in standing type. "Of all the Gallic tribes, the bravest are the Belgians." Well, that was all right as far as it went, but I was amused to notice that nobody ever cited the reasons that Julius gives for the Belgians' ability to keep up this fine spirit. He gives three. The first one is that the Belgians are farthest removed from the Roman Province and the apparatus of its civilization! The second is even more striking, "because salesmen very seldom get through to them with a line of goods that tend to weaken the character." To a person who knows what wars are for and how they start, there was a vast unconscious humor in our quoting Cæsar's praise of the Belgians. A tourist going through the Rhineland with Baedeker in one hand and Cæsar's Commentaries in the other, will learn a great deal about the whys and wherefores of war, and thus save himself the wear and tear of getting worked up over the nostrums proposed for abolishing it.

II

The museum at Bonn contains the skull and a few bones of the oldest inhabitant. This veteran is known as the Neanderthal Man, and he is quite a celebrity in his way, being one of the earliest known specimens of our human race. He was discovered at Neanderthal, a village not far from Bonn, in the course of some commercial excavation, I believe; and savants have calculated his probable age by the estimated aggregate age of the geological formations which covered his remains. There is a chart in the museum that shows just how all this was worked out. The savants have also "reconstructed" him in plaster of Paris by conjecture, according to the hints given them by his bones. If their efforts are to be trusted, he was no great beauty, apparently, judged by our present standards, though to a professional eye like the late Mr. Tex Rickard's, for instance, he probably had points. His skull was shallow; he was a low-brow. His legs were short, his body long in proportion, and his arms very long. His eyes were uncommonly deep-set, and his lower jaw protruded like a bulldog's, whereby his countenance took on a sinister expression that would have marked him out even among Chicago's best assorted. All in all, one would say he was probably bad medicine, and if one met him *redivivus* in the middle of the road one would not argue with him about the right of way.

Nevertheless, I got a great deal of highly valuable "orientation" as I believe the logothetes call it, out of looking at him. I do not know how many years ago he lived. I did not notice what the estimates were, nor have I since boned up on any of his vital statistics. I only noticed that he was one of the two or three earliest known samples of my race, and the one succeeding thought interested me so much that it promptly extinguished any curiosity about figures.

The thought was this: that my race—the race of man—has been on earth so short a time that I can still look at a few fragile survivals of one of the earliest. A frail human skull, a trifle of lime molded up by nature's processes into a highly perishable shape, has outlasted the whole development of civilization up to date.

Probably no one can make a very sound guess at the age of the world. A scientific gathering was discussing it in New York a few weeks ago, and their conclusions summed up to something like this: that this earth, for every year it had existed since animal life appeared on it, had existed nearly a thousand years before animal life appeared. This throws animal life relatively late. Then, relatively much later in the course of animal life, man suddenly appeared. Expressed in figures, the earth is perhaps nine hundred million years old; animal life has been on it for perhaps nearly a million years; and man has graced the scene for some thirty or forty thousand years, possibly. But aside from figures, the fact is that the Neanderthal Man lived so short a time ago that his frail bones are still here and still in such shape as to give us a pretty good idea of what he looked like and of his grade of development towards what we should call nowadays a civilized being.

III

One might say, I suppose, that civilization may be roughly measured by the distance—not in time, but in culture—between this lowly brother and ourselves. The sight of his remains suggested very forcibly to me that civilization has really done fairly well to get as far along as it has got, considering the relatively brief time that has elapsed since it started. Some of us are dissatisfied with our civilization, complain about it, and are discouraged by it. I have done my share of all three. The first two are quite all right; our civilization is certainly a poor enough affair, anyone who is even half satisfied with it ought to be ashamed of himself, and everybody ought to kick about it as hard as he can, poke fun at it, ridicule and satirize its shabbiness, meanness, childishness, and spiritual poverty. Especially should everyone throw mud and bricks at the disgusting airs it puts on when it goes on dress-parade. There cannot be too much of this sort of thing done. When there is any let-up in the steady exercise of hard-boiled self-appraisal it is a sign that the progress of civilization has stopped for the moment, and that something had better be done to start it up again. But to be discouraged, sullen, or sour over the situation is another matter; it indicates that one is expecting more of civilization than it can possibly give him—which is impracticable. All of us are strongly tempted towards that frame of mind, I think, at one time or another (I know I am), and the best specific that I have discovered against this temptation is an hour's spiritual communion with the vestiges of the Neanderthal Man.

There cannot be too much social criticism or too many critics. We cannot have too many Upton Sinclairs, Menckens, Villards, Lewises. For every one we have, we could easily do with a dozen. I am all for frying Babbitt over a slow fire; and I would joyfully pillory all the Rotarians and all the energumens of Service from Duluth to Baton Rouge. When Mr. Villard digs up the tomahawk and goes after some rascally politician's scalp, I rejoice; also when he kerosenes the Daughters of the American Revolution, and applies a match. The more "Middletowns" are picked on to be surveyed, and the more thoroughly they are surveyed, the better I am pleased. When Mr. James Truslow Adams trains his guns on *Fordismus*, Hooverism, and the theory and implications of mass-production, I would be proud to tote ammunition for him. But a social critic ought to have some training in the perspective of his job; and if I had my way, I should round up all

these earnest and disinterested promoters of our spiritual welfare, convoy them to Bonn, and give them about two weeks of monastic life in the Provincial Museum, in prayerful contemplation of the remains of our poor departed relative.

It is the world's best preparation for the exercise of social criticism, for, when all is said, the essential, the really significant difference between the first-class and second-class critic—or let us rather say, between the effective and the less effective critic—is in a temper, a frame of mind. Figuratively speaking, Swift and Juvenal never trued up their critical spirit by the spectacle of the Neanderthal Man, while Socrates, Rabelais, and Cervantes did. Socrates knew the Athenian politicians really a little better than Mr. Willard knows those of Washington, because he measured them instinctively by Athenian society's general relative distance from the Neanderthal Man. He knew that they were mountebanks and scoundrels, and that Athens was in for a bump, but he also knew that nothing could be done about it for another twenty or thirty thousand years, because Athenian society at large was simply not up to the point of doing anything or wishing anything done. Hence he did not behave like another Jeremiah or Solomon Eagle, crying "Woe to this wicked city!" He did not denounce the political situation, or—as a current word alone expresses it—bellyache about it. He simply drew a picture of the situation, colored it with exquisite unruffled humor, and hung it up to stay as long as the world lasts. Rabelais sized up sixteenth century Babbittry-plus-ecclesiasticism about as completely as Mr. Lewis and Mr. Mencken have sized up the Baptist-Methodist-Elk-Rotarian Babbittry of our land and time; and some little Babbitts there were, loose in France in his period. But he was aware that human development had got just about that far, so he took a good picture of it at that stage, and left it as a permanent exhibit. He was raised in the country, and knew there was no sense in raging around an apple tree in August because the apples were green, when they could not possibly be ripe before September. Since the Neanderthal Man's frail skull has not disintegrated yet, it is a good deal to suppose that his leading characteristics, good and bad, can have been very largely washed out of his offspring.

IV

This prehistoric brother used tools and, such as they were, he depended on them mightily. His mind, what there was of it, was highly practical, as much so as Mr. Ford's or Mr. Hoover's. It was centered on his tools and on what tools would do, and he knew that the better his tools were, the more and better they would do. He was not a reflective person; his intellect did not habitually range beyond the immediate purpose of his tool-using. He had what we now call the short-time point of view. Results—immediate results—were what counted with him; and when his mind focussed on the immediate thing it did so with all its strength.

The other day I passed through that marvel of engineering skill, the New York Central yards, on an outbound train. I remember well when the new station was built at Forty-Second Street, and how the building was completed and the yards rearranged without error or accident and without stopping a single train. Traffic went on as usual. Such a performance in tool-using was probably never seen in the world. I amused myself with thinking, as I always do when I go over that intricate trackage, how an adult human society will estimate that achievement several thousand years hence, assuming that a complete record of it will somehow be available. I venture to say that the man of the future will marvel at it as sincerely as we do, and that he will then proceed to laugh his ribs loose, as any reflective person must do to-day, at its inconsequence. What is it for? To help get

people, say, from New York to Chicago; that is, to transport them from the kind of life one lives in New York into the kind of life one lives in Chicago. Also, to help transport materials in order to sustain the kind of life one lives in both places. It will strike the man of the future as the oddest and most laughable thing in the world that here were people with intelligence enough to create this marvellous mechanism of transportation, intelligence enough to operate it, but without intelligence enough to create a better collective social life for themselves than the life lived at either end of this railway system.

The man of the future will laugh at this, but he will understand it. The fact is, probably, that the power and habit of reflection have developed down from our old relative in Neanderthal in a pretty fair ratio to our development in tool-using. One cannot expect much better. Life in New York and Chicago is first-rate as a matter of mechanics; it is satisfactory to anyone who is chiefly a tool-user—which is what most of us are. The immense mechanism of railways, banks, finance companies, factories, export trade, automobiles—the Neanderthal Man would look all this over with great approval, once he got used to it, and he would say that his progeny had done very well by themselves. The fact of its being devoid of other satisfactions would not trouble him especially. He would not be in the least impressed at hearing that Plato, Virgil, Dante, or Rabelais had voted the life of Chicago and New York utterly odious. Well, then, why should those to whom he bequeathed the immense preponderance of the tool-using power over the reflective power be more impressed?

The Neanderthal Man, again, had a turn for being predatory. He took what he wanted when he could get it, and the idea that he was taking it away from someone else—if indeed it ever occurred to him—caused him no pangs. He was out for himself; his number was number one. If he were abroad in the world to-day he would soon feel quite at home among the devices that his progeny has invented for the same purpose. He would be charmed, for instance, with the superiority of a tariff over his old-fashioned knotted club, and of poison gas over his hand-to-hand war weapons. He would see whole nations, as well as individuals, acting pretty regularly as he used to do, and he would have no trouble about recognizing the great predominance of the instinct for spoliation that he left as one of his special legacies. He would see this instinct organized with a thoroughness that he never dreamed of, and large bodies of men planning and conniving day and night to make it effective. In all this he would see the working of the short-time point of view, and he would like that, because it was his own. The long-time point of view, largely established by the history of past events, meant little to him. In his estimation, "history is bunk"; it throws no valuable light on the future. In short, our old friend would be quite in his element in contemplating the aims and ideals of our industry, commerce, and politics.

V

Alas, poor Yorick!—we know him well. It will take the race a long time to breed out the little characteristics that he ingrained into it. A good many generations of "practical minds," morons, captains of industry, financiers, opportunists, and robots must come and go before that takes place. It might seem that all the machinery we have developed might aid humanity's higher qualities to make a better showing than they do; but these qualities have not yet had time even to make a start. Ever since the old days in Neanderthal man has been a creature of action and invention and, only very lately and very fitfully, a creature of thought and reflection. Even now he thinks only as the force of circumstances drives him to it;

he does not enjoy thinking and never does it when he can get out of it, even to his own loss and damage. He will be a long time developing his reflective powers up to the point of interesting him in their exercise as much as he is interested in exercising his powers of action and invention. What do the educational ups and downs of a few thousand years amount to in a line of development that is reckoned in hundreds of millions? All Western Civilization, the civilization of action and invention, informed by a glorified predatory Neanderthalism, could go by the board overnight without furnishing even a colorful incident in a march of events laid out on such an august scale.

Nor is this a depressing reflection. The sight of our defunct kinsman should not put on us the wet blanket of an inert fatalism. It only shows us clearly what we may and may not expect. It connects our criticism properly with both the past and the future, and thus insures its balance of judgment. It keeps us from the short-time point of view in criticism, from an unduly close preoccupation with the present. Mark Twain was one of the ablest second-rate critics of society, and it was only the Neanderthal bent towards the short-time point of view that kept him from being a first-rate critic. There is a strong flavor of Neanderthal in the maxims of Pudd'nhead Wilson, in Mark Twain's fits of rage against " the damned human race," and in his project for exterminating the whole breed by withdrawing the oxygen from the atmosphere for two minutes. Perhaps, too, one can see the short-time point of view, an imperfect connection with the future, in the critical efforts of Mr. Villard, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Mencken. The bulk of the first-rate critic's business is with the future; he sets a mark for the race to grow up to, using the present only as a point of departure. That is what Socrates, Rabelais, and Cervantes did; and because they did it their works are still with us.

After all, our sturdy old friend at Neanderthal did about the best he could, and if one gets at him right, he may have been to a certain degree suggestible. He was no doubt wary and suspicious, but it is not inconceivable that he could have been worried into some sort of momentary and fitful introspection by the wise, calm, playful, urbane, tolerant, disciplined superiority of the first-rate critic. He might, and very probably would, have subsequently treated the critic much as his spiritual progeny treated Socrates, but, nevertheless, one can imagine that he had his moments of self-examination. Something like this is the only service that the first-rate critic can hope to render the present, and in serving the future it thus sometimes happens that casually, occasionally, and without premeditation, he serves the present too.

For Babbitt, the hierophants of Service, the Baptist-Methodist-Elk-Rotarian denizens of the Bible Belt, are also doing about the best they can, and so are Mr. Ford and Mr. Hoover with their salvationist doctrine of mass-production. The future will have its own opinion about them, and the first-rate critic's business is to anticipate the future, work with it, and look exclusively to it for his dividends. Nevertheless, out of all these there may be some who are not wholly inaccessible to the suggestion that their best is pretty poor and that it might be better. So, quite incidentally, the first-rate critic, through the tone and temper which the very absence of preoccupation with the present gives his work, may do his own time, as well as the future, a useful service.

While, therefore, as I said, I am always exhilarated by our contemporary critics' lively mode of attack, I am always conscious that it is the Neanderthal survival in me which responds to it, and that such a mode really serves neither the future nor the present. I would wager that the French politicians were much more uneasy when Anatole France was around than when they were listening to the diatribes of the

reddest Communist in the Chamber. The Communist was for the moment only, but they knew that Anatole would last a long time and that his sapping and mining of the ground they stood on would increase in efficiency with the passage of generations. Meanwhile his easy and imperturbable superiority probably nagged some of them, at least, into a self-conscious sense of their own spiritual poverty. I doubt whether Mr. Villard moves his Neanderthal statemongers to self-examination, or Mr. Mencken his Neanderthal sectarians. I doubt whether Babbitt ever suspects that Mr. Lewis has the future on his side, for indeed Mr. Lewis's tone would seem to show that he himself is none too certain of it.

Alas, poor Yorick!—his leading traits are doomed to extinction, and he never got very far with the traits that are appointed to supplant them. Only lately has the race begun to have a glimmering of how interesting the newer traits are, and to suspect that they are worth cultivation; only lately has humanity made any room for them. It is advantageous to realize just how much we are justified in expecting from so recent a development. Touring parties are all the go just now, and so I suggest one, somewhat in the nature of a pilgrimage, for the dissatisfied, discouraged, disbelieving, for the vigorous, second-rate social critic, for those obsessed with the present and its shortcomings, for the perfectionist advocate of this-or-that social nostrum warranted to cure overnight. I suggest that they charter steamships and, as soon as the fine weather comes on, repair to Bonn.

IMPIETY

BY HELENE MAGARET

LORD, I have not time to pray
Before the asters blow,
And should I enter in Thy church
Perchance I miss the glow
Of branches bright with glint of snow.

Ah, Lord, Thou shouldst not ask of me
One hour spent in prayer
For fear some quiet rain let fall
Its shining hair,
And I, who longed for rain, might not be there.

I do not want, my Lord, to give
One breath of life to Thee.
I have so little time to live . . .
Thou hast eternity.

THE DEATH OF MARCEL PROUST

BY MARIE SCHEIKÉVITCH

Translated from the French by Ernest Boyd

The author of this article was one of Marcel Proust's most intimate friends, having known him ever since 1905. Mme. Scheikévitch's salon is one of the most distinguished in Paris, frequented by the leading figures of Parisian literary and social life. Last year a volume of Proust's letters to her was published in a de luxe edition. In order to understand the situation to which this account of his death refers it is necessary to recall the following facts: *Du Côté de chez Swann*, the first volume of Proust's masterpiece, appeared in 1913, and was forgotten in the excitement of war. In 1919 *A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs* was published, and that year Proust received the Goncourt Prize and became famous. His extremely poor health made it necessary for him to withdraw himself from the world and devote his failing energies to the task of finishing his work. He died in November, 1922. Three years later *Albertine Disparue*, on which he worked so feverishly up to the moment of his death, appeared and has been followed by the concluding installment, *Le Temps Retrouvé*. To-day Marcel Proust is one of the outstanding authors of the world; his works have been translated into many languages. It is, therefore, interesting to read this account of his fight for time and fame, of his struggle with death, a struggle in which he lost, but was victorious. [*Translator's Note.*]

SIX years have passed since the death of Marcel Proust. The number of his admirers still increases; his fame has ceased to be disputed; it is universal. Scarcely a month passes in which some study of him or his work does not appear; gradually his letters are being published—the life of the invalid is submerged in his prodigious intellectual activity, a life devoted to his art, to that scrupulous conception of a writer's duty to use such strength as was left to him in the close study of truth.

Sadly I recall the 18th of November, 1922. I was ill myself when I heard the news and had been confined to bed for several weeks. It upset me. I was accustomed to thinking of Marcel as being constantly in poor health, but my mind revolted at the thought of him lying there still and lifeless. Despite the frequently prolonged periods when he was invisible, he would suddenly appear, so full of life, with his all-consuming curiosity and the sly humility which he employed in order to discover some new detail concerning a subject in which he was interested, that I believed him capable of defying the ravages of his illness. Had he not declared that he could look after himself better than anyone else; had he not arranged a mode of life suitable to his precarious health? My mind was haunted by these lines of his:

"That day, I learned, a death had occurred which grieved me deeply, the death of Bergotte. We know that his illness had lasted a long time; not the first one, which was natural. Nature rarely seems capable of producing other than rather short illnesses. But medicine has acquired the art of prolonging them. The remedies, the relief they give, and the discomfort which returns when they are interrupted create a simulacrum of illness which the accustomed patient finally stabilizes, stylizes, just as children have regular fits of coughing long after they have been cured of the whooping cough. Then the remedies become less effective; they are increased; they no longer do any good,

but they have begun to do harm because of this lasting indisposition. Nature would not have allowed them to last so long. It is a great miracle that medicine, almost rivaling nature, can compel one to remain in bed, to continue the use of a medicament under penalty of death. By that time the artificially grafted disease has taken root, has become a minor but real illness, with this one difference, that natural diseases are curable, but never those created by medicine, for medicine does not know the secret of curing."

It seemed iniquitous to me that Marcel Proust should disappear at the moment when success was beginning to come. Although he had often asserted to me that he was not interested in glory, I knew how happy he had been about its first signs. Yet, he had written to me, "After all, it is no more absurd to regret that a dead woman does not know that she has failed to deceive one than to wish one's name to be known two hundred years hence."

His work continued to appear—how different, alas, from what it would have been had he been able to correct his proofs—slender volumes, whereas the first had the fullness and density of a herbarium, for Marcel constantly added corrections in his scrupulous desire for greater truth. . . . Months and months passed.

The last volume of *Le Temps Retrouvé* was published. What poignant evidence of his power of self-analysis those last melancholy pages are: "Not only, is there still time, but am I in a fit state to finish my work? Illness which, like a harsh spiritual director, shut me off from the world, had rendered me a service (for, if a grain of wheat does not die after it is sown it will remain alone, but if it dies it will bear much fruit), illness which, after laziness had protected me against facility, would perhaps save me from laziness, illness had exhausted my strength and, as I had long noticed at the time when I ceased to love Albertine, the strength of my memory. The re-creation through memory of impressions which had then to be analyzed, explained, and transformed into their intellectual equivalents—was that not one of the conditions, almost the very essence of the work of art as I had conceived it not so long ago in the library? . . .

"This idea of death definitely took possession of me, as love does. Not that I liked death, I detested it. But, as I had without a doubt thought of it from time to time, as of a woman with whom one is not yet in love, the thought of it now adhered so completely to the utmost depths of my mind that, if I were busied with anything, it had first to filter through the idea of death, and even if I were not busied with anything and was in a state of complete repose, the idea of death kept me company as incessantly as the idea of self. I do not think that the day when I had become half-dead my condition was characterized by accidental things—my inability to go downstairs, to remember a name, to get up—which had caused, even by a process of unconscious reasoning, the idea of death, that I was already practically dead, but rather that it came about all at once, that the great mirror of the mind inevitably reflected a new reality. Yet, I could not see how one could pass, without noticing it, from the ills I had to complete death. But then I thought of other people, of all who die every day, yet the hiatus between their illness and their death does not seem extraordinary. I even thought that it was only because I saw them from the inside (rather than through the deceptive eyes of hope) that certain symptoms, when taken separately, did not seem fatal to me, although I believed in my death, just as those who are firmly persuaded that their hour has come are, nevertheless, easily persuaded that, if they cannot pronounce certain words, it has nothing to do with an attack, a crisis of unconsciousness, but is due to fatigue of the tongue, to a nervous condition analogous to a stutter, to the ex-

haustion which follows indigestion. I had something very different to write than the farewells of a dying man to his wife, something longer and addressed to more than one person. Something long to write. At the most I could sleep only in the daytime. If I worked, it would only be at night. But many nights would be needed, a hundred perhaps, or perhaps a thousand. And I should live in the uncertainty of not knowing whether the Master of my fate, less indulgent than Sheriar, the sultan, when I interrupted my story in the morning, would stay my death sentence and allow me to continue the sequel the next night."

I decided to go to see Céleste. Now I felt that I could listen to her story of Marcel's last moments. I remembered Céleste as a thin woman, emaciated by sleepless nights, with a pale face and a slow, deliberate manner of speech. In her black taffeta dress she glided about, and only the rustle of the silk announced her arrival. At Marcel's door her quiet and protective presence betrayed her mission of a guardian angel. I went to see her. The Céleste whom I saw again was stronger, a mother busied with household cares, with an adorable little girl of two romping about her. "We should never have been able to have her, madame," she said as she introduced the blond and rosy child, "if poor Monsieur Proust had lived. Our time was wholly devoted to him. I think I did everything that was in my power for him. I am sorry that I could not do a thousand times more." She wept silently; her grief was so profound that she could scarcely utter the first words. "I also knew, madame, that he was very ill, but I did not think he was going to die. I shall never get over it."

Céleste's husband, Odilon Albaret, came up—his eyes were also full of tears. Marcel knew how to inspire tenderness and devotion. They both spoke of him with veneration. Gradually Céleste became more cheerful. All around us in her modest home Marcel could be seen at all ages. Here is a photograph of him as a little boy in short trousers which emphasized the slenderness of his legs, his delicate hands clasping a walking stick with a gesture which I recognized. What a penetrating glance in his marvellous eyes! Other photographs are preserved in touching old albums which once belonged to him. Céleste has preserved the most inconsiderable trifles. She has on odd sheets, on scraps of paper, the orders which he wrote to her from day to day. Sometimes just a word, at others detailed instructions, for at times Marcel rarely spoke and did not wish to be disturbed. Here is a name written the very day of his death. We speak in whispers. Céleste uses turns of speech which were habitual with Marcel. Again I hear his way of talking, his extreme politeness; Céleste's face, which Marcel said was lilac, is upset. "When you have known Monsieur Proust, madame, everyone else seems vulgar." I am plunged into the past. How Céleste used to amuse Marcel when she imitated his friends for him, their way of behaving. I can see this inscription which he wrote in his book *Pastiches et Mélanges:* "To Céleste, queen of pastiches, imitator of Madame Scheikévitch, Monsieur Y., Madame X." When he came home at night he would send for Céleste, tell her where he had been, the people he had met, how interesting his evening had been. Then he would think of his work:

"Céleste, I don't believe I'll ever get it finished. You know, I want to do a book about you; it will be charming, Céleste. I must begin. Nothing has been of such service to me as you, I think. . . . Listen . . ."

He would talk to her for hours; she would stand listening; so the night passed.

In 1913 Céleste had married Albaret, Proust's taxi-driver. Her husband, knowing how bored she was in her little apartment, suggested that Proust

should employ her to do his errands. Gradually Marcel began to like her help and could not do without it.

I asked Céleste about Marcel's last moments. "At the end of September Monsieur Proust felt more tired than usual. About the first week in October he went out and caught a chill. He came home with a bad sore throat. The next day he had a cold in the head, which resulted in an attack of asthma. He was worried at feeling so bad because he was correcting his book, *Albertine Disparue*. Instead of taking care of himself, he decided to work all the harder, as he was afraid that the state of his health would prevent him from continuing to correct his proofs. For a few days he suffered without doing anything about it, absorbed in his work and refusing to interrupt it. He had a temperature." Céleste insisted on his calling Doctor Bize, who was his physician. Three days later, when he was called in, the doctor declared (this was about October 15) that there was nothing seriously the matter with Marcel Proust but that, as he had caught a cold, he would have to stop working and take care of himself. On that condition the doctor promised that he would get well in a week or ten days. He would also have to eat properly; that was essential. Marcel pointed out that if he ate his fever would get worse, which would prevent him from going on with his corrections, his work being his sole reason for existence. Defying the doctor's orders and with a high temperature, Marcel dressed himself late one afternoon and insisted on going out. His strength failed him and he had to return almost immediately.

He went upstairs and wanted to stretch out on the chaise-longue. He was chilled to the bone, he was shivering, and he felt so badly that he had to go back to bed. He asked for an inhalation and tried to resume his work. Yet, he would not let Céleste light the fire. "Céleste, death is after me. . . . I shall not have time to finish my proofs and Gallimard is waiting for them. . . ." That day he was so weak that he absolutely could not go on, for, in addition to his general condition, he had a fit of sneezing. The way he sneezed was quite abnormal, which disturbed Céleste.

At the time he was living at 44, rue Hamelin, on the fifth floor of a barely furnished apartment. In order to telephone, his servants had to go down to a shop in the neighborhood and call from there. A ruse was necessary to absent oneself. Céleste telephoned to Professor Proust, but got no answer. The next day she begged Marcel to let her call Doctor Bize again. He came and again asked his patient to submit to treatment. Marcel still refused, saying that it would be a loss of time, but he added that he would promise the doctor to hurry and, once his proofs were finished, he would allow himself to be looked after. He had ceased to take anything except a little iced beer, which was brought from the Ritz and which Albaret had to carry in a carafe placed in a pail of ice. He ordered the fire in his room to be put out, on the ground that the heat disagreed with him. The doctor insisted that he should be cupped, take hot drinks and, above all, build up his strength with a little light nourishment. He told him that his work was demanding a greater expenditure of energy than the labor of a navvy. Marcel, although he felt weaker and weaker, protested. Between abandoning his work and looking after himself there could be no hesitation; he had lived only for his work.

Meanwhile he could not breathe—kept calling Céleste every minute, "Céleste, I am going to die. Oh, if I only have time to finish . . . Céleste, it is horrible to think that, in order to prolong a patient's life, sometimes for a few hours, sometimes for a few minutes, the doctors will torture him, giving him injections of serum, of morphine. They know very well that will not cure him. It is dreadful. I beg you, please, if that happens to me, to prevent them." He was nervous but very gentle. He

called Céleste incessantly to arrange for things. His doctor, worried by his refusal of any treatment, went to warn Professor Proust of the danger he foresaw. The same evening the professor entreated Marcel to look after himself, otherwise he would be compelled to take serious steps to fulfil his duties as a brother and a physician. He proposed to have him admitted to the nursing home in the rue Piccini, where he promised him all the comforts and medical attention which his condition demanded. This affectionate advice irritated Marcel. He asked his brother to leave him alone, repeating that he would never leave his room. Professor Proust argued that he might at least have a nurse. This suggestion provoked a more violent fit of anger, "Céleste looks after me better than anybody and I want nobody else near me."

When the doctors had left, Marcel rang for Céleste. "You must promise me, Céleste, that you will not admit anyone, doctor, nurse, or family. Céleste, you must keep out everybody who tries to stop me from working. I want you not to leave me for a second; if I get worse, stay here. Do what I tell you and don't torment me any further." He looked at her with irritation in his eyes, gazing into hers as if to read that she would keep the promise which he had just extracted from her. He even took the precaution of asking in writing two of his friends to prevent Professor Proust from having him taken away, an idea which had occurred to him during his sleepless nights, for sleep had completely abandoned him. He had more and more difficulty in breathing. Falling in with his brother's wishes, Professor Proust called every day to ask how he was, but did not enter his room. When Marcel saw that his brother was respecting his caprice, he allowed him to come in after a few days. The strength of will which he opposed to everyone and everything was invincible. He would allow no arguments, and nobody could influence him.

During this entire period the disease was making rapid progress. Eight days before his death Marcel sent an enormous basket of flowers to Doctor Bize. He said to Céleste, "Well, Céleste, there's something which I have attended to, in case I should die." He felt that he was disturbing unnecessarily his doctor, of whom he was very fond, and whose advice he did not follow, therefore he had to make his apologies to him in this way, which was peculiarly his own, a combination of politeness and sensitiveness. Lying in bed, almost sitting up, covered with the innumerable sweaters which Céleste constantly changed, Marcel was surrounded by newspapers, books, scraps of paper, and his proofs. He was indifferent to his outward surroundings—since he had left his apartment on the Boulevard Haussmann all his quarters had been temporary and were intended to be provisional. During his illness he received M. Tronche once, Jacques Rivière twice, to give him instructions about the publication of *Albertine Disparue*. These visits tired him, exhausted him. One evening he was pleased by a call from Paul Morand. He detained him for a long time. After he had left, he called Céleste, "Céleste, I feel that Paul Morand is warm-hearted, a thing I did not believe. He must have found me greatly changed. He said such charming things to me, I knew that he was sorry to see me like this (*reflectively*); I did not know that he was fond of me—I was so glad—I like him, too."

On November 17th Marcel thought he was much better. He had a long visit from his brother, and he told Céleste that if he could spend five more days like that he was certain he would get over his illness and prove to the doctors that they were again wrong in trying to prevent him from working. He added, "But it remains to be seen whether I can spend those five days." Smiling he continued, "Since you and the doctors want me to eat, prepare me a fried sole. I am sure that it will

not do me any good, but I want to please you." Professor Proust decided that it would be preferable for him not to take sole. Marcel admitted that the decision was wise. After further conversation with his brother, Marcel said that he was going to do a good night's work and would keep Céleste with him to help. The patient's courage was sublime. He returned to the correction of his proofs, added a few notes. About three in the morning, exhausted and gasping for breath, he called Céleste over and dictated some supplementary notes on the death of Bergotte to her. He was tremendously pleased at being still able to dictate. "Céleste, I think what I have just dictated is very good. Be sure not to forget to put it in the right place. I rely on you. Don't forget to add this to my manuscript at the place where it follows. I am going to stop. I can't go on." (Next day the doctors came to the conclusion that it was at this moment that the abscess burst which had formed on his lung.)

About six o'clock he asked for a glass of milk, adding with a feeble smile, "Only just to please you. . . . But leave me. . . . I want to be alone." Céleste, who saw that he was suffering more and more, tried to come back to him quietly, and this annoyed him. "Why can't you leave me alone?" She left him, and every minute the bell called her back.

About ten the next day Marcel asked for a little cool beer, and it had to be brought from the Ritz. Albaret went off at once, and Marcel murmured to Céleste that it would be with the beer as with everything else, it would arrive too late. He had great difficulty in breathing. Céleste could not take her eyes off his wan face; his beard had grown, which accentuated his pallor; he was strikingly thin; there was an intensity in his eyes as if his glance penetrated the invisible. Standing beside his bed, Céleste, who was barely able to keep on her feet (she had not been to bed for seven weeks), underwent the torture of not being able to relieve him. She followed his every movement, trying to guess and to anticipate his every desire. Suddenly one of his arms was thrust out of the bed and he had the impression (a waking nightmare) that there was a hideous fat woman in his room. "Céleste, Céleste, she is very black and very fat; she is all in black; I am afraid of her." Céleste, believing he had an attack of weakness and delirium, thought she could reassure him by promising to drive her away. Quickly he forbade her, "You mustn't touch her, Céleste, she is implacable, but more and more horrible. . . ."

In a panic, feeling that he was growing worse and worse, Céleste rushed to the telephone. Madame Proust at once informed the Professor who was at his hospital, and Doctor Bize arrived. Céleste, tortured by the necessity of disobeying Marcel's orders, was present when the procession of medicaments arrived, the drums of oxygen, the syringes for injections, the cupping glasses. . . . The patient's eyes expressed irritation when Doctor Bize came in to him. He, who was always exquisitely polite, did not greet him and, in order to emphasize his impatience, turned to Albaret, who followed with the beer which had been ordered, and said, "Thanks, Odilon, for having brought the beer." The doctor bent over him to give him an injection; Céleste helped him to draw aside the sheet; she heard these words, "Oh, Céleste, why?" and felt Marcel's hand pressing her arm, pinching her in further protest. Now every attention was given to him. Everything was tried—alas, it was too late, the cupping glass was useless. Gently Professor Proust raised Marcel on his pillows with infinite precautions. "I am shaking you a great deal, old fellow; I am hurting you"—and in a whisper Marcel breathed his last words: "Oh, yes, my dear Robert." He passed away quietly, about four o'clock, without a movement, without turning his eyes, those wonderful eyes, which were wide open.

THE SATURNALIA OF COLLEGE REUNIONS

A DISILLUSIONED GRADUATE SPEAKS OUT

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

JUNE, communications from my class-reunion committee reliably inform me, will soon be here once more. Commencement time approaches and Class Day, when Alma Mater, the wise, the benevolent, welcomes back the sons she sent forth to fight life's battles with the dauntless old Blank College spirit.

The grass on the beloved campus will be green again, and this will be the fifteenth reunion of my class. Sunlight, as of yore, will dream upon the hallowed walls of sacred halls, so dear to the hearts of every Blank alumnus, and I may have the dubious pleasure of sleeping on a cot in one of the dormitories if I mail my application, with check, at once.

The greatest class ever to be thrust forth from the classic shades of dear old Blank is going to stage the most entirely thrilling reunion Alma Mater has ever endured. Following receptions and lunches at the various Greek-letter fraternity houses—and those who are not Hellenes can get food at the Commons—we shall assemble at Class Headquarters and get into costume. The selection by the costume committee is a knock-out and costs only $11.85 and why haven't I filled in and returned the measurement blank? Do I want to miss the parade preceding the ball game?

When Blank College has redemonstrated its supremacy as an institution of higher learning by whaling tar out of the Hiatus University nine, tea will be served at Prexy's home. All members of our class are most cordially invited, and those not too far gone will be admitted. What is the matter with me, anyway? Don't I know I am causing the reunion committee much inconvenience by not mailing my application at once?

The class banquet this year will be held in the grill of the new College Inn. This is much less destructible than the upstairs dining hall, and it will save us subsequent expense. There will be speeches by Prexy and others—if their temerity endures. Close to Alma Mater's welcoming heart, her sons, returning, will hold jubilee, renewing the cherished ties that bind us into one great band of brothers, re-emphasizing our loyalty to our college and her Greatest Class, spanning the years with reminiscence and cheer. Our fifteenth reunion! And where in heaven's name is my reservation—and check?

This, in brief synopsis, has been the content of a considerable portion of my mail for the last few weeks. My class committee, and probably a thousand similar bodies the country over, are busy as horn players in a Wagnerian orchestra. Commencement draws near, and alumni from all America's universities and colleges are being urged to return to their respective campuses and lay their tribute of gratitude, loyalty, and reverence before Alma Mater.

My own communications from our reunion committee have grown steadily more personal and harsh. Lyrical printed appeals have been abandoned for the more peremptory mimeograph,

and I have just received an interrogation-crammed personal letter from the chairman, more than faintly reproachful in tone.

Don't I want to be present at my Fifteenth Reunion? Don't I want to learn how the men with whom I marched shoulder to shoulder through bright college years are meeting the battle of life? Don't I want to renew the joys I tasted as an undergraduate? Don't I want to sing the dear old songs with Bill and Gander, Spike and Fuzzy and all the rest?

I do not. Furthermore, I shan't. I am attending no class reunion this year, or next year, or ten years from now—which will be our Twenty-fifth and very important. Furthermore, the growing desperation in the reunion committee's appeals makes me suspect that there are other earth-bound members of Blank's Greatest Class who have no desire to infest the campus on the stipulated date and do their part toward the perpetuation of a senile American tradition.

There is more of resignation than revolt in my resolution and a substantial background of experience. I have been to class reunions. That is one of several reasons I shall not attend another. They seem to me at once ordeal and satire, combining the worst features of each, and are attended largely by folk who are pathetic or ridiculous. I have passed—or it may be I have not yet attained—the age when I am willing to be either.

Despite my reunion committee's enthusiasm, I can see no adequate reason why I should try to revive—with alcohol or otherwise—moribund acquaintanceships of fifteen years ago. I object to the doctrine proclaiming that those who have been exposed to education in a group must henceforth be lifelong brethren.

A few of my friends are former classmates, but I believe that the fraternal chain, forged at dear old Blank, has had little to do with the matter. There are others, equally cherished, from alien universities or from none at all. Rarely, if ever, do we sigh for the vanished brightness of college years. We are living the more satisfactory and interesting lives of folk in the late thirties and early forties. That may be why so many of us get small thrill or profit out of reunions. We are neither frustrated nor subject to adult infantilism.

I have not time to see my intimates as often as I would. I can grasp no adequate reason for traveling many miles for the purpose of wearing an idiotic costume and carousing with men bound to one another by a community of stale reminiscence.

The American instinct for mass production occasionally defeats itself. It triumphs in moving pictures and motor cars. It is less successful when dealing with sentiment. High-pressure methods may compel men to act alike. It is more difficult to quicken in them a uniformity of enthusiasm, particularly when there is no adequate reason therefor. Yet we attempt it, in class reunions and other matters, and accept as sincerity in the mass what would be hypocrisy in the individual.

Our efforts at mass production of sentiment may be in part responsible for the charge of insincerity levelled so often against America by rival, uncomprehending nations. Certainly, graduates from alien universities regard the purely American phenomenon of class reunions with an amused bewilderment. The caperings of the fat middle-aged, encouraged because the caperers once obtained a degree, are incomprehensible to men from Cambridge, Oxford, Heidelberg, Vienna, Krakow, and elsewhere.

American universities frequently bestow honorary degrees upon the famous of other lands where the institution of Class Day does not flourish. Outlanders, presenting themselves for this accolade, come into more or less intimate contact with an American institution of higher learning in the ferment of Commencement and glimpse, not dignity

and culture, but a campus turned into an approximation of the yard of a British pub on Sunday evening. They may reasonably wonder at the worth of a college training which the possessors thereof celebrate so bizarrely.

Alcohol and uproar will be ingredients of dear old Blank's Commencement atmosphere. Rowdyism will be prevalent and fights a possibility. I trust there will be no disasters this year comparable to that of an earlier Commencement when a mighty alumnus —who had returned, by the way, for his fifteenth reunion—threw an empty beer keg at a taxicab to the considerable demolition of cab and occupants. Probably nothing worse will happen than a few misdemeanors, a scattering of mild felonies, and perhaps an arrest or two.

I do not know whether there are distinguished foreigners among those on whom Blank will bestow honorary degrees this commencement. If so, they may be pardoned if, after a few hours at the fine old college, they revise somewhat their estimate of the honor.

Foreigners have difficulty in believing that a riot is, theoretically, a ritual of tribute paid to a college because: first, these carousers once purchased instruction from their particular institution of higher learning; second, they feel a deep and abiding gratitude to their university or college for selling it to them.

Aliens cannot quite appreciate the logic of this. Nor, I am afraid, can I.

Higher education is reputed to give its recipients certain intangible advantages. There are more material and definite advantages to urban life, yet I have not seen the folk of our block gather yearly and sing songs of praise and drink too much to the glory of dear old New York, or even start a block fund to make up its budget deficit.

Probably, the loyal son of Manhattan Island, Mother of Men, who proposed such a celebration or thank offering in return for schools, police and fire protection, paved streets, sewers and water supply would be hastily and firmly hustled away to an observation ward by his indignant fellow-citizens. We urbanites have paid for what we get.

So have most of the members of Blank's Greatest Class who will return to Alma Mater's arms this June. They or their parents footed tuition and dormitory bills before graduation and, through drives and campaigns, alumni funds, and class gifts have been paying pretty constantly ever since. Sentiment, however, has decreed that the debt can never be liquidated completely.

This is another reason why I am not attending my fifteenth reunion. An additional reason is the fact that I am ageing with more than satisfactory rapidity without the added impetus of associating with my classmates in their ritual of gratitude to our college.

If there is any sight more disheartening than the spectacle of freshmen trying to behave like adults, it is the contemplation of adults trying to behave like freshmen. A mind somewhat unsteadied by reunion committee follow-up letters feels that there are more impressive exhibits of the worth of higher education than this comic anachronism.

"You have learned," said a university president to a graduating class, "to distinguish between the permanent and trivial, the real and the false joys of existence."

His complete absence of irony led me to believe that he must have spent the preceding twenty-four hours of Class Day in a sound-proof cellar out of eye- and earshot of the alumni. These had returned to celebrate their fifth reunion in brown paint and breech clouts and their tenth as Puritans in costume and thirst. The more mature, who were having their twenty-fifth anniversary to the glory of the institution which taught them to distinguish between the permanent and trivial joys, had appeared as pirates in dress and behavior with at least one bottle of rum per pirate.

II

Were I to attend the imminent fifteenth reunion of my own class, I know drearily well what would happen. On arrival, someone who looks vaguely like the father of a youngster I once knew would fall upon me and yelp:

"Van, y'old horse-thief! How th'ell are you, anyway?"

In return, I should pound him with equally spurious enthusiasm and yammer, "Gosh, it's good to see you again!"

Then he would ask, "What are you doing, anyway?" and I should tell him and, after repeating his question and not heeding his reply, should ask, "Married? Any kids?" and after that topic had been exhausted, there would be nothing whatever left to say until growing embarrassment drove one of us to ask the other, "How about a little snort?"

This, with minor variations, would happen several dozen times, and presently I should find myself enjoying the party. There is something to be said for the drinking that goes on at class reunions. One cannot face the monotonous task of being immensely cordial to semi-strangers without the aid of stimulants. Cold sober, the average mortal at length would flee shrieking from the ordeal.

They will arrive, my brethren of the Greatest Class, middle-aged, still sober business and professional men, headed with anticipation or apprehension toward a bath in a Scotch-flavored fountain of temporary youth. Wives, who may accompany some of them, do so at their own risk. Our class does not encourage this practice. We learned by an early experiment that the harmony which should prevail in a band of brothers turned a little sour if the sisters-in-law were invited too.

Some wives drink and some don't. Either division regards the other as a personal affront. Some are amused by the clowning of their husbands; some, mortified. If wives are permitted at the banquet, there are certain to be distressing incidents and a rapidly mounting discord. Wives never quite enter into the spirit of the occasion. Many of them won't even try to, and any reunion attender can testify how dismal an occasion it will be unless everyone tries tremendously.

I hope, for the best interests of the Greatest Class, that my classmates will leave their children at home. Some of the alumni are bound to bring theirs and more than a few will array their progeny in miniature replicas of the costumes they themselves wear.

Junior and Billy and even Johnny, if his legs are sturdy enough, will trudge through the parade alongside Daddy—dwarf cavemen or Fiji Islanders or Smith Brothers. Their presence may keep Daddy's color down and his tread steady but it will not affect appreciably the conduct of his classmates.

The bright theory behind this practice holds that the coming generation is thereby imbued at an early age with the spirit of dear old Blank and inoculated with a desire for higher learning. It is about as sound as other theories which rationalize class reunions.

It may be that Junior and the rest will be satisfied with Daddy's explanation of why the big fat man in his class acted so queerly and how it came about that the noisy funny man suddenly stopped being funny and went away, and kindred phenomena; but it seems to me that there are better times and places for introducing future sons to their future Alma Mater. On the other hand, perhaps illusions concerning the nature of class reunions cannot be destroyed too early.

They will stand, my classmates, on the campus and bawl, "Fourteen this way" to the verge of apoplexy. They will romp and career short-windedly—just a lot of overgrown kids displaying the old Blank spirit. The fraternity crowd will drift from one chapter house to the next in search of old friends, etc. Unhellenic members will have brought their own, save for a few awed and uncertain souls

who, thanks to the committee's impassioned appeals, are attending one of our reunions for the first time.

At length, all who still answer the helm will set sail for class headquarters where men, grown bald and scanter of breath than waistline, will cram themselves into bizarre raiment and prance through the parade that precedes the ball game. During this procession a well-known physician and a businessman or so of standing will fall from a touch of sun and be marched on considerably before they are rescued. Later, at least one reunionist will tumble down the steps of the grandstand.

After Blank has beaten Hiatus there will ensue a vague and hooch-punctuated interval until, at length, most of us will find ourselves in the banquet hall. There will be the usual foggy and fierce scramble for seats with the meek, after their unbiblical destiny, being ousted from all points of vantage by force or persuasion—"Listen, old scout; Wouldja mind moving, eh? I promised Tommy his crowd and mine would sit together. I can't break m'word to goo' ole Tommy."

During the meal, Duncan Roe—class nickname "Drunk" and living up to it through a sense of loyalty to Alma Mater—will fall out of his chair and be cheered for sustaining tradition. The volunteer quartet will progress from college songs to less printable lyrics under a barrage of olives and celery. Ernest Blapp—good old Ernie who providentially has been recalled by the main office from his post in Hawaii—will get the cup annually presented to the alumnus who has traveled farthest to attend the reunion. A table or so will overturn. Fat Robinson will imitate Gilda Gray. The faces of the members of Blank's Greatest Class will become ruddier and more jovial with devotion to our dear old college. The racket will grow so deafening that Wally Wilberforce, permanent class president, will have to pound and yell a solid five minutes to obtain anything approximating attention and, at length, Prexy will rise to speak.

I have heard Prexy before and in much the same surroundings. It is scarcely worth while to endure so much for so dubious an intellectual pleasure and yet the face of Prexy, with the wide shallow smile college presidents learn to wear, will be more worth watching than those of my classmates. These will defer the address by a bedlam of welcome. Given opportunity for thought, one might ponder profitably on Prexy's smile.

Prexy is the spokesman for Alma Mater at whose shrine her sons of fifteen years ago renew—to quote reunion committee literature—"their pledge of loyalty and love." While the din holds, while flushed and dishevelled men pound on tables and screech, consider—as Prexy may—the rite whereby we bear witness to the efficacy of dear old Blank's education and ideals.

Are we consistent, I wonder, with whatever dream Prexy cherishes of his college's place and purpose in the world? The grill of the College Inn on the night of the Greatest Class's fifteenth reunion banquet is no place for wondering, however; and Prexy, long ago, must have learned the fatuity of dreams.

At length the racket will subside beneath Prexy's continued beaming. Were we undergraduates instead of men of maturity and education, it is probable that one half of us would be suspended and half the remainder put on probation to-morrow morning.

Still beaming, Prexy will speak. No one will pay any particular attention to his speech. A steady stream of conversation will run along beneath it, breaking now and then into irreverent cataracts of racket. Certain phrases will prod us to enthusiasm—reference to what happened to Hiatus on the diamond this afternoon or on the gridiron last fall; mention of "the indomitable Blank spirit" or the glory of our particular class. These will bring savage bursts of cheering, but the bulk of Prexy's remarks will fall on the table

before him and perish there, unwept by his audience.

We shall roar again when he is finished —largely from relief—and thereafter I question whether any more addresses will be delivered.

Dr. Hiram Finsbury, D.Sc., Ph.D., is also scheduled to speak. Hiram is, I gather from the advance literature, a member of the Greatest Class and has done work of amazing insight and consequence in bio-chemistry. I have no recollection of Hiram. Neither, I am willing to bet, have nine out of ten of our classmates. He probably was a grind and a waiter in Commons. Inconsiderable though he may be, I am sorry for him in advance.

Past performances lead me to believe Dr. Hiram Finsbury's address will be brief, perilous, and largely inaudible. This must be the first of our reunions he has attended. Otherwise he would never have consented to speak on his astounding discoveries in bio-chemistry to alumni who have gathered to honor the institution that educated them. Perhaps Hiram is a little thrilled at the thought of justifying his existence before classmates who had forgotten it.

It will be, I fear, more of a disaster than an address. Dr. Hiram Finsbury will sit down at last bewildered, spiritually wounded yet, I trust, not physically injured by the things his audience have thrown. As for the reunion banquet, the rest will be uproar.

How it will end, I cannot even guess. It may be that Robbie Dash, who still cherishes an undergraduate hatred for the Dean, will repeat the enterprise of several years ago, will gather the still conscious members of his class and, invading the property of his enemy by way of the back fence, will serenade him and his household with ribald song. Or we may stage an indoor football game in the grill itself, with the more timid and sober alumni perched on top of the tables as a cheering section. We may even repeat the feat of our tenth reunion, capture the late trolley car from town and run it up and down Main Street until it is derailed.

I am only certain that I should be very ill the next morning and, perhaps, be waited upon by the same type of awed, yet admiring freshman who succored me last time. That, incidentally, is another reason I am staying home.

III

It may be this explanation of why I am to be absent from the best reunion of the Greatest Class will be attributed to rankling memories of an unsuccessful campus career. I had a good time in college. I was president of the freshman class. I captained the freshman football team. I belong to one of the oldest Greek letter societies and, though my athletic career was cut short by ineligibility, I was later president of the senior class in the professional school I attended. No memory of ancient frustration has inspired my resolution, and this article.

Nor, to be just, do I disapprove of rum and riot. I acknowledge their psychological value. I object only to the pretense under which my classmates are preparing to indulge therein. I have my own bootlegger and my own friends. I also possess cards to a number of notorious night clubs. I can carouse, if I wish, without dedicating the party to Alma Mater for her care of me in the past.

I am grateful to Alma Mater. Likewise, I owe much to my physical mother, but I have not considered, so far, putting on a bizarre costume and getting tight in her living room as an earnest of that devotion.

Alma Mater is a more tolerant parent. I have small doubt that the next communication from the reunion committee will term me ingrate and traitor. This article probably endorses both terms.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE RIGHT PEOPLE?

BY JACK BLACK

The author of this article was for twenty-five years a criminal and served several prison terms; what he says about the criminal's state of mind and the effect on him of society's present method of combating crime is, therefore, based upon direct personal knowledge.—*The Editors.*

"THERE'S a lot of law at the end of a rope." That was the gospel of the California Vigilantes when they set out to clean up the crime wave of 'Forty-nine. In the name of law and order they were going to take a short cut, kill a few killers and horse thieves, and make San Francisco safe for business. They were the "right" people of their time, noble gentlemen upon a noble mission bent; but like noble gentlemen turned reformers, all down the ages, they got drunk on blood-power. As long as they kept the rope for horse thieves the populace looked the other way, but when they succumbed to the inevitable temptation to hang business rivals and political enemies, this same populace made short shrift of them.

That was a world of ox carts and covered wagons. Ours is a world of automobiles and airplanes. Most things have moved along, but eighty years has made little difference in the methods with which the right people deal with the "wrong" ones. In the main they are facing the crime wave of 1929 with the mental attitude of the Vigilante.

"There's enough law at the end of a night-stick." This has the Vigilante ring to it, but it was spoken by New York's most recent police commissioner at the outset of the clean-up campaign with which he began his regime. The only result apparent so far is a lot of indiscriminate clubbing and shooting by the police and a corresponding increase in murders and crimes of violence.

These are violent days. We are all agreed on that. The question is, who is responsible? Are the wrong people making the right people violent or are the right people making the wrong people violent? Or is it fifty-fifty?

From my seat on the side-lines it looks as though society were trying to out-gang the gangster, out-slug the slugger, and out-shoot the shooter, without pausing to ask whether it won't result in simply pyramiding violence.

The right people all over America in press and pulpit are writing and preaching about the wrong ones. Crime commissions and individuals high and low, from the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to the smallest small-town reformer, are surveying and recommending, and resolving and whereas-ing them. Legislators are legislating, and the police are pistoling and night-sticking. All are preaching and practicing more violence as a cure for crime.

Is there any justification anywhere, in any time, for believing this method will work? I don't find it. I do not pose as an authority on crime and criminals. My testimony is that of a bystander—a guilty bystander, if you like, for I have survived four penitentiaries and numerous county jails. . . . What happened to me as an individual is unimportant. I am useful only as an exhibit in the case; but if the laws which the right people are making to-day had been in effect fifteen years ago, I should never have had a chance to stop stealing

and learn working. I should probably have been stopped by the rope, the chair, or a policeman's bullet. If I had escaped these I should be a life-timer in some such prison as Dannemora or Charlestown, spitting my lungs out against a whitewashed wall and, like other life-timers, preaching to young offenders the doctrine of "shoot, and shoot first."

Besides being wrong myself, I have known intimately, in and out of prison, almost five thousand wrong ones. This may seem a wide acquaintance, but in jail one has ample time for social intercourse. These five thousand constitute a cross-section of the underworld from which the crime wave bubbles up. They ranged from the petty thief who "snares" a door-mat with "Welcome" on it, to that prison patrician, the bank burglar. The door-mat thief was just as interesting to me as the bank burglar. It wasn't what they did that interested me but why they did it. Some were mental cases, pathological, with bow-legged minds: in prison parlance, "a kink in the noodle." Some were in prison because they had too little money and some because they had too much. Some because of ignorance and some because of over-education. Some were there because they were sent into overcrowded professions, when they should have had trades. Booze, "hop," jealousy, avarice; all furnished their quota. A few appeared to be there from perversity—just downright cussedness.

The majority were guilty as charged, or of kindred offenses, though here and there one was innocent. Except for those convicted of crimes of passion, none had leaped into a criminal career overnight. Most had arrived by slow and gradual stages, the result of action and reaction. One was there because of a boyhood feud with the neighborhood cop. One because he lost his job in a strike. One because his wife got sick and his children were hungry.

We'll assume that most of them were the initial offenders. They wronged society, and society, not understanding, wronged them back—with interest. The vicious circle that leads from one penitentiary to another had begun. All their stories could be hooked together on one thread: hatred of the police, contempt of the law, and fear and mistrust of the whole legal machine.

II

My own case is typical. Up to the age of fifteen I thought a policeman was a hero, a person to be looked up to and trusted and confided in. Then one evening I was mistakenly "picked up, taken down, and thrown in" by one of them. The treatment I got in the jail from him and his brother officers shot that illusion all to pieces.

Every subsequent contact for twenty-five years strengthened those impressions, and it has taken me the best part of a lifetime to learn that the cop is a victim of the same machine which makes the criminal.

I got my first lesson in violence that first night in the jail. For twenty-five years I punished and was punished. I hunted because I was hunted. I showed no consideration for anybody because I expected to receive none. I learned the game of violence thoroughly, from the police, the courts, the prisons. In the end I came to believe that I could survive only by using violence—and using it first.

I know hundreds of reformed criminals and I don't know one who was reformed by a policeman's night-stick, a severe sentence, or prison cruelty. A brutal flogging in a Canadian prison, and, years after, three days in the murderous strait-jacket on a dungeon floor in California, certainly did nothing to turn my thoughts toward reformation.

The strait-jacket was to the prison warden what his rope was to the Vigilante, what the New York Commissioner would make of the night-stick—a short cut. The jacket had a brief reign and a swift and violent end. So far as I know, every man who was subjected to

its ferocious punishment was so hopelessly maimed that he was a derelict for life, or so twisted mentally that he became a homicidal maniac. They left the prison like the little Jewish tailor whose hands were too shriveled to do any honest thing except to catch pennies on the street corner, or like me, poisonous and revengeful. This attempt to maintain order by "throwing the fear of God into them" failed as all such systems fail. It culminated in the bloodiest prison break in the history of the United States. Of the twelve men who escaped, six of the most desperate are still at large, with ropes around their necks, and the murders they have committed to keep out of the hangman's grasp are almost unbelievable.

When I left prison, still weak from the effects of the strait-jacket, I swore to myself that from that time on I would be a creature of the night. I vowed I'd never let the sun shine on me, never make another friend or do another kindly act. The prison officials were safe in their prison, and I turned on society for my revenge. Within three months I was back in jail charged with robbery and shooting a citizen who refused to be "stuck up." If he hadn't had a good doctor and a good constitution, I shouldn't have lived to discover that the pen is mightier than the jimmy or the six-shooter. If the Baumes Law had been in effect, I should never have discovered it, for that law robs the judge of all discretion. On the fourth conviction it is mandatory upon the judge to sentence a defendant to life imprisonment, whether he shoots a citizen or steals a pair of shoes.

For the past fifteen years I have been feeding and clothing myself instead of letting the tax-payers do it, because, at the time of my life when I least deserved it, I met trust and judicial leniency, which gave me hope. The judge who sentenced me to a year when he might have locked me up for life and thrown the key away, took a greater chance on me than I ever took on anything. He stopped my stealing as effectively as a hangman's rope. He gave me my life and I couldn't doublecross him any more than I could doublecross the friend who once cut the bars in a jail window and gave me my liberty. Loyalty is the only virtue of the underworld, and the judge appealed to that. He put me in a hole where I had to stop stealing and fall into the lock-step of society.

I repeat that I have never known one criminal who was reformed through cruelty. Such reformation as I have achieved is due, initially, to the act of the judge who said, when he sentenced me to a year instead of to life:

"I believe you have sufficient character to build a new life. I will give you that chance."

III

The records are full of the cases of men, notorious for their violence, who reformed when their loyalty was challenged. It's the petty criminal, the weak man, without character enough to be very good or very bad, who violates parole, or any sort of confidence. He doublecrosses his fellow crooks and he doublecrosses society. The "worst" man is often the best bet. Frank James, train-robber and killer, threw away his guns when the governor of Missouri pardoned him. Al Jennings now pushes a pen instead of a six-shooter, thanks to Roosevelt's pardon. Emmett Dalton, Chris Evans, Jack Brady, Kid Thompson—all highwaymen and killers—lived out the letter and spirit of their paroles.

Desperate men bereft of hope are potentially violent men. The Baumes and kindred laws which destroy hope are violent laws, and they breed violence. At best they amount to nothing more than a policeman's order to "move on." At the worst they create a blind alley from which the only exit the desperate criminal knows is "Drop him before he drops you." The result—a dead policeman here, a dead citizen there, a dead stool pigeon somewhere else.

Wrong ones and right ones are much

alike when their backs are to the wall. They are both apt to get panicky and spoil what might be a polished, professional piece of work. A pickpocket with his hooks on a thousand-dollar poke may fumble it. There's too much at stake. The crime-doctors, faced with an appalling increase of crime, are crowded into hasty action by a lot of nervous citizens who want the crime-wave stopped overnight. They recommend more laws, when they already have more than they can enforce. They recommend more punishment, when the experience of all the ages has shown its futility. They listen to the hue and cry against "mollycoddling" criminals, and restrict parole, probation, and pardon—the only measures that permit a criminal to reform. To lighten a leaky boat they throw overboard the biscuits and water.

Governor Clifford Walker of Georgia lifts a calm voice in the clamor for revenge: "The extreme crime-wave reformer," says the Governor, "would abolish parole, probation, and indeterminate sentence, increase the severity and length of punishment, and frighten human nature into submission. . . . Crime cannot be prevented by fear of punishment, or by harsh, cruel, or inhuman treatment. Such methods have been given a fair trial. There is no crosscut to the transformation of the delinquent."

The federal probation officer of Pittsburgh, reporting to the National Probation Association, quotes some telling figures. He says that probation work on 106 offenders cost $1,097. The same offenders, had they been sent to prisons or reformatories, would have cost $26,452. Probation work, then, brought about a net saving of $25,355 to the government.

If from eighty to ninety per cent of the prisoners respect parole and probation, as the statistics show, it is a paying proposition, and any attempt of the right people to abolish or diminish it is bad business. If parole and probation were abolished entirely, probably seventy-five per cent of the prisoners would serve their sentences and come out of prison to return to their criminal careers.

Too much of the attention of the right people is focused on the habitual criminal. If every habitual criminal, in and out of prison, were poisoned or pardoned to-morrow at sunrise, we should still have a crime-wave, because the right people's system of dealing with young offenders is guaranteed to grind out professionals.

Society should pay more attention to the reform school than to the penitentiary. The character of the policeman who gets the boy first is more important than the judgment of the judge who gets him last. By the time the young offender faces a judge of the criminal court he is a finished product. Society's best chance to turn him away from crime is before he has hardened into a professional. Therefore, the juvenile court is more important than the higher courts, and more common sense in the police courts would mean less congestion in the court of criminal appeals.

IV

Recently a country boy appeared in the dock of a New York police court charged with vagrancy. He told the judge that he had a job and asked to be released. The judge was doubtful.

"When did you get the job? Since you've been arrested?"

"Yes," the boy replied. "The policeman who arrested me got it for me last night."

The judge complimented the policeman at great length; a reporter present saw a "story" in what had happened, and his editor printed it—*because it was news.*

What would happen if it weren't news, if all policemen acted that way?

In Los Angeles a rosy-cheeked, red-headed, boyish young person of seventeen was picked up by a policeman for annoying girls on the street. At the station it was discovered that the young

person was a girl in boy's clothes. Police and press jumped to the first obvious conclusion, that she was a very abnormal person, and treated her as such.

But the juvenile court of Los Angeles, where Dr. Miriam Van Waters, the psychologist, is referee, is a very intelligent institution. There it developed that instead of being abnormal, the girl was extremely normal. She was a masculine type; she played boys' games and lived the boy's life. When she arrived at the stage where she wanted the normal girl's share of masculine attention, wanted to be a sweetheart instead of a playmate, she found she had none of the wiles of her sex. She was torn between fear of being unable to attract boys and fear of not knowing how to act if she should attract one. She had no girl friends to advise her, so she put on boys' clothes and went out to flirt with girls to find out how they behaved with boys. Her approach must have been clumsy or she would not have been arrested. If the approach of the juvenile court had been equally clumsy she would have gone into an institution—en route to heaven knows what. Instead, she got some sound feminine advice about clothes and conduct to restore her ego and give her confidence in herself.

If more of these bent twigs were approached in this scientific attitude, wouldn't there be less dead wood lying around the prisons? Wouldn't there be more respect for law and law-enforcers?

Disrespect for the law in this country is not confined to the criminal, either juvenile or habitual; and the best minds in the country are trying to explain it. Is it, perhaps, because the law does not respect the people?

In England crime is less of a problem. The fact that with a homogeneous people there is no racial friction only partly accounts for the small percentage of criminals. The principal reason is that the Englishman respects the law because the law respects him.

Only recently England has been aroused from end to end over the arrest of a girl in a London park, without sufficient evidence of misconduct. Englishmen rose up from their breakfast tables when they read what had happened, and cried out, "That might have been my daughter. It's outrageous." They wrote letters to the *Times* about it; and the police of England are pretty responsive to such protests.

All crooks are equal under the law in England. The offender is not slobbered over by a lot of sentimentalists but neither is he clubbed into a "confession" by the police. There police protection means protection of the Englishman. What is "police protection" coming to mean here?

The police-crook alliance in this country discourages decent people and develops all the latent larceny in the rest of us. Those on the borderline of criminality are encouraged to take a chance; they make a plunge for easy money in the hope of becoming one of the many favored and protected aristocrats of the underworld; and the high-school boy, reading newspaper reports of the gangster's heroic death and magnificent funeral, forgets his Lindbergh and says to himself, "Not so bad."

The right people are all for bigger police forces. The crime commission's reports bristle with phrases like "lengthening the arm of the law" and "strengthening the police arm." I will go them one better. I am for bigger and *better* police forces. A bigger police force with the same system would only multiply the evils which the right people are trying to correct.

The case of X is an instance of the sort of police work which is guaranteed to fix in the mind of an individual a lasting hatred of the police. X was a young girl of a type common on the fringes of the underworld. She was attractive, soft, and used to the luxurious living provided by patrons of the night-clubs. Her lover was in jail charged with a series of robberies. The case against him was weak. The girl was arrested on the

theory that she might have information which would aid the police in convicting him. She denied all knowledge of the crime. The detective who made the arrest ordered her locked up and said to reporters in the press room, "Don't worry. She'll come through. I've got her locked in the dirtiest cell in the city prison. She won't get a bath—she won't wash her face for three days. She'll get good and lousy, and then she'll squawk."

He was right, and the information he got sent the man she loved to prison. Already a social outcast, she went back to face the contempt of the underworld, too, for she had committed the only unpardonable crime. She lives in an atmosphere of hatred and scorn, shadowed by the fear that any night she may be "taken for a ride."

The case of X is a straw in the wind and what happened to her and her lover is of little consequence. But the detective's action is a perfect example of the sort of police work which breeds more crime. For while his ingenious plan brought about a quick conviction, it might well have caused the girl's murder, and that murder, another hanging. Who can estimate the results of a lifetime of such detective work, where every act radiates hatred, fear, and mistrust?

By a better police force I mean a police force composed of men who have a less punitive and a more scientific attitude toward crime and criminals. Such men are not to be had for the wages paid by most municipalities. The Philadelphia police scandal shows that the men are paid salaries which are almost an invitation to graft. Suggest raising their salaries and the average voter would say, "They're getting theirs now. They're getting fat." But what legitimate inducement is there for ambitious young men to go into the police department? Handicapped by poor pay, ridden by politicians, and surrounded by an atmosphere of graft, with little promotion except through favoritism, what chance is there for good men to do intelligent, humane, and constructive police work?

The same conditions exist in the prisons. The guards are scandalously underpaid, and most of them are broken down, rejected ward heelers. The captains and lieutenants are usually small politicians on the shelf, while the warden is too often a graduate of the guard-line. If by any chance a business man or a humanitarian is chosen as warden of one of our prisons, the politicians immediately sharpen their axes for him, and off goes his head with the first swing of the political pendulum. The fate of the late Thomas Mott Osborne who revolutionized Sing Sing and was put out by the politicians, a broken and discouraged man, proves this, as does the recent removal of Warden Smith of San Quentin, California.

August Vollmer, nationally known as a scientific chief of police, gets amazing results in his handling of criminals in Berkeley, California, where he is not hampered by politics. Called to Los Angeles to reorganize the police department, he lasted just one year. Hamstrung by politicians and doublecrossed by his subordinates, he gave it up as a job too big for any one man. Vollmer wouldn't "play along" with crooks-in-office, and it was not until he had shaken the dirt of Los Angeles County from his feet that the district attorney who balked him at every turn was convicted of taking bribes and sentenced to San Quentin.

V

The problem seems too big for any one crime commission, or any number of crime commissions for that matter. But if any one thing seems certain, it is the folly of more laws and more punishment.

Lao Tse, who was a contemporary of Confucius, said, "Govern a kingdom as you would cook a small fish," meaning do not overdo it. "The more active is legislation, the more do thieves and robbers increase."

A great Chinese Emperor, founder of the Ming Dynasty in 1368, took his cue for abolishing the death penalty from this philosopher. "Almost every morning ten men were executed in public," wrote the Emperor. "By the same evening a hundred had committed the same crime. Lao Tse said, 'If the people do not fear death how then can you frighten them by death?' I ceased to inflict capital punishment. I imprisoned the guilty and imposed fines. In less than a year my heart was comforted."

England made the same discovery. They didn't stop hanging people in England for sheep-stealing, shop-lifting, or pocket-picking because it stamped out those crimes. They stopped because of the alarming increase in the murder rate. The law made potential murderers out of petty thieves. The extreme penalty failed to stop pocket-picking even in the shadow of the gallows. Men were arrested for picking the pockets of a crowd assembled to witness the hanging of a pickpocket. Once the English hanged people for sixty different offenses. Now they are considering the abolition of the death penalty, even for the only remaining one. England has proved that violence doesn't cure violence.

It is safe to say that if every voter in America could be forced to witness a hanging or an electrocution, capital punishment would be abolished at the next election. Certainly no one who has lived through one of those black Fridays in prison could doubt that evil walks with the hangman. As the day of execution draws near the prison becomes a smoldering volcano. The convicts grow sullen and short-tempered. Old grudges are opened, old hates revived. Stool pigeons are stealthily slugged; guards are cursed, defied, and assaulted. The dungeons are filled with unruly prisoners "boiling up" with hatred. On those Fridays I have seen the most murderous knife-duels between prison enemies. In the stone quarries at Folsom men threw thousands of dollars' worth of valuable steel tools in the canals and smashed with sledge hammers pieces of carved and polished granite upon which they had worked for months. In a blind, helpless surge of revolt they destroyed whatever they could get their hands on. In the "diner" I have seen hungry men hurl their food to the floor, refusing to eat "the damned hangman's stew." On this day of legal violence imprisoned men became so violent that the wardens finally hit upon the plan of keeping the "main line" locked up until after the execution. Now men sit in their cells brooding in silence, or make the prison corridors ring with their hoots and curses.

Of one thing the right people may be sure: no prisoner's thoughts are turned toward anything of good on such a day.

VI

What, in a nutshell, is my case against the right people? I contend that more laws and more punishment will mean nothing but more crime and more violence. What we need is more science. We need more emphasis on prevention than on punishment. More attention should be paid to the juvenile from the broken home and from the overcrowded and unsanitary slums. Scientists, school teachers, and social workers who are trying conscientiously to fit the delinquent for the job of living, should be freed from interference by politicians and job-holders whose methods have already been tried and have failed. Perhaps there should be more vocational guidance directing the youth into undermanned trades instead of overcrowded professions.

Any intensive study of the population of any American prison will show that most of them are men who have not been trained for the job of living or making a living. During my time at San Quentin a notice was tacked on the bulletin board asking for ten accountants to apply at the Captain's office to help on the annual reports. When the day came forty prisoners applied for the work, and all of them were qualified to do it. There

were college men in San Quentin, lawyers, doctors, dentists, bookkeepers, accountants, mathematical experts, inventors, writers, lecturers, and one poet. Later in the winter when a brick factory chimney was damaged by storm, a bulletin was posted calling for bricklayers. None appeared, although the job carried privileges including "three squares a day" and possible parole if it were well done. A search of the register disclosed several "bricklayers," but on inquiry it developed that they were just plain crooks who had "thought it looked better to give some kind of a trade." The best the Captain could find was a man who had once served as bricklayer's apprentice. It took him three months to mend the big chimney, and he ate his three meals a day in the guards' quarters and got an immediate recommendation for parole.

Doesn't that show that the skilled artisan is not the man who does the going to jail?

If the crime commissions would utilize the best laboratory material they have—the criminal—the reports they submit would be more valuable. Their conclusions and recommendations are the result of a long-distance, ex-parte diagnosis. It is as though a committee of doctors solemnly meeting in Boston or Washington were to diagnose the cases of ten thousand patients scattered all over the United States, without ever examining one of them. Imagine these same medical men solemnly writing one formula to cure them all. Yet ridiculous as this may seem, it is more reasonable than a blanket recommendation for the cure of crime, without examination, or autopsy, for the causes of crime are more varied than the causes of disease.

The secret of the cure of crime—if there is one—is contained in a knowledge of its causes. The psychologist, with his cool scientific mind and a background of knowledge secured through experiment and observation, is only just beginning to learn why we behave like human beings. How much more difficult is it to determine why so many of us behave inhumanly! Yet without so determining, who can prevent the crime wave of to-morrow which is in the kindergarten of to-day?

The right people are working on the wrong end of the problem. If they would give more attention to the high chair, they could soon put cobwebs on the electric chair. They lay too much stress on what the wrong people do, not on *why* they do it; on what they are, instead of how they got that way.

Danny Ryan's mother said it all when she held out her arms to her son in the cell next to mine and cried:

"Danny, boy, how come you so?"

ADELAIDE

A STORY

BY HENRI DUVERNOIS

Translated from the French by Jacques Chambrun

"DON'T read or write?" exclaimed Madame Hournicart.

"No, ma'am," answered Adelaide, reddening.

"But there's a law. How does it come your parents didn't send you to school?"

The maid's explanations were confused. She was the youngest of eight children; when she was five she tended the geese; when she was ten, the cows; later, she worked for a Madame Franklin. She answered with the reticence of a sick person before the doctor's questioning.

"They've tried often to make me learn; nothing sticks, my head's too thick for things like that. But when it comes to buying groceries you needn't worry; nobody can cheat me out of a centime."

The wages of a servant who could neither read nor write were, according to Madame Hournicart, fifteen francs a month, wine included. She explained what she exacted in exchange. It was a lot. Adelaide, awkward in her black dress, straining forward so she could understand better, presented a little round Mongolian face in which shiny cheek-bones glistened more than pale, watery, gray eyes. Madame Hournicart awed her because she could talk so fluently and wore a negligee trimmed with lace, and large turquoise earrings.

"Most important of all," insisted that imposing woman, "you will have to take care of Master Cyprien. That's my little son. Cyprien!" she called. "He is nine years old. You'll see him presently. Come, Cyprien! You will have to look after him at night. My husband and I go out a great deal to the theater and parties. You mustn't leave him alone while you amuse yourself with some roughneck or other; we'd have you arrested. Monsieur Hournicart is very close to the police commissioner, so I warn you. Ah, there he is. Cyprien, this is the new maid. Let her be a warning to you, she's twice your age and she doesn't know how to read nor write; it's the regret of her life, isn't it, my child? You're sorry, aren't you? Only dumb animals can't read or write."

And that was the way Adelaide made the acquaintance of Cyprien, a thoughtful, gentle little fellow, too fair, too thin, whose mother had little love for him. And later, at lunch, she came to know Monsieur Hournicart, a big man, whose sole interest was in the buses and trams of Paris. He knew their routes by heart because he was a wholesale dealer in picture post cards. At dinner he told all kinds of stories about the conductors, the motormen, the travelers. There was one about an Englishman who rode way out to Passy, thinking he was going to the Bourse; another about how a gorgeously dressed woman borrowed a franc from a gentleman in the Louvre-Vincennes subway.

"You will love your employers," the priest had told Adelaide. She meant to respect and obey them, but they frightened her, and so she centered all her

affection upon Cyprien. When Madame Hournicart, her hair elaborately dressed, her waist drawn into a corset which tortured her, her feet pinched into too narrow dancing slippers—when Madame Hournicart, gloved, hooked up, belted in, whose lily-of-the-valley perfume you could smell five feet away, led her resigned husband off to the ball, Adelaide and Cyprien spent peaceful hours together. Under the hanging lamp in the dining room they looked at picture books, and the little maid lingered over those which reminded her of her own home village. Sometimes she ate the little cheeses she had brought with her, which had a dreadful smell. Cyprien imagined that everything in her part of the world smelled like that but he didn't say so, for fear of hurting her. Already she had had enough of that; he was sorry for her. "Poor little Laide," he would say affectionately and would beg her to go to the theater, to dances, to have a good time. She loathed the servants' quarters on the sixth floor; the coarse laughter frightened her; and the other servants up there gibed at her because she was homesick. Fortunately the Hournicarts went out a great deal. Indeed, Monsieur Hournicart's evening clothes showed quite as much wear as his business suit, and Madame Hournicart spent a fortune on white gloves. Moreover, they were pleased with Adelaide. She was supplied with a dainty white apron in which to serve tea and she was taught how to smile correctly; for a maid who doesn't smile gives the impression of being underpaid.

"Can you read handwriting?" she asked Cyprien one night.

"Yes, I can, if it's big writing."

She took an envelope addressed "Mlle. Adelaide Boro, care of Madame Hournicart," and handed it to Cyprien, reluctantly, as though the secret which had burned in her pocket all that afternoon was no longer entirely hers. Cyprien spelled it out, word for word, triumphantly. Mother Boro suggested that Adelaide send home seven and a half francs of her wages each month; Father Boro had just bought an elastic stocking for his bad leg; the hens had just about stopped laying.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"Yes, that's all."

She took the letter and stared at it as though she hoped some words would gush forth out of the page; but the words were not there. Then her lower lip began to tremble, as a child's does when it is on the verge of tears. She made an effort to twist her lips into the smile Madame Hournicart had taught her; but it wouldn't come, and she burst into sobs.

From that day, every time his parents were going out in the evening, Cyprien would tell his little friend, "Papa and Mamma are going to the theater. You can be as sad as you want to this evening, my poor Laide." And she gave in to her grief so thoroughly that she frightened the little fellow. With the unerring instinct of the sensitive child, he suspected some obscure tragedy was causing Adelaide mortal suffering. Not that she ever really cried, but she had the look of a trapped animal and she sank into a blankness from which he tried to rouse her with childish tenderness.

"Poor Laide, my poor little Laide."

One day he even offered her his little savings—twenty-two francs and a few centimes.

"Thanks, dear Master Cyprien," she answered. "No, I could not take your money. But there is one thing—one thing; would you write a letter for me?"

"I sure would."

"And not tell a word of it to anyone?"

"I give you my promise. Wait a minute—look, I'll take my very best paper, the one with the forget-me-nots. Now what shall I write?"

First, she told him how to address the envelope—

"M. Adolphe Leportrec
Vuillé, Croix-de-Hort"

Then she folded her hands over her breast, closed her eyes, and began in a pleading voice, the voice she would have

used if she had been speaking to Adolphe himself:

"My dear Adolphe, I have been watching for more than six weeks for the letter you promised me and I have not had a word from you. This worry is eating my heart out, and I just want to ask you if you are planning to come to Paris to see me."

She stopped a moment to think, then went on:

"I must tell you that I am working in a very kind family and that not a moment goes by that I do not think of you. Yesterday we saw an airplane."

"A-i-r-p-l-a-n-e," spelled out Cyprien. And then he asked:

"Is he your sweetheart?"

"Don't stop, Cyprien: your father and mother might happen to come back just now!

"My dear Adolphe, I must ask you not to be so easy-going, because I have a big secret to tell you which keeps me awake at night and is about something you talked of often when you used to come to see me at Vuillé."

She hesitated, then went on quickly:

"My dear Adolphe, I think I am going to have a baby. My dear Adolphe, you must answer me right back. I am looking for your letter in which you will tell me whatever you have to tell me. Write me as soon as you possibly can what you intend to do. Otherwise, I don't know what will become of me. My dear Adolphe, if you could see me you would feel sorry for me."

The letter finished, sealed, and stamped, Adelaide reassumed her smile. Cyprien asked her no questions, proud to share the secret of a grownup. He had a vague, childish feeling that the answer of M. Leportrec (Adolphe) was important, and anxiously he kept his eyes open for it. His heart jumped each time the postman arrived; he pounced upon the letters, spelling out the addresses. "No wonder that child is anæmic," observed his mother, "he's eaten up with curiosity. I wonder how he comes by it." But no letter came for the little maid; and she did her housework with a fierce, burning passion, trying to make herself numb with it, not to think any more, to wait dispassionately for the answer, which now could not be long in coming. She washed the dishes, she scraped the pots and pans, she polished up everything—there was no let-up. "She must have something on her conscience," confided Madame Hournicart to her husband, "to slave like this."

In the evening, when little Cyprien was alone with Adelaide, he shared her worry. He tried his best to console her; but she sat on a chair, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, panting, terrified at her own thoughts.

All at once, an idea came to Cyprien.

"They don't write you very often, do they?" he said timidly to Adelaide.

For answer she made an impassioned gesture, a gesture of madness.

That remark, "My dear, I think I'm going to have a baby," was still ringing in Cyprien's head. Just what was the best thing to do in the matter. He felt that was what was worrying Adelaide. A baby up there on the sixth floor—that wouldn't be very comfortable for her. Secretly, he scrawled on a sheet of paper a fictitious answer, which he bravely signed with the name of Leportrec. He dropped it into a near-by mail-box, an evening when his parents were out.

At half-past eight the janitor rang the bell.

"A letter for Mlle. Adelaide Boro."

It was Cyprien's letter. The maid turned frightfully pale; tremblingly she took the envelope.

"Give it to me," offered the little boy, "I'll read it for you."

And he began—

"My dear Adelaide, I am very well. Don't worry. Have a good time and go to the theater. As for the baby, if you are anxious to have one, don't try to get it in Paris. I will bring you a beautiful one when I come to see you one of these days. I can get it cheap in the country."

And, as Adelaide stood mute, stupefied, wild-eyed—

"You see, Laide," he ended confidently, "you did wrong to worry so. Adolphe's a very fine fellow."

Sonnets of the Shell Road

By Ethel Kelley

THE SEA

IT AIN'T the sight of it I miss, Land knows!
I'm not the kind to drop my work and sigh,
And lay a dish rag or a duster by
To say "How pretty" to a climbin' rose,
Or "How the light beyond the medder glows!"
Day out and in I didn't even try
To get down to the shore. I dunno why,
I thought 'twould always be there, I suppose.
Now that I've moved into a house in town
With things in plenty to take up my mind,
And all conveniences right at the door,
You wouldn't think my spirits would go down
As if it was a man I'd left behind,
And him and I weren't married any more.

THE WIFE

SHE ain't nobody's fool, I'll tell you that,
Though she looks more like twelve than twenty-one.
I tell her that she rolls up in the sun
Just like a kitten purring on a mat.
Quick as a flash to give you tit for tat,
But never any meanness in her fun.
Half child, half woman, when all's said and done—
She hardly knows herself where she is at!
I used to think I had a line on girls,
But, Gosh! I can be sitting by her side,
Watching her needle fly, and never guess
What thoughts is going on beneath her curls,
Whether she's planning how to make a dress
Or grieving for the little one that died.

ELLEN

I'VE got a fam'ly nice as any man,
Five boys and girls—a healthy, happy lot.
Elnathan is the Johnny on the spot,
And Albert likes to draw and scheme and plan.
The girls are always teasing little Dan

Because of the black curly hair he's got.
Them two are like their mother—tempers hot;
And get the better of 'em—if you can.
But little Ellen that the fever took
Was different from the rest—all of the five
Was dark complected from the very start.
But Ellen she was blonde and had the look
Of mother's folks, and when she was alive
We was the ones to take each other's part!

THE QUARREL

I TOLD him, "John," I says, "what's love for you
Ain't love for me. We call it by the name,
But in our hearts the feeling ain't the same.
You don't care what I say or what I do,"
I says to him. "If I tell you I'm through
You ain't got no one but yourself to blame."
I planned to pick a quarrel when he came,
So's he could tell me that it wasn't true.
But words don't make no difference anyway,
Don't help you none or bring you no relief.
I preached my sermon and I said my text,
And all John did was sigh and look away
As if he's saying to himself, "Good grief,
What will the woman do to plague me next!"

THE COURTING

I USED to be the dreaming, moony kind
And all the interest that I ever took
Was skipping to the love parts in a book,
And reading all the poetry I could find.
I never had but one thing on my mind,
And when my mother made me sweep or cook
I thought so much about the way I'd look,
I hung a mirror on the kitchen blind.
Of course, what I was always thinking of
Was different ways of courting. How a man
Would call you things you couldn't even guess.
But, land! this fellow that I've come to love
Is doing just the very best he can
Saying, "You look real pretty in that dress."

THE PLIGHT OF THE SPINSTER

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THEY used to put it to us rather beautifully in the convent, somewhat like this: It was a matter of vocation whether one chose the cloister, marriage, or the life of an unmarried woman in the world. Every woman had a calling to one of these three states, and all were equally honorable conditions. So we were taught, but we made reservations of our own. In the mind of every girl was a suspicion that the third state was never really chosen, as the exaltation of the religious life or the romance of marriage might be. The spinster's path was taken through chance, pique, necessity, or bad luck. For this was, of course, before the great boom of the unmarried woman.

That great boom seems to be about over. Perhaps, as is the way of booms, it has left only the unavoidable slump and depression which is bound to come when great expectations shrink and grandiose hopes are shown to have been exaggerated. There was a period, which can be roughly calendared as a decade ago, when it was prophesied that the life of an unmarried woman in the world would give a richer yield than had been believed possible. It was as if a new vein in the mine of women's prospects had been discovered and there was the natural rush to share in its riches. A good many girls decided to remain single. Not with any vow of permanency perhaps, but they passed the offers of the first or obvious suitors and were not afraid or ashamed to look an unmarried existence in the face. The War had aroused and stimulated women's capabilities, old ideas were being guillotined every day, and the single woman, who had learned to do so much for herself and for others while men were preoccupied with battle, felt her opportunities limitless and alluring.

But now some of the old dubiousness about the spinster life seems to be surging back. It is no secret that unmarried women are no longer quite as glib or cheerful as they were about their prospects and many of them feel that their lives are not paying the dividends they expected, either in happiness or achievement. They are afraid that they have a much depreciated life on their hands with no chance of getting back its full value to re-invest. For at thirty or thirty-five opportunities are not so plentiful as they were at twenty. It is troubling. The result, the shaping-up of the lives of unmarried women, is not what was promised in the spirited days of the boom to those who deliberately chanced or chose it. Yet they seem to have no place to lay the blame, not even on their own bad judgment. For most of them are not at all sure that marriage would have been a better security.

The letter of the promise has been carried out. They have freedom. They have work. They have a new place in the world and a far more self-respecting one than unmarried women have ever had before. But the spirit of the promise, which was that in work and in personal freedom they would find satisfaction and compensation for the lack of such things as marital relations, childbearing, and the defined social position of the married woman, seems to be not nearly so well nor so often fulfilled.

II

This is by no means an attempt at inquiry into the present or future success of women in business or industry or professional occupations. No doubt there have been disappointments. There have been notable successes. But I think that whatever the proportions of success or failure may be—and it is just as well to wait a bit before making up our minds on that point—one fact is obvious. Of course it has been obvious all along except when propaganda overlaid it. It is that the great bulk of the work of the world must be done by people who get living wages or small salaries and no publicity. For every executive there are hundreds of clerks. Granted that a woman can get as far as a man can, just to keep that argument from starting, one has to remember that only a few men get very far. The rest do unimportant work adequately and get paid according to its value.

As the shouting dies down and the novelty wears off, that is the thing which unmarried women are facing. They have work, but it is, for most of them, not exceedingly important work. They have independence, but that is no longer anything to brag about. The unmarried women of the world are no longer spectacular rebels but only good citizens with full privileges of suffrage. The sparkle has gone out of the situation both generally and in the particular case.

It is easy for the energetic feminist to swing her whip and say that women have only to go ahead and command advancement, that they should distinguish themselves in their work. But there is so much work that never seems to become distinguished no matter how well it is done. The number of high places in the world is not unlimited, in spite of the tiresome old saw about "room at the top." Nor are there always great capabilities of advancement even in very pleasant, charming women. Dull as it is, one must accept the fact that most women must do ordinary work for ordinary rewards, in ordinary company.

I do not think that was what they expected during those post-war days when the world suddenly agreed with what a few intelligent people had been saying all along, and a public discovery was made of the facts that woman should have an independence as self-respecting as man's, that she might set up an establishment of her own without scandal, and that she was competent to earn her living in all kinds of different ways.

III

It was those "different ways" that held the magic. Women had long been able to earn their livings, without drama. The daughters of the poor had worked in kitchens and factories and mills as soon as they could command wages. They continue to do the same thing. But it is not with that group, which is guided largely by necessity, that we are at the moment concerned. It is rather with girls who came from middle-class or even wealthy homes, where the economic pressure varies or is lacking, but who were all confronted by the several possibilities of marrying or going to work or living on as old maids at home. Most of them, with proper preparation, which was usually within their grasp, could always become teachers. They knew that by entering that profession they could earn a living indefinitely. But hundreds of them were frank about being willing to "do anything rather than teach." They considered the teaching profession one in which a girl was largely isolated with other women and with children, in which the work was routine and somewhat stereotyped and which, while it had respectability and gentility of status, was supposed to dull emotional vitality. The "old maid school teacher" was the scarecrow in the educational field. The teaching profession turned out spinsters as well as educators. It limited opportunities for meeting men. It set teachers apart as a group.

What really caught the imagination of so many girls was the idea of not being set apart. They liked the idea of earning a living in a world in which men and women were in constant and interesting contact. They liked the idea of advancement not from grade-school teacher to the increased academic responsibility and stiffened dignity of a school principal, but to a desk in some office where there was interesting work to do and stimulating men in the offing. I do not mean to malign their motives or mock their intentions. I do not mean that there was in their minds any idea of attracting vulgar attention to themselves or that they sought occupation in the business or professional world with the deliberate idea of increasing their matrimonial chances. Perhaps a few did. But on the whole there was in this eagerness of women for new kinds of work a sincerity of motive that was unquestioned, a belief in the work itself and the splendid compensations of work. They were very gallant years.

Perhaps it seems ridiculous to use that past tense, insolent to assume that the attitude has changed. But there is a perceptible difference in the present attitude and that of ten years ago if you look for it and if you ask a few questions. The glamour of the job has certainly faded. Too many girls who took a job as a kind of open sesame to life have found that the charm has no power. The experiment of substituting a job for a husband and the unmarried woman's achievement of an independent life have been accepted long enough so that there are a great many single women between thirty-five and forty-five who are able to give a cross-section of their satisfactions or the lack of them. They know what their special privileges are and, quite as well, where their limitations begin. If certain prejudices and handicaps still exist, they are aware of them. If new avenues to content or happiness have been opened, they know it. Plenty of them are ready frankly to spread the hand they hold to-day, for they are good players and know which tricks they can take and which they must inevitably lose.

IV

The physical contrast between the unmarried women of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is the thing one sees first, and it is delightful to consider. The contrast, of course, is not based on any shift of styles or the admitted improvement in taste, but on the way the unmarried woman of to-day measures up with the contemporary married woman, as compared with the old maid of yesterday and her married sister. The spinster of the last generation, that often pathetic figure, wearing clothes which must never be too conspicuous and were often a little shabby, the spinster for whom anything was good enough if it was warm and neat—because nobody was going to look at her twice anyhow—is gone forever. The single woman of to-day is probably, if one excepts a very small group of wealthy and luxurious leaders of fashion, as well dressed and well groomed as any woman in the world. She is usually very fit and keeps herself that way. Even when she has no beauty, she has learned to substitute a "type value" for beauty and chooses her clothes to accentuate her good points. She knows how to buy; and because she is spending money which she has earned, she has both assurance and discretion. She is a far less worried and uncertain shopper than most of the fuddled married women who clutter the stores with their indecisions.

More than that, the unmarried woman keeps her looks, and for that there is good reason. In the first place her life is apt to be fairly regular in its habits, and even when she carries heavy business responsibilities or a great amount of routine work, even when she plays about a great deal, she is not haunted and pursued by the extra duty and the unexpected worry which are so often part of married life. She has no husband whose worries and moods double her own. She is not

struck with terror by the mounting fever of a child or kept up night after night watching the progress of some infection. Those are the things that age married women and put the tired lines around their eyes and mouths. The unmarried woman sells much of her time. She does not give it away in the reckless way a married woman must, for an uncertain reward, which may be great or may be paid only in pain. And so at thirty-five or forty the single woman looks fresher and younger than many a married woman of the same age and has the means of upkeep at her right hand.

It is not always true, of course. There is no perfection in such a comparison, nor is there meant to be. There are innumerable cases which fairly clamor for exception. But just as a composite picture of the diffident or embittered old maid of the last century lingers in our minds, so the type of to-day begins to appear. On the street you do not recognize old maids and spinsters any more. You cannot pick them out. But you will be conscious of an increasing number of women who are alert, handsomely dressed, of spirited carriage; and that is the composite picture of to-day's unmarried woman. You may be very sure she has a fur coat.

V

You see her practically everywhere. Perhaps that is because she so often has a car of her own. More likely it is because that erstwhile shyness at being seen in public places "without a man" has dwindled to nothing. That protection which a male escort gave and which has been growing more and more theoretical with the abandonment of armor and the increasing of street lights has been found to be dispensable. Women can go about alone or together, and if no other idiosyncrasy marks them they have ceased to be conspicuous. If freedom for women meant making theaters and restaurants and hotels places where women might appear unescorted, without exciting comment in others or embarrassment in themselves, we surely have it. What that has meant in widened horizons and enriched experience cannot be measured.

Considering, for what slight illustrative value it may have, seven unmarried women whose ages range from twenty-eight to forty and in whose lives I am affectionately interested, it is notable that six of them drive their own cars. One of the cars is a rattle-trap Ford, which to the owner's amused dismay was recently valued at twenty-five dollars, and one is an expensive sedan. Of the six who drive, five bought their own cars out of their earnings. The sixth happens to have an income which makes the exercise of her profession financially unnecessary.

Four of them have traveled in Europe and Asia in the last few years and one has traveled in this country. Their occupations vary. They embrace clerical work, selling, creative work, social service, and the learned professions. Two are educators. They surely offer an example of the variety of women's work to-day. They live in different parts of the country and have widely differing backgrounds, habits, and environments.

They are not aggressive feminists. In each of them an interest in women is greatly subordinated to an interest in life, and in their particular kind of work. But there is not one of them who would not, without the slightest self-consciousness, go anywhere she thought necessary or advisable, and who does not feel entirely competent to handle her affairs and herself under conditions imposed by travel and strange surroundings. They are free to go as they please, with only the normal limitations of time, good taste, and income to restrain them and none of the artificial ones made of a prudish public opinion. They are intelligent and delightful companions and their variety of information is always astonishing. It would be hard to pick at random seven married women who

could match them for intelligence and whose pooled experience could approach the combined experience of these single ones. So much has freedom to say for itself and its physical accomplishments.

Of course travel is not necessarily a perquisite of spinsterhood, and it would be unfair to over-emphasize the globe-trotting of the unmarried. They do no more than their fair share. Traveling is expensive. But there is no denying that the single woman is surer of her vacation and freer to take it when the time comes than the majority of other people. Like most of the other things in her life, she can count on it. She can plan it. She may not have much money but she knows how much she has and how far in the direction of her desires it will take her. She is independent.

Not just for the heyday, either, or for the adventurous years. She can plan her independence so that it will last indefinitely, and she has plenty of good business advice to help her. Now that the unmarried women of the world handle a large amount of money they have become a special class of investors. All sorts of things are devised for them. They find perpetual independence and security planned for them by all the insurance companies, and hundreds of safe and sure schemes for investing and accumulating their savings are offered. There is really not much reason why a woman who earns her own living and escapes ill health should fear financial dependence in her old age, if she invests even a portion of her income as she goes along. Of course it will usually not mean affluence, but it can be enough to take the edge off that awful fear of dependence founded only too well on fact in the last generation, when unmarried women had to be taken care of like so many invalids. One recalls the remark of Lolly Willowes, when she was conversing pleasantly with the Devil about women, "They are so dependent on others and their dependence so soon becomes a nuisance."

Well, they aren't dependent any more unless they are shiftless, ill, or play in very bad luck. They have no more chance of becoming dependent than the average man has—a human chance, in other words. With the help of any honest insurance company, the unmarried woman can easily give her old age a dowry.

So there she is: rather handsome, well dressed, weighing almost exactly what she should, with her holidays, her fund of knowledge and experience, and her neat little bit of financial security. She may have an apartment of her own where she can have the possessions which she finds stimulating or beautiful. It may be a simple or a luxurious establishment. Perhaps it has only one room, but to that, at least, she has her own key. What more can she ask? Unless her desires are fantastic in proportion to her income—a condition which is usually incurable and much more apt to attack married women than unmarried ones—what more does she need?

She doesn't actually need anything more. But she wants more. She wants her life to be important and valuable, to have either great work or vital relationships that may make life dangerous but also render it precious and worth running risks for. She can take care of herself, this modern spinster. No one has to worry about that. But being happy or satisfied is another matter.

VI

As I said before, in offering a reason for bringing up the discussion at all, women have been finding out that most of the work in the world is dull stuff. Looked at coldly for what it is and not as a magical release from something else, this work is largely a task of keeping things going, of taking dictation and checking over accounts, of answering telephone calls and adjusting minor matters, of trying to sell things that people are reluctant to buy, clothes and soap and insurance policies and manuscripts. Nearly every kind of work is

ninety per cent routine. Women soon discovered that the work in shops and offices, which had appeared so much more glamorous than schoolrooms, could be as dull as teaching small children how to spell. Advancement was slow and opportunities for personal distinction rare. Men in business and industry, when seen close up, were not the brilliant and daring financiers that distance had made them, but hard-working, often harassed men, usually married, not always pleasant to work for. The excitement of lunching daily in the city turned into the routine of the nearest small restaurant with its unappetizing succession of foods. And after a little while an assistant is only one more assistant, a buyer only one more buyer, instead of being adventurers into the world of industry. There is a certain amount of "future" for them usually, sometimes quite limited in scope and reward. Nothing brilliant, nothing to dazzle the imagination in most cases.

There were a good many wealthy girls who were caught in that gold rush after new opportunities for women. When the thing flattened out for them they did the natural thing. They chucked the jobs, sold out the little subsidized shops, and went back to look the marriage market over. If marriage did not materialize, they had kept enough of their independences to make a good showing without a husband. There was no question of going back to the state of being somewhat hesitant and embarrassed spinsters. They went about and dressed well and talked well and often maintained their own charming and vivid establishments.

It is worth a moment's attention to see how spinsterhood works out for them. A leisure class, married or unmarried, is always quite unimportant except as it sets standards or colors ideals. In this country it is always the woman of fashion who is pacemaker, in fashion, in habits, and ideals. She is the person who is watched to see what she is wearing, thinking, smoking, saying. Everything she chooses and everything she does is subject to imitation. Perhaps it ought not to be so, but so it happens to be. By taking a look at wealthy, unmarried women, we are, therefore, looking at a group which has a good deal of influence and which contributes to the general habits of the contemporary spinster, as well as sharing many of her discontents and limitations.

Naturally they are not all of one temperament, nor of several. They vary in attractiveness. Some of them are exceedingly popular and build up an exciting social life and some cultivate an eccentricity of habit and taste which lets all invitations go by the board. Some profess a deep interest in music or art or literature and focus their lives on promoting that interest, becoming connoisseurs and specialists in an amateur way. There is a story in each case, widely differing stories in theme, psychology, and treatment. But in two ways, at least, these women are all alike, all marked with one stamp. They do not have a normal social life, no matter how good a time they may be having, and they do not have a normal release for the deepest emotions in them, which must, therefore, either atrophy or torture them or find an unnatural and illicit outlet.

In a great many women I think they atrophy very pleasantly. It is not such a tragedy to have the passions diminish as a great many excited people think. I know some unmarried women who are the best company imaginable and add immensely to the success of a party. They are good to look at and stimulating to talk to. They carry on a flirtation very deftly, often a semi-intellectual one which does no great harm, if any, and certainly disturbs no domestic relationship. Out of these surface flirtations they seem to get all the stimulation they need for their not very demanding emotions. A regret, a mild desire, is all they give and all they get. And as the years go on they are still pleasant company and will no doubt continue to be admired and liked until admiration is

transfused into friendship. That is not unpleasant. Among these women are some of the best bridge players in the country, some of the best conversationalists, some excellent dancers. They are the kind of women who are beyond gossip, to a great extent, and who are asked out to dinner with a man while his wife is away. If the social circle is large enough, they are asked about constantly; for some wife is always having a baby, or an operation, or going to Florida for a rest. It is not an existence to be sneezed at.

But it is not practicable for every unmarried woman, even among those who can afford it. It demands a lightness of touch and great adaptability. There are some single women who find that their feelings ride them too hard for that kind of life. They ride them into dissatisfactions, into jealousy of what other women have and they have not. This is especially true of women who find, when they are past the natural marrying age, either through deliberation or chance, that they want a husband after all. There are a great many women who blossom late and find their natural desires too late. The men of their own generation have not waited for them. Most desirable men marry early. There is a generosity and sweetness and natural devotion in most young men which leads them into marriage when they are young. Of course, they may come out again, but if they do they are not looking for women of their own age. And a further tragic thing is that some of these women who want to be married so badly and come to the realization of it at length have no charm or provocation to help them. Perhaps they never had or perhaps they lost it in their years of dallying. Spinsters of this generation or any other, past or future, lose their naïveté. And it is that quality which men so love and buy at such great price. They pass by women who would make admirable and successful wives, who want bitterly to have children, and choose some thin-minded girl. What is more and so annoying to their critics, they often manage to be happy. And the unmarried woman is tortured by emotions of which she cannot rid herself, and desires which beset her hopelessly. She is lucky if they do not focus themselves on one person.

There is always that third possibility of the extra-marital love-affair, the illicit outlet for emotions, which is so widely hinted at. But the guesswork is so extreme and the statistics gathered from various questionnaires so fumbling and incomplete that it is better to leave it alone. Any man's guess is as good as the next one's as to the extent of secret adventuring of this sort. I have never seen much evidence that it was general. Against it stand the natural barriers of shyness and virginity which every passing year reinforces in women. It is in the young that these barriers fall readily before casual attack. Nor does opportunity for such affairs seem to stalk women in the same way men claim to be beset. Plenty of women go through life without being insulted. There is this also to be remembered, as we leave the point. What unmarried women want is compensation for loneliness, satisfaction for emotional hunger. And if there is anything in the world more lonely and more unsatisfying than the usual illicit love-affair, the world is keeping it hid.

VII

We have considered these possibilities as affecting the unmarried woman of leisure, but going from that group to the vastly larger and infinitely more important group of women who work, they are not too gravely altered. Here, of course, one instantly excepts—and it is high time to do so—the women who have found satisfaction in their work, who are content with it and their status. These are the women whose investment in an unmarried life has turned out well and is bringing them in a good return. It is not always in money, although it may be that. There are creative artists

and scientists and women politicians and business women and educators, women in countless and varied fields who have made their way to distinction and become valuable because of their work. They have thoroughly occupied lives. They have no time for much social life, so they do not greatly miss it. They have pleasures and diversions, of course, but their work is their great and absorbing preoccupation.

The only pity is that there are not more of them, and never can be more than a handful as compared to the hosts of unmarried women who work. This small group, with its hand-made contentments, can never absorb all the spinsters who are working and playing without satisfaction and who are frankly confessing that they think they are only "half living." It is amazing, too, how many even of these women who are successful, who have found a place of importance for themselves, will echo that general feeling with the remark that "an unmarried woman's life is bound to be limited—" in spite of success.

That is not always the expression of any conscious repression or curiosity. It is a conviction, coming more and more to the surface as the unmarried working woman takes stock of her condition. Some who are clever and wise and gifted and lucky can always make satisfactions for themselves, in marriage or out of it. But theirs are the high places and the exceptional work. The ordinary job in the hands of the ordinary woman does not offer such chances for fine workmanship, even if the ordinary woman had great skill, and she has not.

What is it she lacks? Probably those same two things that the woman of leisure lacks if she does not marry, a normal social life and a normal release for her emotions. After all, the normal social unit is made up of a man and a woman, in love, courting, or married. The unmarried woman who has made a job the other half of her social unit is bound to be somewhat extraneous, somewhat out of the social picture.

She has pleasant friends. There are the married couples whom she knows quite intimately. She sends Christmas presents to their children and they illegally call her "aunt." She is privileged to drop in for dinner informally and is the first one to see the new baby. Sometimes, with the sweet delight of Grizel, the baby charms her and she covets one of her own; but just as often she does not, for a great many women do not yearn for children, sentimentality and a good deal of Barrie to the contrary notwithstanding. But yearn or not, she does feel left out.

She has much the same relations with husbands that the unmarried woman of leisure has in more sophisticated circles. There is no passionate relation but every once in a while a trace of sentiment appears. Once in a while she feels some married man wishing that he were free. But there is usually nothing said, and she does not exaggerate his mood. All she gets from it is a little decent exhilaration.

Being the family friend, she knows how often the situation between husband and wife becomes strained, and she is rather good at bridging over minor crises in other people's homes. There are times when she feels useful and almost indispensable. But there comes along the little dinner party or the dance, and the fact that she is an unmarried woman, a half of a couple, rears its head again. So she is left out and knows it and feels it. Not that she cares for either dinner or dance.

There are women friends in her own life. Four of them can be rounded up for a game of bridge or one of them picked as a theater guest. She does not have to accept invitations which do not attract her. And how she wins there over the married man and woman who sometimes find their greatest grievance the eternal and inescapable traveling in pairs!

She knows unmarried men. The one who takes her out to dinner once in a while, when she suspects that he wants

to clear his mind of some preoccupation which has been more emotional; the one who has her on a list of others and makes a social habit of good-looking, unmarried women; the one who is not in a position to marry; the one living apart from his wife.

Or perhaps she does not know any unmarried men, and the married ones pay little or no attention to her. She is with women most of the time, with her sister, her mother, her friends of whom she is very fond and who are really very congenial. But in spite of their congeniality, there are times when the group seems tragically unsatisfying. She sees other women with men and again has that feeling of being left out, of having a door slammed in her face.

It is not that she exaggerates the felicities of marriage. Many a clear-eyed girl, for all her loneliness and discontent, would hate to risk it. If she has been working with men she knows their vanities and their weaknesses and a good many of their evasions. She knows how marriage has wrecked the pretty girl who left the office two years ago and made an old woman of her already. She is well informed on the gamble of the relations of men and women. She has read books and seen plays and heard many informing things. Perhaps she has grown a little selfish, a little over-individualized, and the thought of the necessary sharing which almost any marriage entails is distasteful. She may be intensely curious about marriage but not game enough to chance it, especially with the man she might have if she cared to. She has, you see, grown "choosey," better in judgment but far less impulsive than if she had married at twenty.

Then why not be content with her job, which gives her the same independence that a man has? She tries to rest back on that, but it is difficult because there are fallacies pricking her. With most men a job is a means to an end, a means to the support or partial support of a home and a wife. With an independent woman the job is too often a means without an end.

She often does things for other people. She may support some member of her family. But, kind and necessary as such obligations are, they are rarely quite as vital as the thing a man is working for. That is the trouble with the establishments, large or small, poor or luxurious, of the unmarried woman. A home is vitalized by the intensity of the human relationships which go on within it, or by the memory of those relationships. The home which a single woman has may be beautiful and it may be gay, but only in exceptional cases does it become more than a headquarters, a lodging, or a place to have parties. All the exceptional cases give cause for rejoicing and great good cheer. But there are not enough of them.

It is that sense of being an onlooker which the unmarried woman has not been able to do away with, the feeling that she is not quite a full participant in life. So much of the rest that was unpleasant about spinsterhood has been scrapped—the shyness, the repressions, the lack of dignity. So much is gone that the situation is entirely tolerable for any woman who does not, through chance or intent, happen to marry. She can work. She can have a good deal of fun. She can command respect. But the ordinary job will not compensate for everything.

Well, for that matter, neither does marriage, no matter what fine and newfangled arrangements we try to make for its budgeting and tenure. The curious thing is that all our new social arrangements, about which we have gone into such a flutter of excitement, have disturbed the depths so little. The psychology of the relationships between men and women changes slowly, if at all. The most we seem able to do is to stiffen and strengthen men and women to stand up to them.

Conclusions, except in scientific investigations, are always apt to be artificial. One of the most incurable of literary

habits is to follow life around, trying to sweep up every day, to alter the natural disorder and make neat arrays of conclusions. It is a futile business, for that beautiful sloven, life, keeps things in such a condition that even if we tidy up one corner we make no impression on the general confusion, and if we hunt for Peter we are lucky to find Paul.

So, having hunted for some answer to the dissatisfactions of the unmarried woman, perhaps we find that the convent teaching was the best, after all. Every woman has a calling to one of three honorable conditions. No guarantee of a brilliant life or an easy one, or a life without sorrow, goes with any of them. I wonder if women have not grown a little greedy and expect too much? And possibly some of them have missed their vocations or not made the most of them. It is very sad when that happens. But perhaps it will not happen so often now that a false glamour is fading, both from the married and the unmarried life. If it does happen, even then there are always possibilities of adjustment. For making the best of a bargain, good or bad, has always been one of women's great accomplishments.

OTHER MANSIONS

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

THEY called him blind because the world was dim,
And all its nearer doors were closed to him.
Yet he could see thought-shapes of color burn
In slow, cold fire across the sudden rim
Of other worlds, and glimmer, and return,
And he had taught an inner eye to mark
The golden feet of silence in the dark.

They called him deaf! And yet his sensitive ear,
Close to the tireless heart of earth, could hear
The cool, soft tumult of unuttered grass.
And clearer than a crystal bell is clear,
He heard the message that is April pass.
Closed to the upper world's more obvious sound,
He knew a thousand secrets, underground.

They called him lame! As though he might not touch
A space beyond the reaches of his crutch!
They could not know the west wind lent him wings,
Or feel across his cushioned chair, as much
As he, the breathless speed of inner things.
The blind, the lame, the deaf! What they shall tell
Some day, of other mansions where they dwell!

SARAH BERNHARDT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

SARAH BERNHARDT'S superbly characteristic motto was *Quand même—Even if—What if it does—No matter!* Take the sweet of life, crowd it full of beauty and splendor, make a tumultuous riot and revel of it. No matter if disasters come, and diseases, and decay; no matter if crooked fortune does her spitefullest, you will have had your hour and made the most of it—*Quand même.*

Assuredly no career could be more startling or more picturesque. Born in Holland, in 1844, of dubious paternity, Jewish in origin, Catholic and conventual in training, sometimes fondled and petted by her mother, sometimes neglected and abandoned for months together, the child was finally flung into the whirlpool of the Parisian theater. For years she struggled perilously, escaping disaster by miracle, but her genius and her magnificent courage and persistence brought her to the top, not only of Paris but of the world, and made her one of the most known and notable figures of her day. When she died, at eighty, she was still a superbly creative spirit, capable of weaving life out of her vitals with a gorgeous sheen of silken splendor.

My concern is not so much with Sarah Bernhardt's art in the abstract as with her human personality and characteristics; but it should be recognized and established at the beginning that, however different critics may estimate her various impersonations, she was a most important figure in the dramatic life of her day. She had an immense influence on the art of acting, on the methods of play-writing, on the forms of stage production; and the history of the theater for the last fifty years could hardly be written without her. Above all, it is necessary, in connection with her art, to take into account the peculiar elements of her material personality, her extreme slenderness, giving an ethereal quality to everything she did, her mobility, her sensibility, her emotional subtlety, and power of adaptation. And then there was the voice, the voice of gold, which has been eulogized by so many critics and sung by so many poets. We do not generally consider Mr. Lytton Strachey inclined to excessive enthusiasm, but even he breaks out into lyrical rapture over the voice of Sarah Bernhardt, "The secret of that astounding utterance baffles the imagination. The words boomed and crashed with a superhuman resonance which shook the spirit of the hearer like a leaf in the wind. The *voix d'or* has often been raved over; but in Sarah Bernhardt's voice there was more than gold, there was thunder and lightning, there was heaven and hell."

When we turn from the abstract artist to the human being, we are on more tangible ground. In the first place, Sarah was a worker, a tremendous, natural worker, who set out to do things, and did them, and got them done. There was a furious rush, a sense of constant hurry and pressure about the woman's life at all times, which sometimes suggests that there may have been more bustle than actual labor. Yet, for all this apparent superficial confusion, good observers insist upon the enormous power of accomplishment. As Mr. Maurice Baring puts it, "Her energy, the

amount of hard work she accomplished, were frightening to think of. Her recreation was change of work. She could command sleep when she wished, but she never rested. Yet she was fundamentally sensible." The last comment is one never to be lost sight of with Bernhardt.

One asks oneself how much abstract, theoretical thinking she did about her art. In the rush and tumult of her life general ideas somehow seem to find little place. At least I get little suggestion of them. It does not appear that she ever had much formal education, or that she ever read widely or thought much on general subjects of any kind as, for example, Charlotte Cushman did. I am not sure that she even speculated much on the general principles of acting. Her little book on *The Art of the Theatre* is extraordinarily acute in detail, but does not show the larger movement of psychological analysis. On the other hand, everything that keen perception, instinctive and subtle sympathy and comprehension, imaginative penetration could do was done immediately and with complete and finished effect. For her art was essentially an art of instinct and sympathy. She wanted to be aroused, stirred, excited, fired, inspired by the situation and the circumstances, and then she could throw herself into the character with all the power and the energy that were in her.

Sarah Bernhardt had in a high degree the artist's peculiar combination of sensibility to the beautiful with the eager desire to create it. The ordinary person, even when richly endowed with such sensibility, is content to let beauty come to him, to open his senses to it, to absorb it and appreciate it and forget it. But such perception at once and at all times stimulates the artist to assert his own power and personality in the production of beauty of his own. So it was with Bernhardt. This desire even took varied artistic forms. Sometimes she was determined to paint, busied herself with lines and colors till it seemed as if the theater were forgotten. Again, it was all sculpture, and curiously enough, the other great tragic actress, Mrs. Siddons, also in her old age developed a passion for working with clay. It is characteristic of Sarah that, when she began work of this kind, she finished it. She may have destroyed it afterwards, as the bust of Rothschild, which she smashed before his face, just when he had drawn her a check for ten thousand francs. But, good, bad, or indifferent, the work had to be done.

After all, however, these things were avocations and side issues. And her real life, her real existence, was on the stage. It is probably true of all artists that in a sense they do not live for themselves at all, that is, they do not give themselves up to pure, simple, intense, natural living for itself. There is always the sense of the "double life," which Sarah suggests in the sub-title of her *Mémoires*, always the consciousness of standing apart and observing oneself, of getting out of every passion and experience something to enlarge and enrich and develop the permanent artistic production that is all you care for. The result of this is a curious blend of reality and artificiality, varying in its proportions with the type of artist and with the individual, but probably most intense and most complicated of all with the actor, whose everyday life is so fleeting and uncertain and whose artistic life is so dominating and so pervasive. And certainly no artist, theatrical or other, ever effected a more complete intermingling and reaction of art and life than did Sarah Bernhardt. When she was off the stage she always seemed to be acting; she always seemed to be living when she was on it.

II

This does not mean that she did not live at all times with passionate veracity; most of all, the veracity was evident in all the varieties of human relations. The temperament of the artist

appears again, I think, especially in these, because I do not find that she really lived very much for anyone but herself, or ever much lost her identity in that of anyone else. But human beings were immensely necessary to her, in all possible connections; and if she did not give to them, she took from them, enormously, which, after all, involves a certain amount of giving.

Her family relations were curious. Her father was little more than a phantom. But her mother and her two sisters she was very close to at times, close to, yet worlds remote from. For they were all much like butterflies—when they were not like cats: they flitted, and quivered, and kissed, with sudden, astonishing propensities to scratch, as in Sarah herself.

Did she get much more out of her son, Maurice? Madame Berton, who has narrated Sarah's career with such minute, if not always very amicable, fidelity, insists that mother love was an overpowering and developing motive, and that the necessity of providing for her child was the mainspring of Sarah's devotion to her art. This is absurd; and all the children in the world would not have made her an actress, or prevented her being one. No doubt she was attached to Maurice. No doubt she was proud of him. No doubt she made sacrifices for him, after her fashion. The risk of her life, to get him out of her burning apartment, as she did, in spite of her inborn horror of fire, was just the sort of thing that would have appealed to her at any time. But I do not gather that Maurice's companionship or sympathy really meant much in her life. Perhaps she got as much out of him as parents usually do.

In the same way with Sarah's innumerable love affairs—it does not appear that she ever really gave herself, or lost herself. There was infinite curiosity, eagerness, the sense of adventure, the desire to probe, to investigate, to explore other thoughts, other hearts, other souls; there is no suggestion of complete abandon or self-surrender. Even the eccentric marriage to the Greek actor Damala in 1882 does not seem to be any marked exception to the rule. It was simply a *toquade*, a wild, erratic fancy. Sarah took a notion to run off with the man to England, broke all her engagements, and paid a huge forfeit on her contract. She sent two telegrams to Sardou. The first ran, "I am going to die and my greatest regret is not having created your play. Adieu!" The second followed, "I am not dead, I am married." And when Sardou asked her later why the devil she married, she replied, "Why? Because it was the only thing I had never done." She stuck to her drug-besotted husband till his death, seven years later, with an obstinate racial loyalty that was very characteristic. But the whole affair seems to have been mainly a conflict of sex-vanities, in which Sarah got rather the worst of it.

The two things that are really significant about Sarah's amorous connections are first that she loved for love or for character or for position, but not for money: her lovers were not idle sons of rich men. And secondly, her love appears to have inspired, ennobled, enriched life, instead of degrading it. As Madame Berton puts it, admirably, "The influence she exerted on her century in matters of art was incalculable. To painters she would say, 'If you love me, then paint a masterpiece and dedicate it to me.' To poets she would say, 'If it is true that you love me, you will write a poem about me that will live when we both are dead.'" And Alexandre Dumas Fils once summed up the same thing, "She drives me mad when I am with her. She is all temperament and no heart; but when she is gone, how I work! how I can work!"

So, in all these human relations, more intimate or more remote, it is the same story, always the artist, stimulating, inspiring, but infinitely curious, gathering, not giving, needing, and using, and absorbing, and throwing aside, not so

much from deliberate selfishness or cruelty, as from immense, unbroken preoccupation with the one, huge, engrossing object of life. Through it all, for good, bad, or indifferent, you feel that with Sarah the human element was the one thing which counted. If it were lovers, she must have the best, and as many as possible. If it were admirers and spectators, let them throng to her in untold thousands. If the War came, in 1870, or in 1914, still there were human beings to be thought of and dealt with and appealed to; and in 1870 she gave up her art and threw herself into hospital work with the same furious ardor that she brought to the stage.

The human zest is so constant and so keen and so besetting that you wonder whether it left room for anything else, whether the woman had any inner, solitary life at all. When she was alone, if she ever was, apparently she slept. To be sure, in one irritated moment she cries out, in her *Mémoires*, "I detest frequented walks, I adore deserted regions and solitary places." But this is only to make an effective antithesis, and I gravely doubt whether she ever relished solitude in her life. So with the things that go with solitude, for example, God. She had queer attacks of religion in her childhood, both in the convent and out of it. For a time she vibrated between the cloister and the stage. The stage instinct was probably at the bottom of both inclinations, and she herself frankly admits that there was little real devotion about her conventual fancies. She continued a devout Catholic, after her fashion, all her life, and died as one. But what the Almighty thought of her as an adherent, it may be easy to conjecture. And on the spiritual side her career hardly merits extensive study.

No, she was human, always, intensely, passionately, collectively, extensively human, and all her wildest freaks and vagaries, her extraordinary whims and fancies and eccentricities have some bearing on her human interest and are best understood in their human connection.

In a sense all these extravagances were genuine and spontaneous: they were native in the complicated tangle of Sarah's bohemian inheritance; but, whether trivial and insignificant or profound and far-reaching, they were always calculated to impress and startle and bewilder the human beings about her. Thus, the whole world was told of the coffin, which she had made and carried with her everywhere, sometimes sleeping in it or even celebrating an elaborate funeral service. And like Circe, she always had her strange herd of animals—lizards, leopards, alligators, monkeys, lions, not to speak of dogs and cats—which she cherished and petted, partly from genuine love of the creature life and partly to torment and bewilder everybody who had to come in contact with her.

All these actual facts of extravagance were amplified into a mad halo of fiction and legend, like the story that Sarah set her own apartment on fire to get the insurance and make publicity. And where she did not invent or encourage these tales, she at any rate reveled in them, as is clearly indicated in the confession of her *Mémoires*, "Although I had then fully reached the age of reason, I took pleasure in this mischievous childishness, which I always regret afterwards, and always renew, since even to-day, after the days, the weeks, the months, the years that I have lived, I take infinite pleasure in playing tricks." The notable point is that through all this mad, freakish frolic the one thing that is always taken seriously is Sarah herself. There is not a trace of the subtle dissolution of self, of the vast sense of personal insignificance, which haunted, for example, Charles Lamb, or Sarah's contemporary on the stage, Joseph Jefferson. Self is the one thing that is not laughable under any circumstances. The universe is Bernhardt, and Bernhardt is the universe: there is absolutely nothing else in it.

III

What is most interesting and significant about all these freaks and extravagances of Sarah's is their value for publicity and advertising. As it happened, her career was almost synchronous with that of Barnum, the great wizard of notoriety creation, and with the enormous development of newspaper activity that characterized the middle of the nineteenth century. Certainly no actor ever before had a tithe of the general printed notice that fell to Sarah Bernhardt. The peculiar characteristics of her personality were registered and trumpeted and enlarged, till it seemed as if Barnum could have done no more for his most cherished monstrosity.

Yet all the time it must be remembered that Sarah was not only a popular phenomenon, but an artist of real genius, a great actress, a creator, and a poet. That is what gives her case its importance and curiosity. Every possible use was made of ingenious advertising, but the thing advertised was worth while and of enduring value. Of course Whistler offers a somewhat similar instance. The genius was undoubted, but the methods of getting it before the public were sometimes startling, to say the least. Perhaps one may adduce Mr. Bernard Shaw in the same lines. Mr. Shaw's genius is as real as Bernhardt's or Whistler's, but neither of them was a more skilful artist in drawing public attention. And one wonders sometimes what would have been Shakespeare's attitude towards such procedure. Shakespeare was a shrewd man of business, and the hard experience of life had taught him the value of coin and the difficulty of getting it. Would he have utilized publicity to the full and developed unheard of resources in it? If he had, we may at least be sure that he would have done it with a smile at himself, like Whistler and Mr. Shaw, and unlike Bernhardt.

There are various interesting questions in regard to Bernhardt's attitude in the matter. First, how far were the eccentricities cultivated and developed with a consciousness of their publicity value? I have already insisted that they were native and inborn. So they undoubtedly were. At the same time, human nature—Sarah's human nature, above all—being what it is, when the profit of such things becomes increasingly obvious, it was hardly to be supposed that the tendency to them would diminish: it certainly did not.

Again, one asks, not only how far did Sarah deliberately supply the material for the notoriety, but how far did she encourage and support it? She knew perfectly well that the newspapers and the world rang with her oddities and vagaries. Just how far did her hand in the matter reach? It is difficult to say exactly. In her *Mémoires* she of course deprecates any such agency whatever. What had she to do with it? Yet it is hard to believe that the publicity would have flourished without the artist's connivance, and one inclines to think that, like Shaw and Whistler, she was quite as much of an artist in getting her work known as in creating it.

Again, there is the question, how far she not only stimulated publicity, but enjoyed it. No doubt there were times when the boredom was intolerable. Reporters, especially in America, were silly and intrusive and wearisome. Publicity carried with it its necessary burden, not only of tediousness but of actual hostility and spite: "Ah! success! With what a strong chain it rivets one and how painful it sometimes is! How many times the noise made around me, the good said in my favor, the bad written against me have invaded my tranquillity and created an atmosphere of battle! Jealous friends, secret or open enemies, into what turmoil have you not often thrust me! And how many times have I not been accused of an immoderate liking for advertisement!" But it has not been discovered that these drawbacks of glory are sufficient to induce anyone to throw it away.

The final question is, how much Sarah profited practically by the huge notoriety, and the answer is that her financial gains were constant and very considerable. She was clear-headed and cold-blooded, when it suited her, and she knew just when, just where, and just how the francs and the dollars came. Madame Berton asserts that "altogether she brought back considerably more than six million dollars" from the United States; and if this is somewhat fantastic, the actual product must have been large enough.

And every bit of the money was needed and spent, for, earn as vastly as she could, her outlay was usually in excess of her earning. She could not hold on to money, did not care to. She lavished it on whims of all sorts, took a pride and pleasure in doing so. She lent and gave as freely as she spent for herself, so that finally, in a crisis, she murmured, "All my life, it seems, I have been making money for others to spend." How vivid is the picture that Clarétie gives of these financial comings and goings. "She laughed at everything, with the utmost cheerfulness. In her dressing-room the money that she daily received evaporated like the solution of gold in *aqua regia*. During the *entr'-acte* there was, as it were, a hand-to-mouth distribution of her daily receipts in all sorts of fractions, by hundred francs, by twenty francs. Fifteen hundred francs was paid her. Quick! The distribution, the pillage, the slaughter! Poor woman! 'This is yours, Madame G.' A bouquet to pay for, 'Good! There you are.' 'Here, you, take this! Carry it to the coiffeur.' 'Ah! something on account for X—something for Z— Well, what is it now? T wrote me this morning. I'll send him this, and he will be patient a little longer.' Then, laughing still, 'What have I got left? Fifteen francs. Bah! With fifteen francs, you don't die of hunger. But just go and change this five franc piece for me. I've got to have some change to pay the cabman.' So it went every night."

It was not exactly that she did not have the making of a business woman in her. It is curious how much of that woman there was in these great tragic actresses. Mrs. Siddons was a hard money-maker, who had the keenest eye for a bargain. You have only to read Charlotte Cushman's manuscript letters in the Shaw Collection to see what her business habits were. And Sarah was as keen as either of them to know a good trade and follow it up. But her bohemian training made her incurably erratic, and still more, she took a pride in her financial indifference.

Yet this woman undertook to manage theaters, just as a somewhat similar dreamer, Edwin Booth did but, curiously enough, she was far more successful than Booth. The erratic habits always seemed destined to wreck her. What saved her, what enabled her to do what she wanted in the world, was her magnificent power over people. She got the actors she wanted, she got the managers she wanted, she got the authors she wanted, and she made them all do what she wanted. That was perhaps her greatest gift and the richest instrument of her financial as of other success. I don't know anything in this line that has impressed me more than her conquest of Roosevelt. Naturally there was no sex in the matter, at least not directly, it was simply a case of one soul of power recognizing another. But she had a letter from Roosevelt, which she treasured, and with reason, "I have altered my plans so as to arrive in Paris after you return from Spain. I could not come to Paris and miss seeing my oldest and best friend there." And when she showed the letter, she murmured, perhaps with a certain reason also, "Ah, but that man and I, we could rule the world!"

With this magic gift of dominating and swaying hearts, it was natural that fortunes should come to her as lightly as they departed. It seemed as if she had but to hold out her hand and money would flow into it. Only, as often as not, the hand was held out wrong side up.

IV

But let no eager aspirant for dramatic success imagine that Sarah's career was an unbroken triumph or a shadowless course of easy felicity. It was far, far the contrary, and no doubt she often pictured it to herself as a series of struggles and difficulties and obstacles that had to be eluded or surmounted or blown or blasted away. As Maurice Baring describes it, "The whole of Sarah Bernhardt's art life was a fight against apparently insurmountable difficulties."

There was health, and in the early years this seemed to be an insuperable obstacle to success. Sarah's voice was weak, and her extreme physical tenuity appeared to be incompatible with stage impressiveness. She was always fainting, or collapsing, or giving out in some way at inopportune moments. But she showed a superhuman skill in turning her very defects to excellences; and her own account of the triumph of spiritual resource over fleshly weakness is most extraordinary, above all in just the touch of melodrama which is peculiarly characteristic. It seems that, in desperation over her failures and the disgust of Perrin, the director of the *Français*, she had made up her mind that she never could succeed, and one day, when she was playing the tragic part of Zaïre, she decided to throw herself into it with such fury of passion as in her exhausted state would necessarily be fatal. She carried out her suicidal determination to the full, pouring into the part a tempest of excitement which she thought she could not possibly survive. What happened? Not only did she achieve a sudden and immense success, but she found herself physically—or spiritually—remade. "I hopped up lightly for the recall, and greeted the public without exhaustion, without weakness, quite ready to begin the play all over again. And I marked this performance with a white stone, for from that day on I understood that my vital forces were at the service of my brain. I had tried to follow the impulse of my intelligence, all the time believing that this impulse would be too violent for my physical energy to sustain it. And when I had done everything I tried to do, I found that the balance of mental and physical was perfect. Then I began to see the possibility of realizing what I had dreamed."

Again, there was the obstacle of stage-fright, which haunted Sarah from the beginning to the end of her career. Once more curiously characteristic is the fighting spirit in which she met this difficulty as well as others. When she had a struggle to face, she faced it, and never gave way, "I who am so liable to stage-fright had no fear, for with me stage-fright assumes a curious form; in front of a public which I feel to be hostile for one reason or another, I am free from all stage-fright; I have only one idea, one resolve: to subjugate the refractory audience. In front of a benevolent public, on the other hand, I am alarmed lest I should not come up to expectations and stage-fright grips me imperiously." But the strain of the battle was exhausting, all the same, and it was hard to say which took more out of you, the public that was benevolent or the public that was not; and the path to glory, whether it led to the grave or elsewhere, was one of incessant struggle and war.

There was war with the human elements about you, also, at all times, and of all human elements undoubtedly the most vexing and distracting was yourself, at any rate when you are constituted as was Sarah Bernhardt. There was the petulant, devouring fury of her inborn temper, which she inherited from her mother. In her childhood her fits of frenzy developed into absolute collapse. She not only had the fury of temper, she had a native quickness of tongue and a burning outspokenness, which fostered hostility even where she had no intention of doing so. As to whether she was fundamentally jealous of her fellows, there may be more question. She herself would never admit it. Her bitter enemy, Marie Colombier, insists that

"she proved herself jealous of all her comrades, jealous of even her sisters." Probably she was not less inclined than others to dislike the success of her rivals and even to belittle it, for in this as in everything she was constantly and enormously human.

In any case, with her temperament as it was, she had her difficulties with humanity, plenty of them, at all times and in all varieties. Perhaps the most of these were with her fellow-actors. It must be admitted that in some cases she cherished long and loyal friendships. And Sarah herself makes a very curious comment, that she finds much more pettiness and hostility and mean jealousy and spite from the men actors than from the women, who, she says, are in the main inclined to be friendly and to get along well with her. This was not always the case, however, for it was an actual slap in the face, given to an older fellow-actress, which made the *Français* impossible for Sarah in the early days, and long, long afterwards the same tendency to actual physical violence would break out when her nerves got too strained and the provocation too desperate.

The relations with managers were no less complicated and difficult than with actors. But to keep in with managers was essential to one's bread and butter, and Sarah had always a shrewd sense of the importance of bread and butter as the first essential of life. Therefore, her managerial history, though checkered by all sorts of flaws and breaks and disasters, was eminently practical. All the same, to have to rehearse her must have been an ordeal for any manager. She had her inspirations of genius; but to meet and deal with her whims and fancies was a task that at times assumed the proportions of a nightmare.

If it was bad for the managers, it was much worse for the authors, since the manager has at least the power of his contract and his forfeit behind him. The poor author could hardly even suggest, he could only obey. How vividly does Clarétie sum up the tragedy that rehearsal meant, after narrating various harrowing incidents in one particular case: "These rehearsals, calculated to drive an author mad, achieved a real celebrity. With interpreters like this woman, who is nevertheless a great artist and in no sort of way a spiteful creature, the author's business becomes a torment. I had rather break stone on the roads than put Sarah Bernhardt through a rehearsal."

Yet was there ever an actress who made the reputation and fortune of more dramatic authors than Sarah Bernhardt did? Coppée and she first soared into glory together. Richepin and Lemaitre owed their chief success to her. Dumas thought nothing of "Camille" till she remade it and made it the triumph of two continents; and it was through her that "Frou-Frou" became Meilhac and Halévy's masterpiece. Sardou gladly recognized that it was the adaptation of her genius to his that gave him wealth and credit, and Rostand was almost her child as well as her lover.

With the critics the story is something the same. Newspaper criticism is the plague, the bane, the horror of every artist, but of the actor most of all, for with the actor it is always most cursory and generally least intelligent. Great actors are apt to proclaim their indifference to it and also to devour every word of it with tortured curiosity. On the whole, Sarah Bernhardt was more fortunate than some others. Heaven knows she got abuse and vilification enough, of her art, of her character, of her extravagances and oddities. But the greatest critics of Paris were usually kind to her. All the same, criticism is a misery at the best. The artist could not flourish without it, but sometimes he feels that he can hardly exist with it, and what appears to him most fretting is the utter unintelligence of it. You could forgive these people anything if only they would make the least effort to understand what you are trying to do.

So the life of the artist, especially of

the dramatic artist, is a long struggle, and that of Sarah Bernhardt was no exception, rather a most vivid illustration of the rule. There are times when the struggle seems intolerable, when the wisest falter and the bravest are ready to give up. Even the self-centered and self-assured Charlotte Cushman was overcome at moments and cried, "Often, as I left the theater and compared my own acting with Rachel's, despair took possession of me and a mad impulse to end life and effort together." If we can accept her own accounts and those of others, Sarah was repeatedly at the point of suicide. What carried her through it all to a triumphant consummation was the magnificent, vital energy and persistence of her character. You could not really discourage her, or dishearten her, or beat her, or kill her. From the beginning she was determined to succeed. "Madame Sand," she said in the early days, "I would rather die than not be the greatest actress in the world." Not only a great actress, you see, but the greatest actress in the world. And on the whole, for her day, she certainly was, and it was sheer will that did it, or at any rate will was the driving force, the same superb will that attracted her in Theodore Roosevelt and made her see herself and him as ruling the world.

It is impossible to give a more vigorous and telling picture of what this driving force was than her own, in association with the careless motto *Quand même*, "They knew that my device, *Quand même*, was not a matter of accident, but the result of deliberate reflection. My mother explained that at nine years old I adopted this device, after a mad leap over a ditch that no one could cross and to which my young cousin had challenged me. I had scratched my face, broken my wrist, bruised my whole body. And while they were carrying me home, I shouted, beside myself: 'I will do it again, I will do it again, if he dares me again, and I will do all my life just what I will to do.'" So she did, as far as a human being may. What gave more than mere erratic violence, more than mere chaotic tumult, to such furious exertion of the will for itself, was a certain pervading, if obscure, sense of the ideal behind it: "My ideal?" said Sarah. "My ideal? But I am still pursuing it. I shall pursue it until my last hour, and I feel that in the supreme moment I shall know the certainty of attaining it beyond the tomb."

V

The result of this determined ambition and prolonged ideal effort was a career of triumph and success hardly paralleled by any other artist either on the stage or off of it. And the peculiar quality of Sarah Bernhardt's success was its inexhaustible novelty, its endless series of developments and surprises and renewals. She did not attain one great climax and stay there or gradually fade away from it. She was always attempting new things and achieving them. As Mr. Baring admirably expresses it, "She spent her life in making discoveries and in surprising the public and her critics by finding out what she could not do and in immediately doing it."

This element of surprise, of perpetually revealing herself, even to herself, is notable all through her life, in the later years just as much as in the earlier. At the Odéon the managers thought nothing of her. She discovered Coppée, and triumphed. She went to the *Français* and repeated the story. She went to London and became the star of the company. She left the *Français* in 1880. Everybody thought it was her ruin. Instead, she went to America, and became the star of the world. When she went back to Paris, the critics thought her head would be turned and she would be no longer capable of serious art. Yet when she played "Phèdre," in 1893, at nearly fifty, Sarcey and Lemaitre raved over her and declared that she was younger and more beautiful than she had ever been. Then she began all over again,

with the creations of Sardou, a new drama and a new style of acting. When this wore thin in Paris, she carried it to America and to Australia, and came back to France to develop a new author and a new art with the romantic plays of Rostand. She lost a leg, and an ordinary actress would have dropped into the infirmary and the invalid chair. Not Sarah. She acted with her voice and her soul, not with her legs, and she went right on. When she produced Racine's "Athalie," in 1920, after the War, every theater in Paris was closed so that her fellow-actors might see her perform once more. On the very eve of her death, when she was nearly eighty, she acted for the movies. The doctors said it would kill her. Perhaps it did. What did she care? She was bound to die fighting.

The priceless privilege of this element of perpetual renewal in Sarah's life was that she escaped the decay and self-survival that disfigure the old age of so many artists, actors and others. Hear what Mrs. Kemble writes of her aunt, Mrs. Siddons, "What a price my aunt Sarah has paid for her great celebrity! Weariness, vacuity, and utter deadness of spirit. The cup has been so highly flavored that life is absolutely without sorrow or sweetness to her now, nothing but tasteless insipidity. She has stood on a pinnacle till all things have come to look flat and dreary, mere shapeless, colorless monotony to her. Poor woman! What a fate to be condemned to and yet how she has been envied and admired!" There was nothing of this decay about Sarah, nothing but superb, mature power and exuberant energy to the very end. Again, there is no trace in her of the haunting melancholy that clung to Edwin Booth even in his days of greatest triumph, or of the subtle sense of dreamy emptiness that Jefferson found in the greatest successes of the stage. Just because she took herself and all her effort so seriously there was no sense of hollowness or emptiness in it at all. You have to look long and closely for even a suggestion of the satiety that almost inevitably follows great spiritual strain and unalloyed success, as in her brief, beautiful phrase, "*Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*" (All fails, all stales, all pales), or in Clarétie's story of her stopping in the midst of a triumphant rehearsal to complain of the tameness of her lot. To be sure, she had everything. "But the end, the end! It is the end that counts. It is the finish that ought to be dramatic and enthralling. Take Rochefort—killed by a ball at the moment of his escape. What an admirable death! That was a climax. Drama! Mystery! Tell me, how do you think I shall end?"

Yet even here, in the touch of satiety and vanity, you get the vitality, the mystery, the suggestion of the unknown that gave a thrill to it all. As she herself puts it, most effectively, in her *Mémoires:* "Always, when circumstances arise to disturb the current of my life, I at first have an impulse of shrinking. For a second I cling to what actually is; then I fling myself headlong into what may be. . . . All at once what is becomes for me what was, and I cherish it with a tender emotion, as if it were something dead. But I adore what is to be. It is the unknown, the alluring, the mysterious. I believe always that it will be the unheard of, and I shudder from head to foot, with a delicious surmise." Always adventure, discovery, experiment, always probe the unknown and reach out for its deepest secrets, *Quand même, Quand même, no matter what happens,* and make it your highest pride to go out of life with the same magnificent zest that you brought into it.

THE SOUTH DEFENDS ITS HERITAGE

BY JOHN CROWE RANSOM

IT IS out of fashion in these days to look backward rather than forward; and about the only American given commonly to this disgraceful conduct is some unreconstructed Southerner, who persists in his regard for a certain terrain, a certain history, and a certain inherited way of living. He is punished as his crime deserves. He feels himself in the American scene as an anachronism, and knows he is felt by his neighbors as a reproach.

Fortunately, he is a tolerably harmless reproach. He is like some quaint local character of eccentric but fixed principles who is thoroughly and almost pridefully accepted by the village as a rare exhibit of the antique kind. His position is secure from the interference of the police, but it is of a rather ambiguous dignity.

I could wish that he were not so entirely taken for granted, and that as a reproach he might bear a barb and inflict a sting.

His fierce devotion is to a lost cause, but I am grieved that his contemporaries are so sure it is lost. They are so far from fearing him and his example that they even in the excess of confidence offer him a little honor, a little petting. As a Southerner, I have observed this indulgence, and I try to be grateful. Obviously, it does not constitute a danger to the Republic; distinctly, it is not treasonable. They are good enough to attribute a sort of glamour to Southern life as it is defined for them in the popular tradition. They like to use the South as the nearest available locus for the scenes of their sentimental songs, and sometimes they send their daughters to the Southern seminaries. Not too much is to be made, of course, of this last graceful gesture. For they do not expose to this hazard their sons, who in our still very masculine order will have to discharge the functions of citizenship, and who must accordingly be sternly educated in the principles of progress at progressive institutions of learning. But it does not seem to make so much difference what principles of a general character the young women acquire, since they are not likely to be impaired by principles in their peculiar functions, such as virtue and the domestic duties. And so, at suitable seasons, and on the main-line trains, one may see them in some numbers, flying south or flying north like migratory birds; and one may wonder to what extent their philosophy of life will be affected by two or three years in the South. One must remember that probably their parents have already made this calculation and are prepared to answer, Not much.

The Southerner must know and, in fact, he does very well know, that his antique conservatism does not exert a large influence against the American progressivist doctrine. The Southern idea to-day is down, and the progressive or American idea is up. Nevertheless, the historian and the philosopher, who take views that are thought to be respectively longer and deeper than most, may very well reverse this order and find that the Southern idea rather than the American has in its favor the authority of example and the approval of theory. And some prophet may even find it possible to expect that it may yet rise again.

I will propose a thesis which seems to have about as much cogency as generalizations usually have: The South is unique on this continent for having founded and defended a culture which was according to the European principles of culture; and the European principles had better look to the South if they are to be perpetuated in this country.

II

The nearest of the European cultures which we could examine is that of England; and this is of course the right one in the case, quite aside from our convenience. England was actually the model employed by the South, in so far as Southern culture was not quite indigenous. And there is in the South even to-day an Anglophile sentiment quite anomalous in the American scene.

England differs from America doubtless in several respects, but most notably in the fact that England did her pioneering an indefinite number of centuries ago, did it well enough, and has been living pretty tranquilly on her establishment ever since, with infrequent upheavals and replacements. The customs and institutions of England seem to the American observer very fixed and ancient. There is no doubt that the English tradition expresses itself in many more or less intangible ways, but it expresses itself most importantly in a material establishment; and by this I mean the stable economic system by which Englishmen are content to take their livelihood from the physical environment. The chief concern of England's half-mythical pioneers, as with pioneers anywhere, was with finding the way to make a living. Evidently they found it. But fortunately the methods they worked out proved transmissible, proved, in fact, the main reliance of the succeeding generations. The pioneers explored the soil, determined what concessions it might reasonably be expected to make them, housed themselves, developed all their necessary trades, and arrived by painful experiment at a thousand satisfactory recipes by which they might secure their material necessities. Their descendants have had the good sense to consider that this establishment was good enough for them. They have elected to live their comparatively easy and routine lives in accordance with the tradition which they inherited, and they have consequently enjoyed a leisure, a security, and an intellectual freedom that were never the portion of pioneers.

The pioneering life is not the normal life, whatever some Americans may suppose. It is not, if we look for the meaning of European history. The lesson of each of the European cultures now extant is in this—that European opinion does not make too much of the intense practical enterprises, but is at pains to define rather narrowly the practical effort which is prerequisite to the reflective and æsthetic life. Boys are very well pleased to employ their muscles almost exclusively, but men prefer to exercise their minds. It is the European intention to live materially along the inherited line of least resistance, in order to put the surplus of energy into the free life of the mind. Thus is engendered that famous, or infamous, European conservatism, which will appear stupid, necessarily, to men still fascinated by materialistic projects, men in a state of arrested adolescence; for instance, to some very large if indefinite fraction of the population of these United States.

Perhaps England is being "quickened" or Americanized; then, *tant pis!* I have in mind here the core of unadulterated Europeanism, with its self-sufficient, backward-looking, intensely provincial communities. The human life of English provinces long ago came to terms with nature, fixed its roots somewhere in the spaces between the rocks and in the shade of the trees, founded its comfortable institutions, secured its modest prosperity—and then willed the whole in perpetuity to the generations which should come after, in the ingenu-

ous confidence that it would afford them all the essential human satisfactions. For it is the character of a seasoned provincial life that it is realistic, or successfully adapted to its natural environment, and that as a consequence it is stable, or hereditable. But it is the character of our urbanized, anti-provincial, progressive, and mobile American life that it is in a condition of eternal flux. Affections, and long memories, attach to the ancient bowers of life in the provinces; but they cannot attach to what is always changing. Americans, however, are somewhat averse to such affections for natural objects and to such memories.

Now memories of the past are attended with a certain pain called nostalgia. It is hardly a technical term in our sociology, or our psychiatry, but it might well be. Nostalgia is a kind of growing-pain, psychically speaking. It occurs to our sorrow when we have decided that it is time for us, marching to some magnificent destiny, to abandon an old home, an old provincial setting, or an old way of living to which we had become habituated. It is the complaint of human nature in its vegetative aspect, when it is plucked up by the roots from the place of its origin and transplanted in foreign soil, or even left dangling in the air. And it must be in fact nothing else but nostalgia, the instinctive objection to transplantation, that chiefly prevents the deracination of human communities and their complete geographical dispersion as the casualties of an insatiable wanderlust.

Deracination in our Western life is the strange discipline which individuals turn upon themselves, enticed by the blandishments of those fine words, Progressive, Liberal, and Forward. The progressivist says in effect: Do not allow yourself to feel homesick; form no such powerful attachments that you will feel a pain in cutting them loose; prepare your spirit to be ever on the move. According to this gospel, there is no rest for the weary, not even in Heaven. Did not the poet Browning express an ungrateful intention, the moment he entered into his reward, to "fight onward, there as here"? And the progressivist H. G. Wells has outlined very neatly his scheme of progress, the only disheartening feature being that he has had to revise it a good many times, and that he has produced for the period required to carry it out a variety of estimates, from hundreds to millions of years. Browning and Wells would have made very good Americans, and I am sure they have got the most of their disciples on this side of the Atlantic; they have not been very good Europeans. Actually, if perhaps unconsciously, the true progressivist intends to have a program so elastic that he can always propose new worlds to conquer. For if his utopia were practicable really, and if he should secure it, he would then have to defend it, which would mean his transformation from a progressivist into a conservative. And this is unthinkable.

The gospel of Progress is a curious development, which does not reflect great credit on the supposed capacity of our species for formulating its own behavior. Evidently the formula may involve its practitioners just as readily in self-torture and suicide as in the enjoyment of life. In most human societies man has adapted himself to environment with plenty of intelligence to secure easily his material necessities from the graceful bounty of nature. And then, ordinarily, he concludes a truce with nature, and he and nature seem to live on terms of mutual respect and amity, and his loving arts, religions, and philosophies comes spontaneously into being; these are the blessings of peace. But the latter-day societies have been seized—none quite so violently as our American one—with the strange idea that the human destiny is not to secure an honorable peace with nature, but to wage an unrelenting war on nature. Men, therefore, determine to conquer nature to a degree which is quite beyond reason so far as any specific human advantage is concerned, and which enslaves them to toil and turn-

over. Man is boastfully declared to be a natural scientist essentially, whose strength is capable of crushing and making over to his own desires the brute materiality which is nature; but in his infinite contention with this materiality he is really capitulating to it. His engines transform the face of nature—a little—but when they have been perfected, he must invent new engines that will perform even more heroically. And always the next engine of his invention, even though it be that promised engine which is to invade the material atom and exploit the most secret treasury of nature's wealth, will be a physical engine; and the man who uses it will be engaged in substantially the same struggle as was the primitive Man with the Hoe.

This is simply to say that Progress never defines its ultimate objective, but thrusts its victims at once into an infinite series. Our vast industrial machine, with its laboratory centers of experimentation, and its far-flung organs of mass production, is like a Prussianized state which is organized strictly for war and can never consent to peace. Or, returning to the original figure, our progressivists are the latest version of those pioneers who conquered the wilderness, except that they are pioneering on principle, or from force of habit, and without any recollection of what pioneering was for.

III

The Southern states were settled of course by miscellaneous strains. But evidently the one which determined the peculiar tradition of the South was the one which came out of Europe most convinced of the virtues of establishment, contrasting with those strains which seem for the most part to have dominated the other sections, and which came out of Europe feeling rebellious towards all establishments. There are a good many faults to be found with the old South, but hardly the fault of being intemperately addicted to work and to gross material prosperity. The South never conceded that the whole duty of man was to increase material production, or that the index to the degree of his culture was the volume of his material production. His business seemed to be rather to envelop both his work and his play with a leisure which permitted the activity of intelligence. On this assumption the South pioneered her way to a sufficiently comfortable and rural sort of establishment, considered that an establishment was something stable, and proceeded to enjoy the fruits thereof. The arts of the section, such as they were, were not immensely passionate, creative, and romantic; they were the Eighteenth Century social arts of dress, conversation, manners, the table, the hunt, politics, oratory, the pulpit. These were arts of living and not arts of escape; they were also community arts, in which every class of society could participate after its kind. The South took life easy, which is itself a tolerably comprehensive art.

But so did other communities in 1850, I believe. And doubtless some others do so yet; in parts of New England, for example. If there are such communities, this is their token, that they are settled. Their citizens are comparatively satisfied with the life they have inherited, and are careful to look backward quite as much as they look forward. Before the Civil War there must have been many such communities this side of the frontier. The difference between the North and the South was that the South was constituted by such communities and made solid. But solid is only a comparative term here. The South as a culture had more solidity than another section, but there were plenty of gaps in it. The most we can say is that the Southern establishment was completed in a good many of the Southern communities, and that this establishment was an active formative influence on the spaces between, and on the frontier spaces outlying, which had not yet perfected their organization of the economic life.

The old Southern life was of course not nearly so fine as some of the traditionalists like to believe. It did not offer serious competition among the world-types against the glory that was Greece, or the grandeur that was Rome. It hardly began to match the finish of the English, or any other important European civilization. It is quite enough to say that it was a way of life which had been considered and authorized. The establishment had a sufficient economic base, it was meant to be stable rather than provisional, it had got beyond the pioneering stage, it provided leisure, and its benefits were already being enjoyed. It may as well be admitted that Southern society was not an institution of very showy elegance, for the so-called aristocrats were mostly home-made and countrified. Aristocracy is not a word which defines this social organization so well as squirearchy, which I borrow from a recent article by Mr. William Frierson in the *Sewanee Review*. And even the squires, and the other classes too, did not define themselves very strictly. They were loosely graduated social orders, not so fixed as in Europe. Their relations were personal and friendly. It was a kindly society, yet a realistic one; for it was a failure if it cannot be said that people for the most part were in their right places. Slavery was a feature monstrous enough in theory but, more often than not, humane in practice; and it is impossible to believe that its abolition alone could have effected any great revolution in society.

The fullness of life as it was lived in the ante-bellum South by the different social orders can be estimated to-day only by the application of some difficult sociological technic. It is my thesis that all were committed to a form of leisure, and that their labor itself was leisurely. The only Southerners who went abroad to Washington, and elsewhere, and put themselves into the record, were those from the top of the pyramid. They held their own with their American contemporaries. They were not intellectually as seasoned as good Europeans, but then the Southern culture had had no very long time to grow, as time is reckoned in these matters; it would have borne a better fruit eventually. They had a certain amount of learning, which was not as formidable as it might have been; but at least it was classical and humanistic learning, not highly scientific, and not wildly scattered about over a variety of special studies.

It seems important to reflect that the South as a going society would not have countenanced the innovation of an elective college curriculum. The first aim of such a society is to protect its social concept, and this means the ascendancy in education of that group of studies which has social significance; they used to be called the humanities, before they were forbidden the use of so proud a term. The admission that one study is as important as another is a plea in spiritual bankruptcy, and it invites and produces just that ceaseless dissipation of human energies which now defines our intellectual Americanism—it pictures man as a creature without a center, without a substantial core of interests, and unable to give to his destiny any direction. In a true society there are historical and philosophical principles which compose the staple of an educational requirement, leaving the physical sciences to shift somewhat for themselves. And beyond the learning prescribed for its lay leaders, it is logical for this society to give an educational preference to certain professions which are peculiarly committed to its defense. Such professions are the Church, the bar, and the higher teaching profession; when they lose caste society is in danger. But this is somewhat of a digression; for in 1860 there was not much difference between Northern and Southern ideals of education. Certainly there was less difference between Northern and Southern colleges than there was between North and South. The colleges tended to be conservative social instruments everywhere.

IV

Then the North and the South fought, and the consequences were disastrous to both. The Northern temper was one of jubilation and expansiveness, and now it was no longer shackled by the weight of the conservative Southern tradition. Industrialism, the latest form of pioneering and the worst, presently overtook the North, and in due time has now produced our present American civilization. Poverty and pride overtook the South; poverty to bring her institutions into disrepute, and to sap continually at her courage; and a false pride to inspire a distaste for the thought of fresh pioneering projects, and to doom her to an increasing physical enfeeblement.

It is only too easy to define the malignant meaning of industrialism. It is the contemporary form of pioneering; yet since it never consents to define its goal, it is a pioneering on principle, and with an accelerating speed. Industrialism is a program under which men, using the latest scientific paraphernalia, sacrifice comfort, leisure, and the enjoyment of life to win Pyrrhic victories from nature at points of no strategic importance. Ruskin and Carlyle feared it nearly a hundred years ago, and now it may be said that their fears have been realized partly in England, and with almost fatal completeness in America. Industrialism is an insidious spirit, full of false promises and generally fatal to establishments since, when it once gets into them for a little renovation, it proposes never again to leave them in peace. Industrialism is rightfully a menial, of almost miraculous cunning but no intelligence; it needs to be strongly governed or it will destroy the economy of the household. Only a community of tough conservative habit can master it.

The South did not become industrialized; she did not repair the damage to her old establishment, either, and it was in part because she did not try hard enough. Hers is the case to cite when we would show how the good life depends on an adequate pioneering, and how the pioneering energy must be kept ready for call when the establishment needs overhauling. The Southern tradition came to look rather pitiable in its persistence when the Twentieth Century had arrived, for the establishment was quite depreciated. Unregenerate Southerners were trying to live the good life on a shabby equipment, and they were grotesque in their effort to make an art out of living when they were not decently making the living. In the country districts great numbers of these broken-down Southerners are still to be seen in patched blue-jeans, sitting on ancestral fences, shotgun across their laps and hound-dog at their feet, surveying their unkempt acres while they comment shrewdly on the ways of God. It is their defect that they have driven a too easy, an unmanly bargain with nature, and that their æstheticism is based on insufficient labor.

But there is something heroic, and there may prove to be yet something very valuable to the Union, in their extreme attachment to a certain theory of life. They have kept up a faith which was on the point of perishing from this continent.

Of course it was only after the Civil War that the North and the South came to stand in polar opposition to each other. Immediately after Appomattox it was impossible for the South to resume even that give-and-take of ideas which had marked her ante-bellum relations with the North. She was offered such terms that acquiescence would have been abject. She retired within her borders in rage and held the minimum of commerce with the enemy. Persecution intensified her tradition, and made the South more solid and more Southern in the year 1875, or thereabouts, than ever before. When the oppression was left off, naturally her guard relaxed. But though the period of persecution had not been long, nevertheless the Southern tradition found itself then the less capable of uniting gracefully with the life of the

Union; for that life in the meantime had been moving on in an opposite direction. The American progressive principle was like a ball rolling down the hill with an increasing momentum; and by 1890 or 1900 it was clear to any intelligent Southerner that it was a principle of boundless aggression against nature that could hardly offer much hospitality to a society devoted to the arts of peace.

But to keep on living shabbily on an insufficient patrimony is to decline, both physically and spiritually. The South declined.

V

And now the crisis in the South's decline has been reached.

Industrialism has arrived in the South. Already the local Chambers of Commerce exhibit the formidable data of Southern progress. A considerable party of Southern opinion, which might be called the New South party, is well pleased with the recent industrial accomplishments of the section, and eager for many more. Southerners of another school, who might be said to compose an Old South party, are apprehensive lest the section become completely and uncritically devoted to the industrial ideal precisely as the other and dominant sections of the Union are devoted to it. But reconstruction is actually under way, and it is an industrial reconstruction. Tied politically and economically to the Union, her borders wholly violable, all the South now sees very well that she can restore her prosperity only within the competition of an industrial system.

After the war the Southern plantations were often broken up into small farms. These have yielded less and less of a living, and it is said that they will never yield a good living until once more they are integrated into large units. But these units will be industrial units, controlled by a board of directors or an executive rather than by a squire, worked with machinery, and manned not by farmers living at home but by "labor." Even so they will not, according to Mr. Henry Ford, support the population that wants to live on them; in the off-seasons the laborers will have to work in factories, which henceforth are to be counted on as among the charming features of Southern landscape. The Southern problem is very complicated, but at its center is the farmer's problem, and this problem is simply the most acute version of that general agrarian problem which inspires the despair of many thoughtful Americans to-day.

The agrarian discontent in America is deeply grounded in the love of the tiller for the soil, which is probably, I must confess, not peculiar to the Southern specimen but one of the more ineradicable human attachments, be the tiller as progressive as he may. In proposing to wean men of this foolish attachment, industrialism sets itself against the most ancient and the most humane of all the modes of human livelihood. Do Mr. Hoover and the distinguished thinkers at Washington see how essential is the mutual hatred between the industrialists and the farmers, and how mortal is their conflict? The gentlemen at Washington are mostly preaching and legislating to secure the fabulous "blessings" of industrial progress; they are on the industrial side. But though the industrialists have a doctrine which is monstrous, they themselves are not monsters, but forward-lookers with very nice manners, and no American progressivist is against them. The farmers seem boorish and stubborn by comparison; American progressivism is against them in the fight, though their traditional status is still so strong that they are not too flagrantly antagonized. All the solutions recommended for their difficulty are really enticements held out to them to become a little more co-operative, more mechanical, more mobile—in short, a little more industrialized. But the farmer who is not a mere laborer, even the farmer of the comparatively new places like Iowa and Nebraska, is necessarily among the more stable and less progressive elements of society. He refuses to mobilize him-

self and become a unit in the industrial army, because he does not approve of army life.

I will use some terms which are hardly in his vernacular. He identifies himself with a spot of ground, and this ground carries a good deal of meaning; it defines itself for him as nature. He would till it not too hurriedly and not too mechanically to observe in it the contingency and the infinitude of nature; and so his life acquires its philosophical and even its cosmical consciousness. A man can contemplate and explore, respect and love an object as substantial as a farm or a native province. But he cannot contemplate nor explore, respect nor love a mere turnover, such as an assemblage of "natural resources," a pile of money, a volume of produce, a market, or a credit system. It is into precisely these intangibles that industrialism would translate the farmer's farm. It means the dehumanization of his life.

However that may be, the South at last, looking defensively about her in all directions upon an industrial world, fingers the weapons of industrialism. There is one powerful voice in the South which, tired of a long status of disrepute, would see the South made at once into a section second to none in wealth, as that is statistically reckoned, and in progressiveness, as that might be estimated by the rapidity of the industrial turnover. This desire offends those who would still like to regard the South as, in the old sense, a home; but its expression is loud and insistent. The urban South, with its heavy importation of regular American ways and regular American citizens, has nearly capitulated to these novelties. It is the village South and the rural South which supply the resistance, and it is lucky for them that they represent a vast quantity of inertia.

Will the Southern establishment, the most substantial exhibit on this continent of a society of the European and historic order, be completely crumbled by the powerful acid of the Great Progressive Principle? Will there be no more looking backward but only looking forward? Is our New World to be dedicated forever to the doctrine of newness?

It is in the interest of America as a whole, as well as in the interest of the South, that these questions press for an answer. I will enter here the most important items of the situation as well as I can; doubtless they will appear a little over-sharpened for the sake of exhibition.

(1) The intention of Americans at large appears now to be what it was always in danger of becoming: an intention of being infinitely progressive. But this intention cannot permit of an established order of human existence, and of that leisure which conditions the life of intelligence and the arts.

(2) The old South, if it must be defined in a word, practiced the contrary and European philosophy of establishment as the foundation of the life of the spirit. The ante-bellum Union possessed, to say the least, a wholesome variety of doctrine.

(3) But the South was defeated by the Union on the battlefield with remarkable decisiveness, and the two consequences have been dire: the Southern tradition was physically impaired, and has ever since been unable to offer an attractive example of its philosophy in action; and the American progressive principle has developed into a pure industrialism without any check from a Southern minority whose voice ceased to make itself heard.

(4) The further survival of the Southern tradition as a detached local remnant is now unlikely. It is agreed that the South must make contact again with the Union. And in adapting itself to the actual state of the Union, the Southern tradition will have to consent to a certain industrialization of its own.

(5) The question at issue is whether the South will permit herself to be so industrialized as to lose entirely her historic identity, and to remove the

last substantial barrier that has stood in the way of American progressivism; or will accept industrialization, but with a very bad grace, and will manage to maintain a good deal of her traditional philosophy.

VI

The hope which is inherent in this situation is evident from the terms in which it is stated. The South must be industrialized—but to a certain extent, and in moderation. The program which now engages the Southern leaders is to see how the South may handle this fire without being badly burned. The South at last is to be physically reconstructed; but it will be fatal if the South should conceive it as her duty to be regenerated, her spirit re-born with a totally different orientation towards life.

And fortunately, the Southern program is not perfectly vague, but is capable of a certain definition. There are at least two lines, along either of which an intelligent Southern policy may move in the right general direction; and it may even move back and forth between them and still advance.

The first course would be for the Southern leaders to arouse the sectional feeling of the South to its highest pitch of excitement in defense of all the old ways that are threatened. It may seem rather ungrateful towards the industrialists to accept their generous services in such a churlish spirit. But if one thing is more certain than another, it is that these gentlemen will not be found standing by while they wait for human sympathy. They are already on the scene, and manifesting an inextinguishable enthusiasm for their role. The only attitude that needs artificial respiration is the resistant attitude of the natives. The resistance will be the fiercest and most effective if industrialism is represented to the Southern people as—what it undoubtedly is for the most part—a foreign invasion of Southern soil, which is capable of much more devastation than was wrought when Sherman marched to the sea. From this point of view, it will be a great gain if the present peaceful invasion will now and then forget itself by some indiscretion and be less peaceful. The native and the invader will be sure to come to an occasional clash, and that may offer the chance to revive ancient and almost forgotten animosities. It will be in order to proclaim to Southerners that the carpetbaggers are again in their midst. And it will be well to seize upon and advertise certain Northern industrial communities as horrible examples of a way of life which Southerners traditionally detest; not failing to point out the human catastrophe which occurs when a Southern village or rural community becomes the cheap labor of a miserable factory system. It will be doubtless a little bit harder to impress the people with the fact that the new so-called industrial "slavery" not only fastens upon the poor, but blights the middle and better classes of society too; and to make this point it may be necessary even to revive such a stale antiquity as the old Southern gentleman, and his scorn for the dollar-chasers and the technical specialists.

Such a policy as this would show decidedly a sense of what the Germans call Realpolitik. It could be nasty and unscrupulous, but it could accomplish results.

Its net result might be to give to the South eventually a position in the Union analogous more or less to the position of Scotland under the British crown—a section with a very local and peculiar culture that would, nevertheless, be secure and respected. And Southern traditionalists may take courage from the fact that it was Scottish stubbornness which obtained this position for Scotland; it did not come gratuitously; it was the consequence of an intense sectionalism that fought for a good many centuries before its fight was won.

That is one policy; and though it is not the only one, it may be necessary to employ it, with discretion, and to

bear in mind its Scottish analogue. But it is hardly handsome enough for the best Southerners. Its methods are too easily abused; it offers too much room for the professional demagogue; and one would only as a last resort like to have the South stake upon it her whole chance of survival. After all, the reconstruction may be undertaken with some imagination, and not necessarily under the formula of a literal restoration. It does not greatly matter to what extent the identical features of the old Southern establishment are restored; the important consideration is that there be an establishment for the sake of stability.

The other course may not be so easily practicable, but it is certainly more idealistic and statesmanlike. That course is for the South to re-enter the American political field with a determination and an address quite beyond anything she has exhibited during her half-hearted national life of the last half a century. And this means specifically that she may pool her own stakes with the stakes of other minority groups in the Union which are circumstanced similarly. There is in active American politics already, to start with, a very belligerent if somewhat uninformed Western agrarian party. Between this party and the South there is much community of interest; both desire to defend home, stability of life, the practice of leisure, and the natural enemy of both is the insidious industrial system. There are also, scattered here and there, numerous elements with the same general attitude which would have some power if united; the persons and even communities who are thoroughly tired of progressivism and its spurious benefits, and those who have recently acquired, or miraculously through the generations preserved, a European point of view—sociologists, educators, artists, religionists, and ancient New England townships. The combination of these elements with the Western farmers and the old-fashioned South would make a formidable bloc. The South is numerically much the most substantial of these three groups, but has done next to nothing to make the cause prevail by working inside the American political system.

The unifying effective bond between these geographically diverse elements of public opinion will be the clean-cut policy that the rural life of America must be defended, and the world made safe for the farmers. My friends are often quick to tell me that against the power of the industrial spirit no such hope can be entertained. But there are some protests in these days rising against the industrial ideal, even from the centers where its grip is the stoutest; and this would indicate that our human intelligence is beginning again to assert itself. Of course this is all the truer of the European countries, which have required less of the bitter schooling of experience. Thus Dean Inge declares himself in his Romanes Lecture on "The Idea of Progress":

"I believe that the dissatisfaction with things as they are is caused not only by the failure of nineteenth-century civilization, but partly also by its success. We no longer wish to progress on those lines if we could. Our apocalyptic dream is vanishing into thin air. It may be that the industrial revolution which began in the reign of George the Third has produced most of its fruits, and has had its day. We may have to look forward to such a change as is imagined by Anatole France at the end of his *Isle of the Penguins*, when, after an orgy of revolution and destruction, we shall slide back into the quiet rural life of the early modern period. If so, the authors of the revolution will have cut their own throats, for there can be no great manufacturing towns in such a society. Their disappearance will be no great loss. The race will have tried a great experiment, and will have rejected it as unsatisfying."

The South has an important part to play, if she will, in such a counter-

revolution. But what pitiful service have the inept Southern politicians for fifty years rendered to the cause! Their Southern loyalty at Washington has rarely had any more wildly imaginative manifestation than to scramble vigorously for a Southern share in the federal spoils. They will have to be miraculously enlightened.

But I get quickly beyond my depth in sounding political possibilities. And perhaps I may as well expose my limitations conclusively by uttering one last fantastic thought. No Southerner ever dreams of Heaven, or pictures his utopia on earth, without providing room for the Democratic party. Is it possible that the Democratic party can really be held to a principle, and that the principle can now be defined as agrarian, conservative, profoundly social? It may not be impossible after all. If it proves possible, then the South may yet be rewarded for a sentimental affection that has persisted in the face of many betrayals.

FOR A CHILD

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

IF DEATH should take
All your bright loveliness,
Your swift impetuous delight,
I still would love the jonquils for your sake,
The sheer incredible light
Of budding almond filtering the sun,
White fleecy clouds that run
On a March wind, and gaudy mustard dress
Of yellowing orchards—these would whisper me
A strange dumb comfort in that loneliness.
But this I could not bear—
Rippling trickle of water along the road
In the spring ditches where
You sailed brave boats with brimming treasure load
Of leaf and grass, a golden argosy
Of dandelions, while all the vibrant air
Thrilled to the ecstasy
Of ringing laughter. I could face the clear
Sunlight on pale spring grass,
Petals that drift and pass,
Even the pain
Of the first lark's rapture—but my dear, my dear,
Never the sound of waters after rain!

The Lion's Mouth

WHY TRAVELERS LEAVE HOME

BY ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

THE answer seems obvious enough so long as you stay on this side of the Atlantic. Why do travelers leave home? Well, just look at the homes. Home used to be a house "sanctified by generations of births, deaths, and marriages." It is so no longer. We of to-day are born in the hospital and die in the ambulance on our way back to the source from which we emanate. We are married in the City Hall and divorced at Reno. We used to say, "Heaven is my home"; but the flapper has never heard of it. The nearest she gets to heaven is through her aspirations in a poker game in which the sky is the limit. The meaning which the "realtor" gives to the word "home" is "proposition"—a basis for argument, a commodity good for nothing but to sell. You might think then that no American could possibly leave home because he has no home to leave. "There's no place like home," he chirps; "we can't possibly lose, let's go!"

When you meet American travelers abroad, however, you find that this theory has its limitations. If one of your countrymen shares your table at a café in France for coffee and *croissant*, he will spend the hour in telling you (what you would have told him if he hadn't beaten you to it) how superior is the coffee he makes for himself at "home." At the same place, at another hour, he will tell you how much more kick he gets from his bootlegger at "home" than from the particular vintage (distillation or brew) he at the moment condescendingly shares with you. At Chartres or Pisa his sense of the superiority of "home" is as the number of times the height of the monument before him is contained in that of the highest flimsy of lower Manhattan. He knows nothing of the language of the country to which he has escaped and he is proud of his ignorance of a language so inferior to his own. The pitch of the locomotive whistle or of the automobile horn excites his unmeasured derision; he even finds erotic significance in it by comparison with the raucous chastity of our own at "home." The way the men dress here (wherever it is) is a legible index of their mental inferiority and moral obliquity; how much more manly is the appearance of the fellows on the streets at "home"! And look at the plumbing, what there is of it! Plumbing is the true coefficient of civilization. The only civilized place is "home."

Thus he invites you to read him as an index of the civilization of home. You do so, and cease to wonder why he does not feel at home where he is. But why did he leave his perfect civilization? Perhaps to learn. How could he know whether there is any place like home unless he looks about? It sounds plausible, but look at the facts. There are three kinds of travelers: the realists, who see only through their sense of fact; the romantics, who see only through their imagination; the classicists—shall we say?—who see only through their minds. From the very nature of things, no one of them can possibly learn anything.

Since the realist is limited by sense of fact, he can see nothing but discomforts

and dangers. The primrose by the river's brim a yellow peril is to him. It could not grow there if the ground were not wet, and since the ground is wet there are mosquitoes, and because there are mosquitoes there must be malaria and yellow fever. He cannot see the beauty of the *Palazzo Communale* because his sense of fact whispers to him of chilblains and sanitation. He cannot see the beauty of a Fra Angelico angel because his sense of fact tells him that nothing in human form can aviate without a gas engine. He cannot eat anything but a boiled egg because his sense of fact tells him that Italian kitchens are not surgically clean —and at that he has his doubts about the purity of the hen.

The romantic traveler is quite the contrary. He seeks Spain because it is backward; the realist derides it because it isn't forward. The romantic inclines to "miss the medieval grace of iron clothing," and to quarrel with the engine and the dynamo that speed and light him on his way. Every landscape he sees is ruined (devastated or vandalized) by the very railroad that has brought him to it, the power station which lights him to bed, or the distillery which he has come so far to enjoy as an escape from the utilitarian outlook of "home." A sufficiently picturesque beggar may carry on his business for profit, but if anyone else does so, our traveler deplores the Americanization of Europe.

The traveler who sees only through his mind is blinded in one eye by what he knows and in the other by what he doesn't know. I saw him stalk up the nave of York Minster, looking neither to right nor left, up nor down, stand for ten minutes before the altar reading his guide-book, stalk out, slam the door of his car, and buzz away. Of course if you have just ten minutes to devote to York Minster you have to look sharp lest you spend it trying to decide whether it is better to see nothing because you have a guide-book, or to know nothing because you haven't. And there is the eternal question whether it isn't better not to know so much than to know so many things that aren't true. For example, there was the Australian woman in Edinburgh who told me I must be sure to get the guide to show me the close where Socrates courted Flora Macdonald. In the same class was the sea captain who sat with me in a tea room in London, who had never got beyond the water-front of any port in the world. He cursed Americans volubly. He knew all about them. He had met them, three Slovaks, and a Brazilian on the Embarcadero in San Francisco, and a Portuguese and a German on Atlantic Avenue in Boston. But if you don't know so much, your plight is that of the history teacher from Mount Lowboy Union High School who asked me at the dinner table in Florence, "Perhaps you can tell me what church it was I saw this morning. It was in a square with a fountain in the middle where there were two churches, and this was the one on the left." She saw nothing because she didn't know; the captain saw nothing because he knew it all. As blind as these two together is he who with the eye of his mind can read symptoms of tuberculosis in Botticelli's Venus but has no eye of the spirit to read Botticelli's message. His mind's eye tells him that Giotto had little of perspective and less of geology, but not that this happy ignorance left the painter with a fine, free, careless rapture which the moderns strive consciously and in vain to recover. If you know so much as that, how can you know anything? If you know how many acres a tractor can plow in a day in Iowa, what have you to say to a pair of white oxen, slow as the geologic ages, under cloudy olive trees on a hillside in Tuscany?

Most of us, like Wordsworth, get the thing wrong end to.

> I traveled among unknown men,
> In lands beyond the sea,

he chants. A very superficial analysis shows his real meaning to be something like this:

I traveled among unknown men—
That is, unknown to me—

Give it a running start, and the stanza fairly leaps to its logical conclusion:

Nor ever had I dreamed till then
What fools these travelers be.

The obvious fact that Wordsworth missed is that to travel among unknown men renders oneself unknown.

When you leave home you leave most of your identity behind you. In your home town, or in your circle in the city, your status is known and accepted. You may wish it were different; you may try to change it, but not seriously by bluffing. Most of the little things we do for the sake of appearance are conventions or habits that deceive nobody, least of all ourselves. Of course there *are* people who . . . but not in our crowd. Except, perhaps, in artistic and academic circles, your title deed to your place in society (whatever that is) is your property (what there is of it). Your place in society is your identity. Ask who or what a man is, and the answer is the name of the niche in which he stands, floorwalker at Sellemer's, Curator of Cigarette Ashes for Greenwich Village, Night Superintendent of Sunday Schools in Paris.

Doesn't this account for the traveler who goes to a second-rate hotel because he can't afford a first-rate one, and then throws his money to the servants like a drunken sailor to make them and us think he can afford anything? You see, when you go abroad you do not take your title deed to your place in society with you; or if you do, you wear it next your skin, or buttoned in as safe as may be from pickpockets. All you can show is such outward signs as may serve to make visible your inward grace, and unless they are boisterous no one will mark them. Not on any street in Europe could the passer-by, even if he were to look at you twice, tell whether your summer place (if any) was a villa at Newport or a shack on Spot Pond. You are only what you look to be; you pass at your face value. Consciously or unconsciously, then, when we travel we make faces to represent the value we wish to pass for. Usually these faces are made up for two or three times the real values behind them in the hope of getting from a half to a quarter of what they call for. In the innumerable instances one sees, this phenomenon runs the whole scale from a virulent inferiority complex to plain justifiable self-respect, and sometimes the extremes seem to lie close together, as if the scale were marked on a circular dial. But most examples belong neither in the comic paper nor in the psychopathic ward. In the aggregate, they result merely in the monotonous effort of the traveler to elevate himself by depressing everything and everybody else.

The worst of it is, we bring it home with us. I don't mean crude boasting merely that we have been, seen and done, but travel conversation as a competitive game on the basis that the things I saw were superior to the things you saw. I, by hook or crook (usually by crook), get the conversational lead, and come out with a few modest cards in my long suit to explore the short suits of the others.

"Of course you saw the Puvis de Chavannes frescoes in the Pantheon."

"Oh, yes, aren't they—"

"And *did* you go to the Villa Stibbert while you were in Florence?"

"Yes, I wouldn't have missed it for anything!"

"And I hope you went to Montefalco to see the Benozzo Gozzolis." (Meaning, I hope you didn't.)

"No, you see, we—"

"Well now, *that* is the one thing in Italy—"

It is quite simple so long as you can hold the lead. Your opponent cannot run down the Benozzo Gozzoli frescoes at Montefalco because he has not seen them. It makes no manner of difference what it is; so long as he has not seen it, it is infinitely superior to anything he has seen. A few special privileges, however

worthless on the spot, are aces and trumps in this conversational game. "Of course you didn't see the inside of the Chateau. *We* had a letter to the Duc from a mutual friend, and, my dear, you should have *seen* . . ."

What went ye out for to see? Why go at all if everything you see is the subject of endless complaint? Obviously because subjects for complaint are what we seek. The endless complaint abroad is the assertion of superiority which is valueless at home where we are known for what we are. It is like the double X on a twenty-dollar bill, a prodigious boast for a mere scrap of paper. The traveler leaves home with the fixed idea "I and mine are infinitely superior to thee and thine." He reiterates that idea over half the world, and comes back with the proof in his pocket. What went ye out for to see? You carried it in the apple of your eye, and saw it everywhere you looked. It's all in your eye anyway. We go away from home to see things that are different. When we find them we scorn them because they are not the same. We just knew they wouldn't be, and now we know it.

A PLEA FOR PAUPERS

BY PHILIP CURTISS

HAVING recently, in the Lion's Mouth, sprung sturdily to the defense of millionaires, it is now only fair that I should make a plea for paupers. I should state at once, however, that I have in mind not so much the paupers that we have already with us (including possibly both the writer and the reader of this article) but a curious brand of pauper that seems to flourish everywhere except in the United States. My idea, in short, is that our local pauperarchy has become very antiquated and that we should do something to bring it up to date.

As certain circumstances (see Paragraph One) have forced me for a number of years to remain in a single township, it is only natural that I should have become an incurable addict of travel books, and having, I believe, read every such book written since Sir John Mandeville, I have been able to notice a peculiar change of technic. Previous to about 1895 practically every travel book was little more than a diary of the grand tour. You could open almost any such volume at random and read something about as follows:

> The next morning, through the kindly offices of our friend Count Cardiff, we were given cards to the Chamber of Deputies and as Bleriot was scheduled to speak on the army revisions we attended with much eagerness. The ex-minister and stormy petrel of Alsatian politics is a man of most commanding presence . . .

Travel books of this era were, like the *Iliad*, essentially catalogues of courts and kings, but since that date there has been a complete revolution both of locale and point of view. First came what one might call the bungalow school of writing. Titles such as *Three Years Under the Scimitar* and *An Architect's Wife in Mysore* began to blossom on the book shelves, but while such books did indeed seek out the lesser known places and really tried to give closer glimpses of "native life," yet fundamentally the point of view remained the same. The picturesque intimacies were largely the difficulties of obtaining proper toilet soap and, although the kings, ambassadors, and opera singers no longer appeared, yet the district inspectors, the "compound" doctors, and the lady missionaries took their places.

Something still remained before one could get the true perspective and, headed by that Daniel Boone of modern travel writers, Mr. Harry Franck, there arose a group of hardy penmen who

burned their bridges, destroyed their baggage trains, and pushed triumphantly over the barrier. Equipped only with a pair of puttees and a third-class ticket, these pioneers got right down to the soil. They put up at the native *gumlas*, they stoked tramp steamers in the China Sea, they were kicked out by white men in Johannesburg, and they had the measles in Penang. Apparently there remained no barriers to conquer; but where there is a "left" there is bound to be an extreme left, and at last appeared the ultimate travelers who were willing to give it shape. To them the stokehole was as crass and materialistic as the captain's table, the third-class ticket as Victorian as the *wagon lit*. In Arabia, in the South Sea Islands, and at last, oddly, in our own suburban West Indies arose writers who were willing to throw away even the puttees. In their place they put on the bernous, the pakha, or the loin cloth and simply went native.

To these ultra moderns, or ultra primitives, we owe the discovery of the last word in paupers and, as they all seem to agree on the type, it must really exist. For, just as you can open one of the books of the 'nineties and be certain to discover a chapter on "Paris Under the Empire," so can you open one of these newer books in the absolute assurance of a chapter headed "Bhng Ali" or "Matu" or "Hilario," and thenceforth this character will run away with the book.

Bhng Ali, or Matu, or Hilario is, in brief, an outcast, a vagabond, and in the social register of his seaport or his island his standing is about eight degrees less than nil. To the modernistic point of view, however, this makes him the one person in the place worth cultivating. "Puerto de Oro"—or "Paramaibo"—or "Aden," we learn, "is like a thousand other places stretched up and down the length and breadth of the equator. It is crammed with Fords, electric lights, ice plants, and the inevitable Cosmopolitan Club where English administrators, German pearl buyers, and engineering graduates from Cornell flock nightly in white duck to drink endless 'rickies.' Some of them have been twenty years in Alo and have not yet the slightest glimpse of the real soul of the place."

But Matu, or Bhng Ali, or Hilario—Ah! he is different, and the author's first introduction shows how different he is. One day the author finds his suspenders missing and the following conversation takes place:

Author: "Matu, a strange thing has happened. My britch-hitches (suspenders) are oon-la (missing, or gone). Come-tell (come, tell me) how could this be?"

Matu (with great surprise): "What? The excellency's britch-hitches? P'raps an arno (a small native rabbit) has eaten them up."

Author (with great cunning): "Matu, here is a two-franc piece. If the rabbit brings back the britch-hitches, it will not be necessary to tell the big shield-shoot (chief of police)."

Needless to say, this clever ruse works to perfection, and the next morning the suspenders are back in place; but lest this may give a wrong idea of Matu's character, it is then explained that it was not really stealing on his part. "The native of Alo is, at heart, scrupulously honest, but he has a very intricate code. He will never steal, for example, from his own wife, or from a beggar who has nothing. He will never touch a thing belonging to a known murderer or bad man (who is regarded as sacred), but transient whites are looked upon as fair game. If Matu had known how long I was going to be on the island he would never have touched a thing belonging to me." It is, you see, all part of the aboriginal mind, a thing we of an artificial civilization cannot hope to understand.

But the author understands him. He talks with him, draws him out, and if he is a true modernist he takes off his shirt and goes and lives with him. Matu, he

lets us see, is nature's child, the unspoiled heir of ten thousand generations when men lived in caves and druidical forests and communed with the gods. Matu is wise in everything. He knows things about the white people—queer, secret things—that they do not know themselves. He gets news over the tom-tom telegraph; the secrets of the reef and the jungle are his, and he has a supreme scorn for the puppets placed in local authority. Towards the end of the book the author gets his supreme reward. At last Matu consents to tell him the native folklore, especially that famous and utterly pointless story beginning, "One time, long 'go, witch woman live up in the mo'ntains (mountains) with her son—"

But here we must leave Matu, for it must be remembered that we started out primarily not to describe him but to wonder why we do not have any like him up here in New England or in Oregon or in Batavia, N. Y. But haven't we? To state a problem is frequently to solve it, and in describing Matu it has suddenly dawned on me that I have done no more than draw a picture of Willie Wheeler. For Willie Wheeler is our local Matu. Any stranger coming to our village from Aden or Guayaquil or Van Dieman's Land would be sure to find him in front of the post office and, given half a chance, the stranger's suspenders would be gone inside of an hour.

In fact Willie specializes in strangers as, I suspect, Matu did, himself. It is a common thing, when anyone comes here from New York or Boston and, starry-eyed, buys a "priceless little abandoned farmhouse," to see Willie working furiously around the premises—for the first week. And tom-tom telegraph? And folklore? Matu would hang his head in shame if he could only hear Willie. Willie has inside information about every public event and he can tell you the secret history of every family in town. There is no trade, profession, or sport at which he is not an expert and, like Matu, he has only contempt for the selectmen, the sheriff, and the other nincompoops whom accident has placed in power. The only trouble with Willie is that, when put to the test, he cannot really do any of the things that he says he can do, and his vast knowledge is either third-hand or utterly wrong.

For this reason I fear that those of us who have known Willie from birth are under the same handicap as those white-duck veterans of the Cosmopolitan Club who did not seem to give Matu the attention that he deserved. Like them, we are inhibited by old acquaintance from true appreciation of the native soul and we also are somewhat inclined to stick to our rickies. To get the best out of Willie, three weeks is more than ample and preferably three days.

Yet it seems a shame that poor Willie does not have the same chance as Matu and Bhng Ali and Hilario. The only helpful suggestion that I can offer is that someone might establish a sort of system of exchange professorships between countries very far apart on the globe. If, for example, some hopeful young writer from Nyganza Province would like to come here and take up with Willie, I would be glad to see that they met. On the other hand the same benevolent foundation might send me to talk with Matu. But, no, on second thoughts I think that I should like some type a little less familiar than that.

Editor's Easy Chair

THE NEW INQUISITION

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

TWO very large and serious matters await handling by the people of the United States. One is the War Debts. The other is the New Inquisition.

As to the War Debts—the moneys due us from our Allies in the late disturbance in Europe—it is questioned by many observers whether we do well to continue to try to collect even so much of them as now, after some abatements, is found to be due us. The justice of the collections is not so much debated as the expediency. Many persons, by no means moved by sentimental considerations, think we should have done better, might still do better, to wipe the whole mass of War Debts off the slate. Secretary Mellon, thought by so many people to be rather canny about money, suggested several years ago that good trade relations with Europe were worth more than all these debts. If the four gentlemen from the United States who at this writing are trying to settle the reparations problems of Europe had power to do as they thought fit about these moneys due to the United States from their late Allies, we might have a real solution of incalculable value. For these four Americans are large-minded men, not scared by rows of figures and used to voluminous transactions. What they would agree upon would probably be wise and just; but their powers are limited, and they can use only what they have. Some great rumpus in the world such as now and then gives power to governments to spend the taxpayers' money in war may presently confer on our government or its representatives the power to cancel or reduce these debts; but until then they seem likely to drag along, impeding the reorganization of Europe and embarrassing the relations of nations.

It does not take any great degree either of foresight or far sight to remark that the relations of the United States with the two greatest nations of Western Europe are especially important by reason of the disturbed state of the world. In Europe Italy is experimenting with a remarkable Absolutist, or perhaps it would be nearer truth to say that a remarkable Absolutist is experimenting with Italy. Spain leans in the same direction—towards the substitution of authority for representative government. Turkey and Russia are speculating with the same formidable principle. In Germany apparently the party that cleaves to representative government is strong and hopeful, but there is another party, also pretty strong, that seems still to adhere to the persuasion which carried Germany into the Great War. Beyond the Ural Mountains, and all the way to the Pacific Ocean, there is a great unrest and unusual military activity. Who then stands for civilization on the basis of Democracy, the basis on which still rests the Government of the United States? Who but Great Britain and her Dominions and Colonies, France, Swit-

zerland, the Low Countries, and the Scandinavian peoples? Divers newly made kingdoms or republics in Central Europe should doubtless be included in that group, but the powerful factors in it are France, Great Britain, and the United States, who have common interests in the world and would have to get together again if anything happened which was serious enough to warrant it.

All this is a consideration when we think about War Debts, though to act upon it is difficult until something happens to make action imperative.

OUR other big job is to deal with the New Inquisition. We were threatened, when Mr. Hoover came in, with a drive to crush out the opposition to the Dry edict. The Jones Law gives power to judges to punish trifling offenses against the Volstead Act by fines of ten thousand dollars and five years' imprisonment. What that amounts to we are about to ascertain since it has just begun to be effective. A group of lawyers in New York, shocked by the possibilities of the injustice and oppression in this new law, offered to undertake without charge the defense of persons in danger of injustice under its terms, whereat arose cries of rage from the leading inquisitors. Cherrington and Poland were shocked at the temerity of these lawyers; Mrs. Willebrandt yapped at them. Clinton Howard, Chairman of the National Law Enforcement Committee, would have them not only disbarred but tried for treason. Nevertheless, they are quite respectable characters as well as lawyers in excellent standing. In the first case hereabouts under the Jones Law the culprit pleaded guilty and got three months in the Federal House of Detention; but the Judge said he would not be so lenient again and that future defendants would be given at least six months in the penitentiary. That prospect may deter arrested persons from pleading guilty and, if they have a jury trial and are represented by competent lawyers, it will be interesting to see how many cases come to trial, what verdicts the juries bring in, and whether the existing Federal courts can handle the liquor cases that come to them without prejudice to other duties.

Senator Wesley Jones, the author of the Jones Law, has had his picture in the paper and his biography published. Jones, it seems, is a Senator from the State of Washington. He is said to know a good deal about agriculture, shipping, commerce, irrigation, and other matters that come before Congress, but to have very little personal knowledge of rum. He is a hard-working, clean-living person and, noticing that there has been an Amendment to the Constitution and a law passed to stop drinking, he thought that drinking ought to be stopped and put his mind on devising means to stop it.

Torquemada seems to have been a nice man, very correct in his personal habits, not embarrassed by a seraglio, no accumulator of personal money from estates forfeited through his activities, and altogether a respectable character. He thought that people ought to believe what he believed and the Roman Catholic Church required, and his mind was hospitable to charges against Jews. He was able to pull the leg of Queen Isabella, a pious woman without much sense, and got enormous power, which he used for the detection, examination, and extermination of heretics. Possibly in Spain in his day he had a considerable popular support. He made interesting spectacles, and the King and Queen regarded him as a holy man. He could reward as well as punish. The people on his side of the theological fence probably approved of him, but he was never a really good asset of the Roman Catholic Church. Even the Popes of his time were chary of supporting him. He was useful in that he personified the horrible consequences which may ensue in giving power to clergymen over the lives and property of their fellow-creatures.

That is what Congress did when it passed the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act and now lately the Jones Law. It gave power to clergymen over the lives and property of their fellow-creatures. They can use the secular arm to carry out their judgments, just as the Inquisition could and did. The Federal prisons are crammed to-day with persons convicted for the violation of these laws imposed on us chiefly at the instigation of the Methodist and Baptist clergy. Prohibition, as we see it, is the product of the Baptist and Methodist churches. Even Doctor Fosdick supports it for the Baptists; and for the Methodists there are thousands of clergymen including bishops, shouting hymns, preaching sermons, and carrying fagots for the executioners.

This is really an appalling situation. Nobody is going to start an armed rebellion about it, but we may see all the means employed by which minorities resist oppression. Hunger strikes have done something in some cases. We may see hunger strikes. It is curious that when a great evil has to be overcome it often happens—one may say it usually happens—that someone has to die to do it. Jones, of Washington, seems to be a reputable man, but think of him as making laws about drinking for the State of New York! The cure of the predicament in which Prohibition has put the country seems to be the substitution of mild and comparatively wholesome drinks for spirits poisoned or otherwise. The United States can produce very good wine in any quantity for which there is a market, also beer. It can probably regulate the sales of both so far as is expedient. Presumably that is what we shall come to in the end, but what these zealous fanatics will succeed in doing to us meanwhile is something no one can foretell.

Meanwhile very serious complications constantly arise. At this writing a ship of Canadian registry has been sunk by a Coast Guard vessel in the Gulf of Mexico, one of the crew drowned and the rest of the crew carried in irons to New Orleans. The vessel sunk was undoubtedly in the business of bootlegging, but whether she was near enough shore to make her a lawful subject of the attentions of the Coast Guard is at this writing still undetermined, and further proceedings are awaited with lively interest. In Aurora, Ill., on March 25, Mrs. Lillian D. King was shot and killed by Dry agents in her home and in the presence of her son and her unconscious husband. The Dry agents, it appears, had broken into the house on false information and clubbed the husband into insensibility. New outrages of like character transpire daily.

The battle against the saloons was a righteous fight. The saloons were a nuisance. The liquor dealers and the brewers thought, with few exceptions, about nothing except to extend their traffic and make money. By advertisement and by the opening of innumerable saloons they constantly enlarged their sales. Their operations were under the control of government by taxation and a license system, but they were not controlled enough. The Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act put these lawful rum sellers and beer sellers out of business. That was what the Anti-Saloon League professed to wish to do, but that was really only part of its purpose, which was really to suppress the use of all alcoholic stimulants whatever in the United States. That has so far seemed to be beyond the power of the League and of the laws they have secured. The effort to dry up the whole country has produced crime and disorder to a calamitous degree. The effort has been, not to make laws suited to the people affected by them, but to remake the people to suit the laws. That effort runs into formidable difficulties. In Michigan a law which made felonies of breaches of the Volstead Act and provided drastic punishments for successive offenses brought down a life-sentence on a mother of children and

excited such disgust that it had to be repealed. Wisconsin, in a referendum, has gone Wet by a huge majority.

The great defect of the inquisitors, the leaguers, and the supporters of the Methodist Board of Morals is their lack of understanding of human life. The Christ whom they claim as their religious leader had this understanding, and that is the great strength of the religion that He founded. These Methodists and Baptists who have invented new felonies and let loose the police on us are apostate Christians. Their backs are turned on the spirit and the teachings of the Master. They profess to be good; all fanatics profess to be good; but the verdict of history on fanaticism is not very flattering. It does not favor Torquemada, and it will not be overloaded with eulogies of Wayne B. Wheeler (a layman) and his clerical backers. People have been fooled into supposing that in giving support to Prohibition and Volstead they are upholding righteousness. Twenty centuries ago in Judea the greatest claimants to righteousness were the sect of Pharisees, denounced by Christ in stinging words that have come down through the ages without abatement of their force. Prohibition as we know it, as we see it, is profoundly un-Christian in purpose and method. To say that, is to indicate the reason why it is bound to fail. Its psychology is wrong.

What is there then to do? Shall opponents of Volstead, and possibly of the Amendment, organize as the Drys did, concentrate on one purpose and bring to bear upon legislators an influence that will offset the coercion of the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Morals? That would be one way. Possibly resort will be had to it, but it may not be necessary. It may be that public opinion and the impossibility of enforcing the present laws in communities that do not approve them may compel revision. It has become evident that to enforce laws to determine what people shall drink in communities opposed to such interference is a greater evil than the drinks concerned. Many people think that the fight against the Drys is a fight for rum. In some cases it is, but in many other cases drinks are not the main consideration. For the better and more formidable characters who are out to beat the Drys the fight is one against clerical despotism, against men who in the name of Christ attempt to regulate life by means abhorrent to the Christian spirit. That is not a new thing in the world. The Puritans tried it in England and New England. The Roman Catholic Church has often tried it. The Jesuits have shown remarkable examples of it as in Paraguay, the Mormons have done pretty well at it. If you can get an obedient people under the domination of religious leaders who have some business sense, you can produce remarkable results in industry and external deportment, but do such gains last? They may last long enough for the consummation of a special purpose. The discipline of an army may be maintained while a war lasts; the discipline of a nation, even though it is harsh, can be maintained throughout an emergency; but in the long run, and especially with peoples used to self-government, compulsion cannot win.

What is going to happen when the worm turns? What is going to happen as the popular opinion spreads that despises the informers, the wire-tappers, the dry agents with guns, the Coast Guard ships with more guns, the Methodist and Baptist clergy and the various other clergy, and Henry Ford and divers magnates of Big Business who are so ruthless and insistent in their effort to dry up a world incurably moistened by its Maker? The Promised Land of the children of Jacob was pictured as flowing with milk and honey. The Promised Land these agents aforesaid picture to us is one flowing with milk and water. Somehow the vision does not seem to excite the enthusiasm requisite to make it come true.

Personal and Otherwise

SELDOM has the social value of freedom of opinion been as eloquently set forth as by ***Harold J. Laski*** in the leading article of this issue. Professor Laski is one of the most brilliant of English students of politics. In his twenties—shortly after his graduation from New College, Oxford—he served as lecturer in history at McGill and at Harvard; since 1920 he has been connected with the London School of Economics, where he now holds the title of professor of political science. He is also vice-chairman of the British Institute of Adult Education. His publications run all the way from *The Problem of Sovereignty* (published in 1917, when he was only twenty-four years old) and *Authority in the Modern State* (1919) to recent volumes such as *A Grammar of Politics* and *Communism;* he has also edited books by those two earlier prophets of liberty, Burke and John Stuart Mill. For recent issues of this Magazine he has written upon "The American Political System," "Foundations, Universities, and Research," and "The Academic Mind."

Many of ***Dorothy Dunbar Bromley's*** previous articles will be remembered by our readers; they have included "The Market Value of a Paris Divorce," "Feminist: New Style," "Whom God Hath Joined," and "The Mockery of American Divorce." Mrs. Bromley now turns from the general problem of marriage and divorce to that of maternal mortality. Her article was written with the co-operation of Dr. George W. Kosmak, editor of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, and Dr. John Osborne Polak, professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Long Island Medical College, and has been endorsed by them.

From time to time during the past year or two ***Philip Curtiss*** has sent us contributions to the Lion's Mouth (and he appears again in that department this month); but it is long since his gift for comedy has resulted in a HARPER story. "The Honorable Charley," however, is worth waiting for. Mr. Curtiss, author of *Crater's Gold*, *The Gay Conspirators*, etc., lives in Norfolk, Connecticut.

Those who read ***Hiram Motherwell's*** article last July in which he foretold an accord between Mussolini and the Vatican, must have been impressed, when the accord was finally reached, by the substantial accuracy of his prediction. The chief point of divergence was in the size of the Papal territory, which as finally determined was somewhat smaller than he had predicted. Mr. Motherwell now ventures a prophecy more conjectural but more sensational. As Rome correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* during four years of the Mussolini regime, Mr. Motherwell had full opportunity to learn the ins and outs of present-day Italian politics. Since his return to this country he has been editing the Theatre Guild's new magazine, being as interested in the affairs of Broadway (witness his book, *The Theatre of Today*) as in those of the Chigi Palace.

Stella Benson's present story does not present the perplexities found in "The Man Who Missed the Bus," many different interpretations of which have been sent to us by those who enjoyed it. Miss Benson (the wife of J. C. O'Gorman Anderson) is an English novelist of rising reputation, author of *The Poor Man*, *Pipers and a Dancer*, *The Little World*, etc. She has lived in many parts of the world and frequently visits this country, her most recent visit having been during the past winter. Her latest publication is *Worlds Within Worlds*, a volume of essays.

Last month ***Albert Jay Nock*** wrote for us on the economic differences between the United States and Great Britain ("Mr. Smith and Mr. Smythe"); now he apologizes for the human race. As our regular readers

are aware, Mr. Nock is the former editor of the *Freeman*, the author of a biography of Thomas Jefferson, and a frequent contributor to HARPER'S, who spends most of his time in Europe.

The headnote to "The Death of Marcel Proust" gives the essential facts about ***Marie Scheikévitch***, whose account of Proust's last days is a remarkable picture of the single-minded devotion of a great artist to his art.

Frederic F. Van de Water's picture of a college class reunion is descriptive of the Commencement orgies of so many colleges and universities that it seems hardly fair to mention his personal affiliations. But since he speaks of his own college career we may be forgiven for stating that he went to New York University and Columbia. He is a former New York *Tribune* columnist (who signed his column F. F. V.), the author of books written round the New York State Police, and an able magazine writer; last September he contributed to HARPER'S some remarks on chivalry entitled "My Son Gets Spanked."

For a detailed account of ***Jack Black's*** career as a professional criminal and prison inmate the reader is referred to his absorbing book, *You Can't Win*. It is now many years since Mr. Black "went straight" as the result of getting a light sentence from a California judge who might have given him a life term but realized that he had good stuff in him. If anyone knows the criminal mind, it is Mr. Black. He is now living in New York.

As we stated last month when we published "The Plate," ***Henri Duvernois*** is one of the leading French dramatists and short-story writers.

Far from being herself a spinster, ***Margaret Culkin Banning*** is a wife and the mother of two children; but being an alert and thoughtful observer, she gives to the predicament of the unmarried woman, in an age when jobs are plentiful but not always completely satisfying, the same sort of penetrating analysis that she gave (last October) to the predicament of "Extra Ladies." Mrs. Banning has contributed to HARPER'S many short-stories as well as articles, and has written several novels, of which the latest is *Money of Her Own*.

Harry Hansen, in his HARPER department "Among the New Books," recently referred to ***Gamaliel Bradford*** as "the man who has done most to honor biographical writing in the United States." Mr. Hansen was speaking of Mr. Bradford's new book, *As God Made Them*, a collection of portraits of noteworthy Americans. Mr. Bradford has been working during the past few months on a new series of portraits of women, which will ultimately appear in book form with the title of *Daughters of Eve*. One of these portraits, dealing with George Sand, we have already published; another, of Sarah Bernhardt, appears this month; a third, of Ninon de L'Enclos, we shall bring out in an early issue.

John Crowe Ransom, defender of the tradition of the Old South, a one-time Rhodes Scholar from Tennessee, is now professor of English at Vanderbilt University at Nashville; he is also the author of several books of verse, and we have published some of his poems in HARPER'S.

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It happens that the five poets of the month are all women. ***Ethel Kelley***, who contributes a two-page group of sonnets which she calls "A Cape Cod Sequence," divides her time between New York and Dennisport, Massachusetts (and writes in the Dennisport idiom); she is the author of *Wings* and other novels. Of the others, ***Margaret Emerson Bailey*** and ***Helene Magaret*** both appeared last month: Miss Bailey teaches school in New York, lives at New Canaan, Connecticut, and has written many short-stories for HARPER'S and other magazines; Miss Magaret sends her verse from Omaha. ***Mary Brent Whiteside,*** author of *The Eternal Quest and Other Poems*, is a Georgian; ***Henriette de Saussure Blanding*** (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich), a frequent contributor, is a Californian.

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Philip Curtiss, the first writer in a long time to make a double appearance in the Magazine, has already been mentioned

above. With him in the Lion's Mouth appears ***Robert Palfrey Utter***, professor of English at the University of California.

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Norbert Heermann is an American artist a group of whose studies of Italian types, painted at Capri, have recently been shown in New York and elsewhere. Since we selected one of them—"Concetta"—as the frontispiece of this issue, the painting has been purchased for the Cincinnati Art Museum.

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In our last issue we spoke too soon of the unanimity of praise which greeted "Seeing Women As They Are." Listen to this retort to Professor Allport from a masculinist in California, where men (it appears) are no longer men, though they ought to be:

I am not a psychologist, but it may be that I am as well or better qualified than you to pass upon the primary assumptions upon which your article is based. You bemoan "the discriminating rules that hamper women in so many fields" and seem to think that the sex is still in some way being terribly downtrodden, deprived, enslaved, and otherwise done to death. Now, I don't know just what your experience or environment is or by what processes of ratiocination you arrive at such a palpable transposition of the fundamental facts. From where I am sitting all the facts appear just the reverse. You are wrong from the very start in postulating women as the wronged sex in America. The need to-day is not "to give the ladies a chance" but to give the boys and men a chance. The transposition of the intellectual and social status of the sexes and the consequent disintegration of manly fiber in our country during recent decades surpasses anything ever recorded in history. We are passing through an era (European writers know this well enough, being in a position to view us in perspective) of sybaritism, effeminacy, and masculine decadence in which manhood and concomitant spiritual values can scarcely exist at all. It is time the men were clubbing together and driving the wenches back into the home where they belong, rather than luring them further into masculine pursuits.

Why mention "male superiority"? Unfortunate phrase. Undoubtedly we are different and, it may be, superior in some things, but the term you employ can only stimulate the women to a further invasion of men's affairs in order to "prove" that they are equal. The whole woman movement from its very inception has, in fact, largely arisen because of ideas of this kind placed in their heads by male writers who in doing so betrayed their own sex and civilization as well.

You seem to have a peculiar peeve against any form of masculinity. This sentence, for instance, where you are speaking of the modern boy: "He displays toward his sister, and toward girls in general, an overbearing tolerance or a mild contempt." This you characterize as an "assertion of exaggerated masculine bravado." Well, man, what would you have? A boy must be a boy as a man must be a man. The attitude that you describe, granted that it exists, though I have not seen it much in evidence of late, is biological evidence that the male is different and, it may be, superior. Would you emasculate the male entirely and turn the world over to a single generation of females?

I might quote you plenty of stuff out of the old religious and philosophical writings in which government was ascribed to man and the headship of the family established in the male. . . . "Scientific" men, however, usually place great credence in natural facts and as nature is probably your God I will only refer you to her. Is it not a fact that throughout the animal world the male sex dominates the female? It is true that there are a few exceptions in which the female is dominant, but these merely comprise the very lowest species of life and are representative of an institution that the Creator (or nature) found deficient at a very early stage in the scheme of the cosmos. In all higher species of animal life the male is and should be dominant.

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Mr. Layman's frank discussion of the budget of a member of the English middle class has provoked many comments, of which the following, from a California reader, is characteristic:

It is some time since an article in the magazines has created such widespread interest and discussion among those of our acquaintance as "How the English Middle Class Lives" in the April HARPER'S. In noting the differences in habits of American and English people it is interesting to observe that the author of the article mentioned does not, in his budget, allow any amount for motoring. His income is £1,400 or about $7,000 annually, and yet it does not even occur to him, seemingly, that any of this might go toward the purchase of an automobile. How different in America where the average family with half his income will appropriate $500 or more, annually,

for motoring—more than the writer of the article pays for rent! One wonders whether to envy him or pity him.

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A warm rejoinder to Mrs. Symes's "What Shall We Tell the Children?" in our April issue, from Edward D. Toland of Concord, New Hampshire:

I see a good deal of children.

I have three of my own, and I have been observing them for the past ten years in both the classroom and on the athletic fields in one of the biggest and best boarding schools in the United States. It is full of boys from the gilded sections of Long Island and Park Avenue—boys who do the Piping Rock stuff, burn the midnight gasoline, and attend just as many parties as Mrs. Symes's young hero who got loaded and then "sulked in a corner" because his girl friend wouldn't go back to his apartment with him at two o'clock in the morning.

What does Mrs. Symes mean by that story?

Did the girl in question really feel that she needed advice as to whether or not to accept an invitation to sleep with a plastered goof who admittedly made her "sick when he's drunk"? Does she mean that it really is poor sportsmanship according to modern standards not to accept such an invitation? Or does she mean that there wasn't a man at the party who would punish her escort for having made such a proposal? The situation seems simple enough to me. All that that girl needed to do was to tell her brother, father, cousin, anyone at all what had been said, and ask to be taken home. And Bill, the lounge lizard, would have had his block knocked off in the bargain.

Does Mrs. Symes seriously consider that Bill and the distressed maiden are representative of the 1929 point of view? Is society of to-day such that such a girl would be obliged to "meet him again and again in a society in which drunkenness is considered more amusing than taboo"?

I think not! Bill simply wouldn't be asked about any more in decent society. And he would need a few new teeth and some other facial repairs before he could go out again in any society.

I don't know what Mrs. Symes is trying to prove! She seems to take it for granted that nobody believes in God any more, and that there is no more reason or hope for preserving chastity among young unmarried persons than there is among Himalayan rabbits.

Granted that the young people of to-day know ten times more about sex than they used to, they are frank about it, they have a more wholesome viewpoint about it—and they know how to take care of themselves. The whole thing is out in the open.

The boys that I see are frankly tired of going out—that is, in the Long Island way. They say, "I'm fed up with staying up till seven o'clock in the morning, and going to parties that don't ever start till midnight. I don't go to them more than about once or twice a month; and then only when I have to. I'd rather feel full of pep and get some exercise the next day."

As a matter of fact the girls are now complaining in both New York and London that the "nicer young men don't go to parties." They say that only "snakes" go; and that the decent men are busy working, and won't go out. This also holds in Chicago—and doubtless in other cities too.

On several occasions, during the last few years, I have had the experience of going to large parties and finding there boys still in Groton, St. Paul's, St. Mark's, etc., who were offered cocktails and champagne just like the grownup guests. All I can say is that I have seen just one of these boys get loaded; and he was a fairly poor egg to start with. The rest of them on all occasions behaved admirably. They all drank, but sensibly and in moderation. It is a matter of pride with them to handle the liquor problem sensibly; and for one of them to get drunk is simply regarded as playing the game unskillfully.

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In contrast, here is a letter of downright enthusiasm from Maynard Shipley, president of the Science League of America:

In her article, "What Shall We Tell the Children?" Lillian Symes has frankly, and most interestingly, raised a question which can neither be ignored nor dodged successfully. We have had dodging enough. It's high time that the parents of this nation stood erect and fairly and squarely faced the issues involved.

What we urgently require is a realistic facing of, and at least an honest attempt at an answer to, the problems that ineluctably arise in every American home—whether the parents realize the situation or not. False pride and morbid "modesty" will not avail.

HARPER'S is to be congratulated on taking the lead in this pressing problem and, in the opinion of at least one "constant reader," no more honest and profoundly penetrating foundational study could be presented than that of Mrs. Symes in the April number.

The following pages are devoted to another of the series of announcements descriptive of corporations and firms whose reliability and progressiveness of over seventy-five years have earned the right to merit the continued confidence and patronage of our readers.

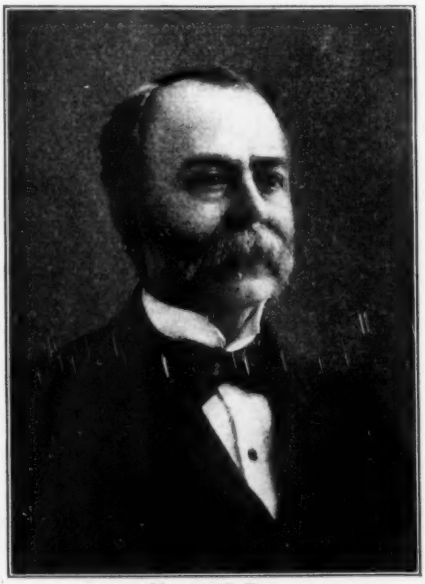
Always in step with the times their uninterrupted existence for over three-quarters of a century is a remarkable tribute to their unswerving integrity.

ABNER L. ELY
Founder of
HORACE S. ELY & COMPANY
Established in 1853

Horace S. Ely & Company

Real Estate

TO MOST of us the term "real estate" probably suggests development schemes and speculations undertaken by promoters who may be considered soldiers of fortune at best and buccaneers of finance at worst. When somebody speaks of the real estate business, we think, perhaps, of the operator who buys up a whole city block and turns it over in six months for a hundred per cent profit, — or fails to turn it over and falls into spectacular bankruptcy. Or we are reminded of the man who converts a tract of suburban woodland into fifty- and seventy-five-foot house-lots, unloads them upon guileless homeseekers, and moves rapidly out of ear-shot of his protesting victims. Or we may have heard of some daring builder of skyscrapers who started on a shoestring, went from success to success until his name has become almost a household word, and doesn't yet know whether he will die penniless or a millionaire. At any rate, we think of real estate as a business of long chances and meteoric careers; and never more so than today in New York City where the value of land has soared so rapidly and fluctuated so crazily that fortunes have been won and lost overnight by those who gamble in it.



HORACE S. ELY

It is significant, however, that there are in New York a few real estate firms which have conducted their affairs with conservative success over a long period of years and have survived the ups and downs of the business. One of the most notable of this small group is the House of Ely.

It was established in 1853 — seventy-six years ago — and from that time to the present it has been under the leadership of but three men. How many American firms have such a record? It has suffered no changes of management other than those brought about by death. During its career there have been fifteen men upon its staff with an average term of service of thirty-seven years, and twelve who have served twenty years and upwards. It has been steadily successful. And this in that most uncertain of businesses, real estate! How could such a thing have come about?

The answer may be set down in two words: character and wisdom.

The very founding of the business by Abner L. Ely was a result of his character, — his reputation for probity and good sense. Abner Ely was at the opposite pole from the "plunger" in real estate. A silk merchant originally, he was

prevailed upon by some of his friends, men of substance, to look after and act as agent for their properties and estates; so in 1853 he opened his office at 65 Maiden Lane.

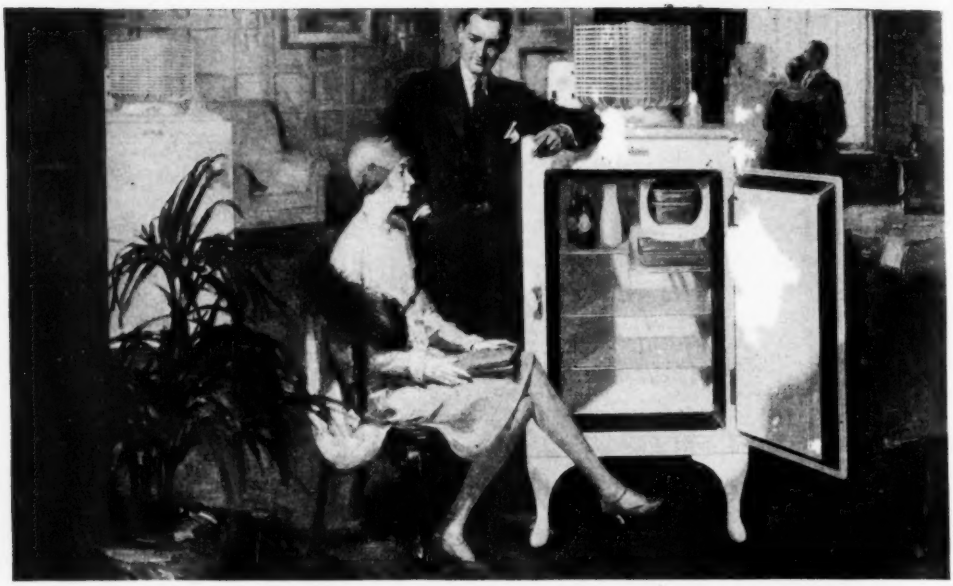
His success proved the good judgment of those who had put their properties in his hands. The business grew. After a time Abner Ely took his nephew into it, a young man named Horace S. Ely. In 1871 the founder of the firm died and his nephew succeeded him. Horace S. Ely, too, was a man of strict integrity and strength, with an attractive personality which helped to win the confidence of clients. The growth of the business continued. In 1894 Alfred E. Marling was taken into partnership, and upon the death of Mr. Ely he became the head of what since 1904 had been the corporation of Horace S. Ely & Company. The firm name continues and Mr. Marling is still at the helm. Three men in seventy-six years!

ALFRED E. MARLING

During all this time the House has been preëminent in its field. It has always had a clientele of old New York real-estate owning families, from the days when Twenty-third Street was "way uptown" and Abner Ely's house on Murray Hill was "way out in the country" and Central Park had not even been purchased by the City, to the present days of fifty-story buildings and billion-dollar properties. The name of Ely has stood for reliability and good judgment in the real-estate world throughout this long period; like the names of Tiffany and Morgan and Sloane it has meant not only conservative success but dependability.

The present head of the firm carries on the tradition. Not only has his genial personality, his popularity, and his brilliance given strength to the organization, but his leadership in the community has added to its prestige. Mr. Marling is president of the Union League Club; he presided over the New York State Chamber of Commerce for two terms; he was president of the Real Estate Exchange for several terms; and he is active on the boards of many banks and trust companies, life insurance and title companies. With him on the present Board of Directors of Horace S. Ely and Company are Charles H. Clark, Frederick A. M. Schieffelin, Francis Guerrlich, Clarence Corney, Charles L. Adams, Alexander B. Lyon, and Matthew G. Ely. Their names, like his, are a guarantee of reliability and wisdom. And the clientele of the firm, which reads like a Burke's Peerage and Blue Book rather than like a roster of real-estate owners and business men, is an indication of its standing.

Abner L. Ely's original office was in Maiden Lane, close by the place where he had carried on his silk business. Since then the House of Ely has moved more than once, but never far: to Pine Street, to Liberty Street, and finally to its present quarters at 76 William Street.



More than a quarter of a million users

and they haven't spent a single dollar for service

Two years ago this month the General Electric Refrigerator was first publicly announced. Everywhere you heard it said that General Electric had completely revolutionized the art of refrigeration.

Fifteen years of research and development had produced a refrigerator with an hermetically sealed, dust-proof mechanism, mounted on top... a refrigerator with an improved type of cabinet, mounted on legs... one with an accessible temperature control... that established a new standard of quiet operation... that required no oiling... that dispensed with all troublesome machinery... that banished installation problems... that eliminated all radio interference... that provided greater food storage.

Today more than a quarter of a million homes are enjoying the exclusive innovations which only the General Electric Refrigerator offers. And not one of these owners has ever paid a dollar for service ... that was our guarantee to them!

Now the cabinet is all-steel! It cannot warp. It is as strong as a safe. This remarkable cabinet and the hermetically sealed mechanism make the most perfect refrigerator that has ever been built... the greatest value you can buy. The small family model sells for $215 at the factory. For descriptive booklet address Section T-6, Electric Refrigeration Dept. of General Electric Company, Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

The Investment of the Future?

By PAUL TOMLINSON

A BANKER in a town not far from New York recently made the statement that when people asked him what securities he would recommend for investment, he liked to have something which he could suggest without hesitation, and with the knowledge that it was perfectly safe and sound. "And," he added, "I really don't know of anything which fits this description better than a good investment trust."

IT should be noticed that he said a *good* investment trust; this is a prudent qualification, for it is bound to happen that any field which has been cultivated with such amazing industry will produce chaff as well as wheat. Some bankers say that the investment trust has been overdone, but if this is true so has every other good thing. The very fact of its being overdone is proof of the soundness of the idea, however, and the time will come—as it comes in every popular line of human endeavor—when the weak will be eliminated, and only the strong will survive. The important thing for investors to decide in the present state of the investment trust's development is how to tell the strong from the weak.

IN every business management plays a large part in the success or failure of the enterprise, but nowhere is management more important than in the case of an investment trust. The managers must know first of all what and when to buy; and second, and of equal importance, they must know when to sell. They must have full knowledge of the value and potentialities of the securities they buy, and they must keep in constant touch with those securities after they are purchased. They must know conditions in the money markets throughout the world, and the effect of these conditions on security values. They must decide whether it is more profitable to hold bonds or stocks, or whether it may not be wiser still to convert their securities into cash and await a later opportunity for investment. The managers of an investment trust must not only know what to do, but when to do it, and they must constantly be on the alert. Investment trusts properly managed are practically certain to be successful, but

if run inefficiently and ineptly they can very easily become failures. The personnel of the directors and executive boards, therefore, are of great importance, and the most important factor in the investment trust field for the investor to consider.

A WELL managed investment trust is unquestionably an excellent investment; yet in spite of their rapid growth in popularity there are still many people who are suspicious of the idea on which they are founded. Is this reasonable? Can the lay investor manage his investments better than a group of skilled experts whose business is investing and who are giving their time, experience, and knowledge to the successful management of his affairs? Some people object to the fact that they are charged a fee when they purchase shares in an investment trust and another fee if they want to withdraw, and are in addition faced with an annual charge. If they will stop to think, however, they will realize that there are bound to be certain expenses which must be met, and that the managers are entitled to compensation for the services they render. In any event these charges are so small as to be negligible, and in view of what the investor receives in return are not worth considering. It is a new thing and the public is not yet accustomed to paying such fees, but the time will come when these charges will not be regarded as anything more to be considered than the commission paid a broker when he executes an order on the stock exchange.

NOT everyone appreciates the growing importance of investment trusts, not only as they afford opportunities for investment in themselves, but in their effect upon security prices

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Investment Trusts

While the investment trust is recognized as a valuable aid to the individual investor in simplifying his investment problems, the distinct differences in the rights of shareholders or participants in the many investment trusts now in existence or being formed, make necessary a careful analysis before choosing among them.

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"This professional man's $1000 grew...safely...to over $40,000"

Fred I. Pugsley, Cashier of the Westchester County National Bank, Peekskill, N. Y. tells the story of two professional men... and the dramatic contrast in their present fortunes.

"SOME years ago," said Mr. Pugsley, "a young professional man came to me for advice—he was a depositor in our bank—on how to build a competence for himself.

"He was able in his profession, and earned a respectable income. I recommended a good $1,000 bond, safeguarded by sound management and history of earnings. He bought it—and promptly borrowed $1,000 to buy another bond with.

"For 15 years, he always owed us money. But in those 15 years this professional man's $1,000 grew with constant saving and investing—safely—to over $40,000.

"He presents," continued Mr. Pugsley, "a remarkable contrast with another young man—in the same profession, and about his equal in ability—who wouldn't wait, who wanted to make a 'killing.' Buying bonds—for him—was too slow a way to make a fortune. So he plunged here, took a 'flyer' there—and he's still carrying the worry.

"With every new venture into speculation, he starts from scratch. The result always ends disadvantageously. The last time we met, he told me, 'Mr. Pugsley, I wish I had taken your advice a dozen years ago'."

"One of them took my advice."

Like all bankers worthy of the high position their communities accord them, Mr. Pugsley considers that to preach safety in investment is one of the obligations of his profession. In every community, leading bankers urge upon their customers to put safety before any other consideration.

Good yield, of course, is important, though never should it be permitted to outweigh the advantages that go with a complete safeguarding of both principal and interest.

The banker knows, too, how important diversification is. Yet this he recognizes as essentially a problem of adaptation of specific types of securities to individual needs. Here the professional knowledge and experience of the banker are of inestimable value to the investor.

Indeed, the selection of the right type of bonds is, for the average investor, too complicated a problem to be decided by himself. It is best to consult a banker, or a high grade investment house, before he buys.

Over 900 bankers, in communities that range from large metropolitan cities to small trading centers, choose bonds from among Straus offerings for their own reserves and to recommend to customers for investment.

As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How To Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge.

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Fred I. Pugsley, influential banker of Peekskill, N. Y. is President of the Westchester County Bankers' Association, and Cashier of the Westchester County National Bank of Peekskill.

The Westchester County National Bank, Peekskill, N. Y. founded in 1833 is the oldest bank in Westchester County and is recognized as one of the strongest financial institutions in the country.

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generally. Investment trusts are in the habit of buying many securities for the "long pull": that is to say, for their future possibilities. Securities of this sort they are accustomed to hold regardless of market fluctuations, and many millions of these securities have been thus definitely withdrawn from the market within recent years. This has decreased the floating supply of investments and forced prices up. The heavy demand for stocks and bonds on the part of investment trusts has also helped to advance prices. Investment trust buying, in the opinion of many observers, has been a very large factor in the great bull markets we have witnessed.

THE investment trusts have also played their part in the money market. As stock prices have advanced, investment trust managers have not been averse to liquidating large blocks of stocks, and accepting handsome profits. The money received from these sales has in many instances been loaned in the call market at most profitable rates of interest, and at the same time kept available for reinvestment when breaks have come in the prices of securities. In other words investment trusts are a partial explanation of the apparent phenomenon of fairly low rates for money when stock prices have been high, and high money rates when prices have gone tumbling down. When stock prices have been high the investment trusts have taken their profits and loaned the cash received in payment; when prices have fallen they have called their loans and used the money to buy back their stocks at lower levels. This is very nice for the investment trusts, but it has not always made it pleasant for the small speculator who has had his loan called and, being unable to find more cash on a moment's notice,

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has been sold out to his great financial and mental distress.

SUCCESS in investing is largely based upon selling at prices higher than those at which purchases were made. Investment trusts have been very successful at this sort of thing the past year or two; in the statements of earnings they have published, the item of profits from the sale of securities has loomed large. This is an indication of efficient and intelligent management, proof that expert investors are worth the small charge they earn from those who have entrusted funds to their care. Management is the foundation upon which the whole investment trust idea is built; good management is worth almost any price to the investor, while faulty management is very dangerous indeed.

GOOD managers will have definite ideas about investments. They will probably not go to the same extremes as individuals, some of whom maintain that common stocks are the only good investments, others that only bonds should be considered, and still others that a certain fixed percentage of one's capital should be in bonds and a certain percentage in stocks. It is impossible to lay down definite rules about investments. Conditions are constantly changing; it may be that there are great opportunities in stocks now and that six months hence it will be profitable to exchange these stocks for bonds. Who knows? Well, if it is a question of the layman or the expert manager of an investment trust, the chances are that the expert will know more about these matters than the layman.

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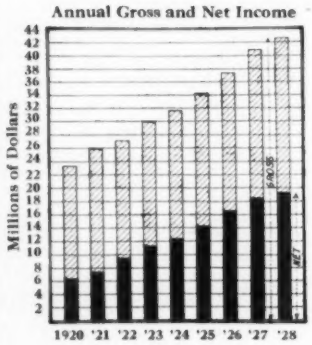

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¶Foreseeing what electric lighting might mean, a group of Lynn shoe manufacturers met at Barton's stationery store and agreed to buy this company, manufacturing arc lamps, in which "electrician" Thomson was located. Reorganization took place under the name of The Thomson, Houston Company — a forerunner of the great General Electric.

¶The largest electrical manufacturing company in the world has its roots deep down in New England . . . Many of the directors, who have served General Electric Company since the early years of storm and stress, have come not only from New England, but from the board of the Old Colony Trust Company — New England's largest Trust Company.

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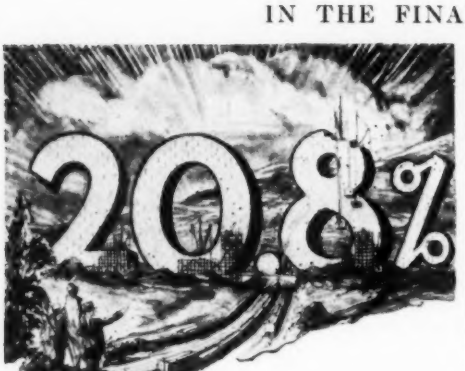

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Total sales of electricity by Public Service Company of Northern Illinois during 1928 reached 893,753,462 KWH—an increase over 1927 of 20.8%.

Gas sales for 1928 amounted to 6,464,438,100 cubic feet, an increase of 17%. During 1928 fifty new industries started operations in 31 of the Company's 302 communities.

While significant of the growth of the Company and its 6,000 square mile territory, these increases can be interpreted additionally as indicative of the aggressive policy which the Company has always maintained. Its reflection is found in the strength of the security issues, which are enhanced also by the essentiality of the service provided.

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GOOD managers will have definite ideas about diversification, and diversification is also one of the foundation stones of the investment trust. It is not enough merely to say you will buy some of this, some of that, and a little of the other; diversification involves the kind of security, the kind of industry, and the geographical distribution—and to accomplish proper diversification is by no means a simple undertaking. The purchaser of investment trust shares has the benefit of expert knowledge in this field.

UNDER good management investment trusts have prospered, and under good management there is no reason to suppose that they will not continue to prosper in the future. One can only guess what this future will be, but one prophet has stated that whereas there are a few hundred investment trusts in the United States to-day the time will come when—in his opinion—they will be numbered by the thousands. If some people think that investment trusts are overdone at present, what will they think about the future? What effect will they have upon the future of investing? There are numerous possibilities, and it might be interesting to consider a few.

IT is well known that the people of this country lose a billion dollars a year in fake and worthless investments. Suppose that as time goes on the investing public incline more and more to investment trusts and, instead of selecting their own securities, delegate this choice to the managers of the investment trust in which they have an interest. If these managers know their business—and it must be supposed that they will—isn't

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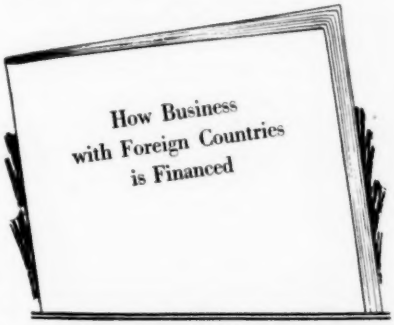

This booklet explains, with many illustrations, the methods and forms generally used in modern foreign trade financing. It will be sent to interested executives on request.

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it possible that the promoters and sellers of worthless securities may find it increasingly difficult to dispose of their wares?

SUPPOSE that individuals confine their investments more and more to investment trusts—how will that affect the issuance and underwriting of new securities? May it not mean that instead of securing a distribution among thousands of institutional and individual investors the large part of the issues will go to investment trusts, and that the general public will own them only through their ownership of shares in these trusts? It may be that in years to come corporations will not have the thousands of stockholders they now have; their stock may be held mostly by investment trusts which sell their shares to a public that formerly held these stocks personally.

IS it possible that in the future investment banking houses will not be specializing in the sale of bonds and stocks to their customers, but in shares in investment trusts which they manage for the benefit of their clients and customers? Is it possible that the nature of the investment banking business may change; that each banking house will have its own investment trust; that the members of the firm will be the managers, and that the sales force will be concerned with the selling of shares in this trust? Such a practice would offer many advantages to the investing public, and assure them that experts were looking after their affairs at all times.

WHO knows what will happen to the investment trust idea? It is a big one, and capable of development in

"How long will my money be tied up if I buy Cities Service?"—*asked the reader*

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A. Z.—I have $2,000 to invest in Cities Service, but I do not know whether to buy preferred or common. Which is the safer and how long is the money tied up before you could draw your capital again?

Ans.—Your money is not tied up when it is in marketable securities. Both the common and preferred stocks of Cities Service have an open market in which you can buy or sell whenever you choose. The preferred stock has preference as to $6 annual dividends. The common stock is entitled to all dividends to be distributed after preferred dividend requirements are provided for out of earnings. The common receives $1.20 a year in cash and 5% in stock, both payable monthly. Whichever you buy, you are at liberty to sell even two minutes after buying.

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FINANCIAL editors, like the one quoted above, are by no means the only experts who have set their seal of approval on Cities Service securities. Among the 450,000 investors in this organization are many banks, insurance companies, trust companies and other institutions widely experienced in the selection of sound investments.

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When you own Cities Service stocks you have a security you can easily and promptly turn into cash at any time.

Widespread ownership tends to stabilize the market for these securities and demonstrates the confidence with which the investing public regards the Cities Service organization.

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many directions. One interesting adaptation is that of the individual investor buying into several different investment trusts. Suppose he owned an interest in six, and each of these six, for the sake of argument, held thirty different securities; the investor would have an interest in one hundred and eighty different securities, which would constitute pretty wide diversification. He would have, further, a little investment trust of his own, superimposed upon six other investment trusts; and if they were all well managed and sound, wouldn't his investment be sounder still? Of course it is presumed that, like the banker mentioned in the first paragraph of this article, he would buy shares only in *good* investment trusts. Is it possible that investment trust shares may become the most popular investments of the future?

Be Sure, Don't Guess

MR. Paul Tomlinson, Financial Editor of Harper's Magazine, has compiled a list of questions for you to have answered by the Securities Salesman that will help to

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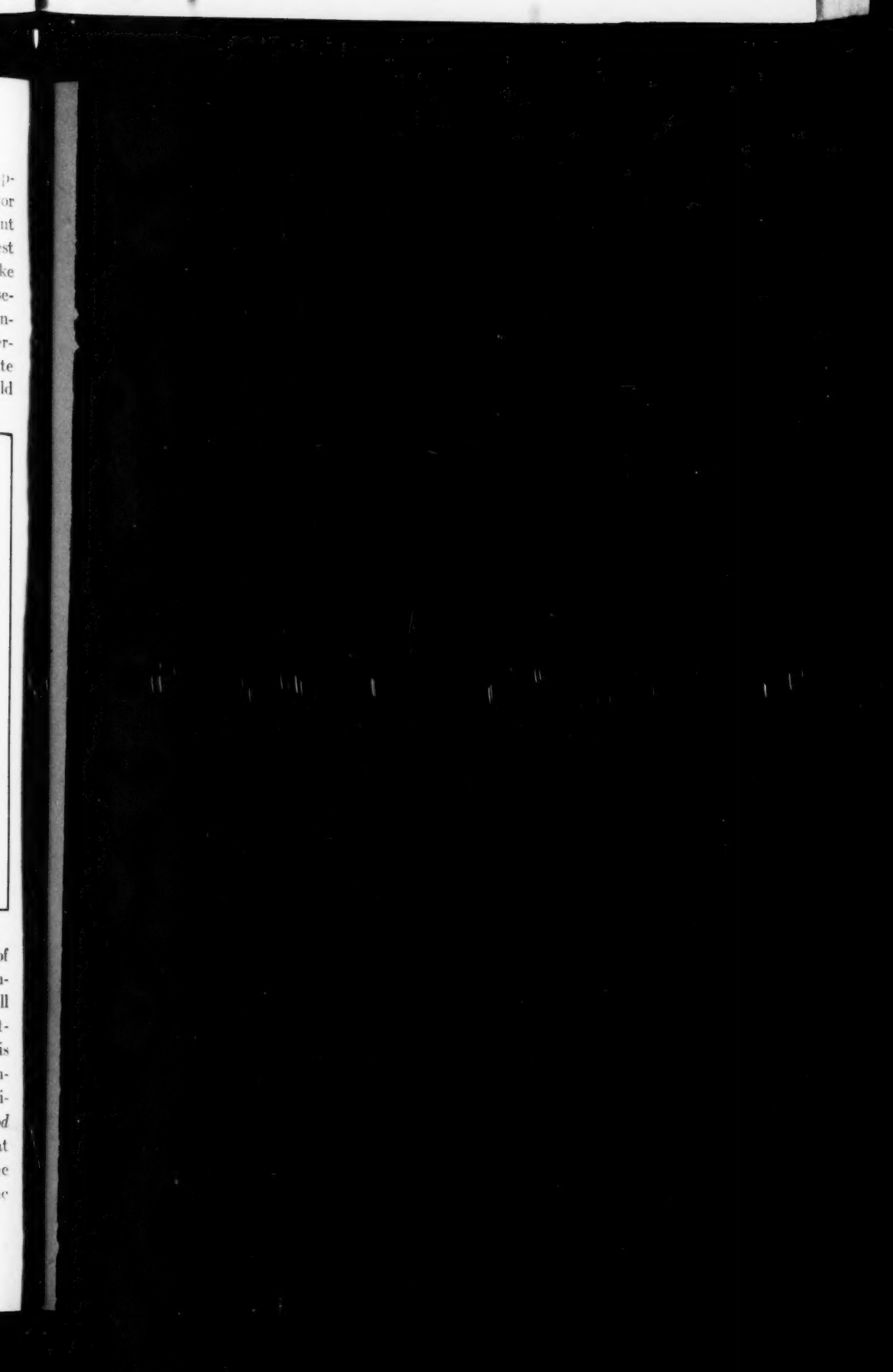
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